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HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

MARCH 1981 \$3.50

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THAN WE
THINK?**

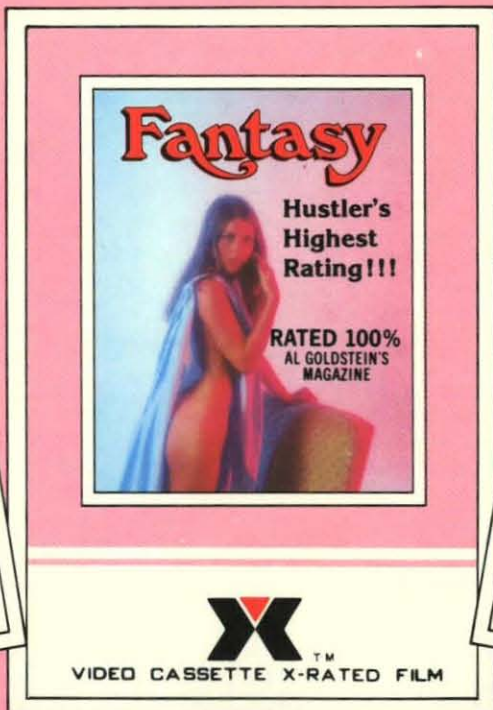
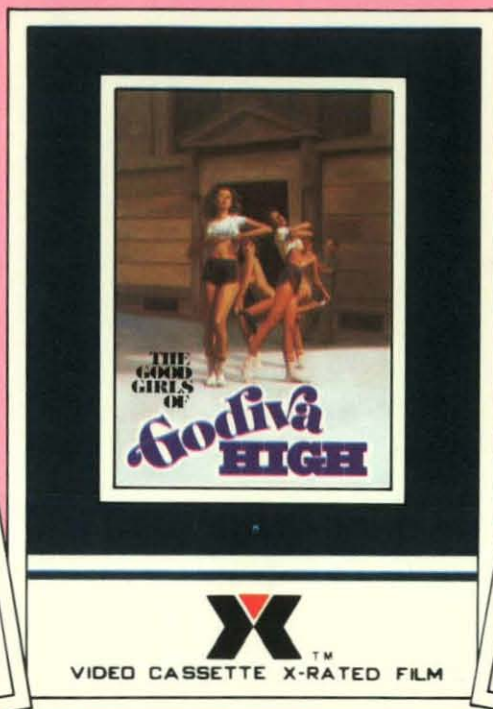
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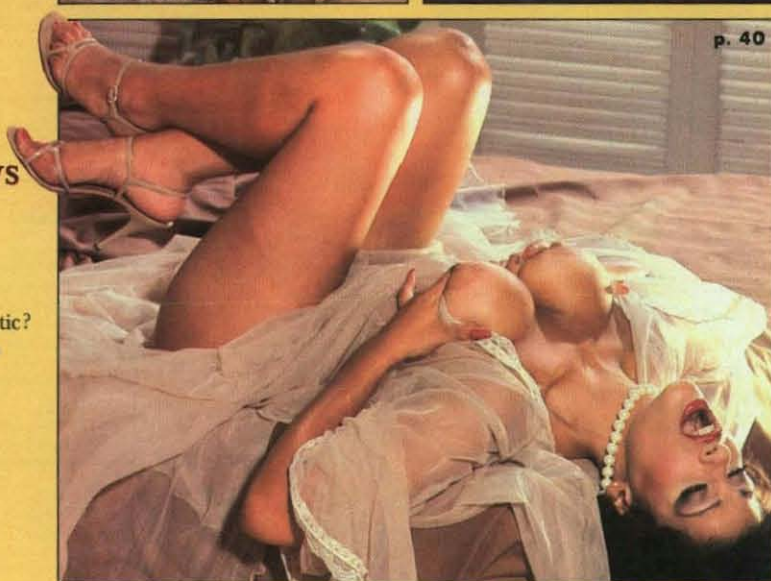
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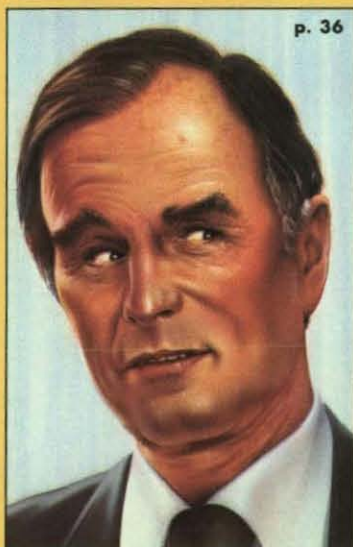
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Porn-Buyer Protection

MARCH 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 9



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
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We need your help. Write:



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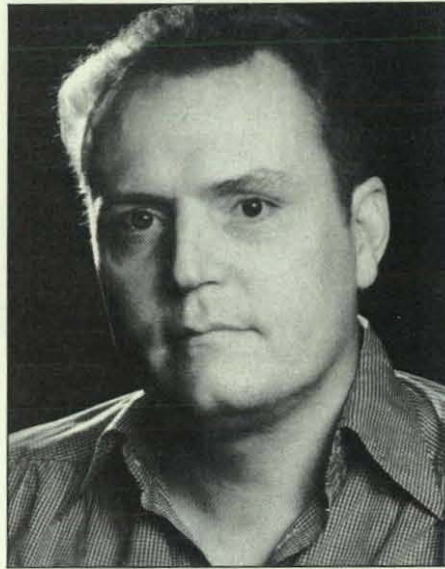
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HUSTLER MARCH 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 9

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



The Real Majority

Ever since the election last November I've been hearing too much talk about Ronald Reagan's "landslide" victory. Reagan's supporters and much of the media would have us believe he is taking office with a huge mandate from an overwhelming majority of the population. The facts show it isn't true.

The real truth is, the American people said loudly and strongly on Election Day what I've been saying for years: The two major parties just aren't giving us candidates who deserve support.

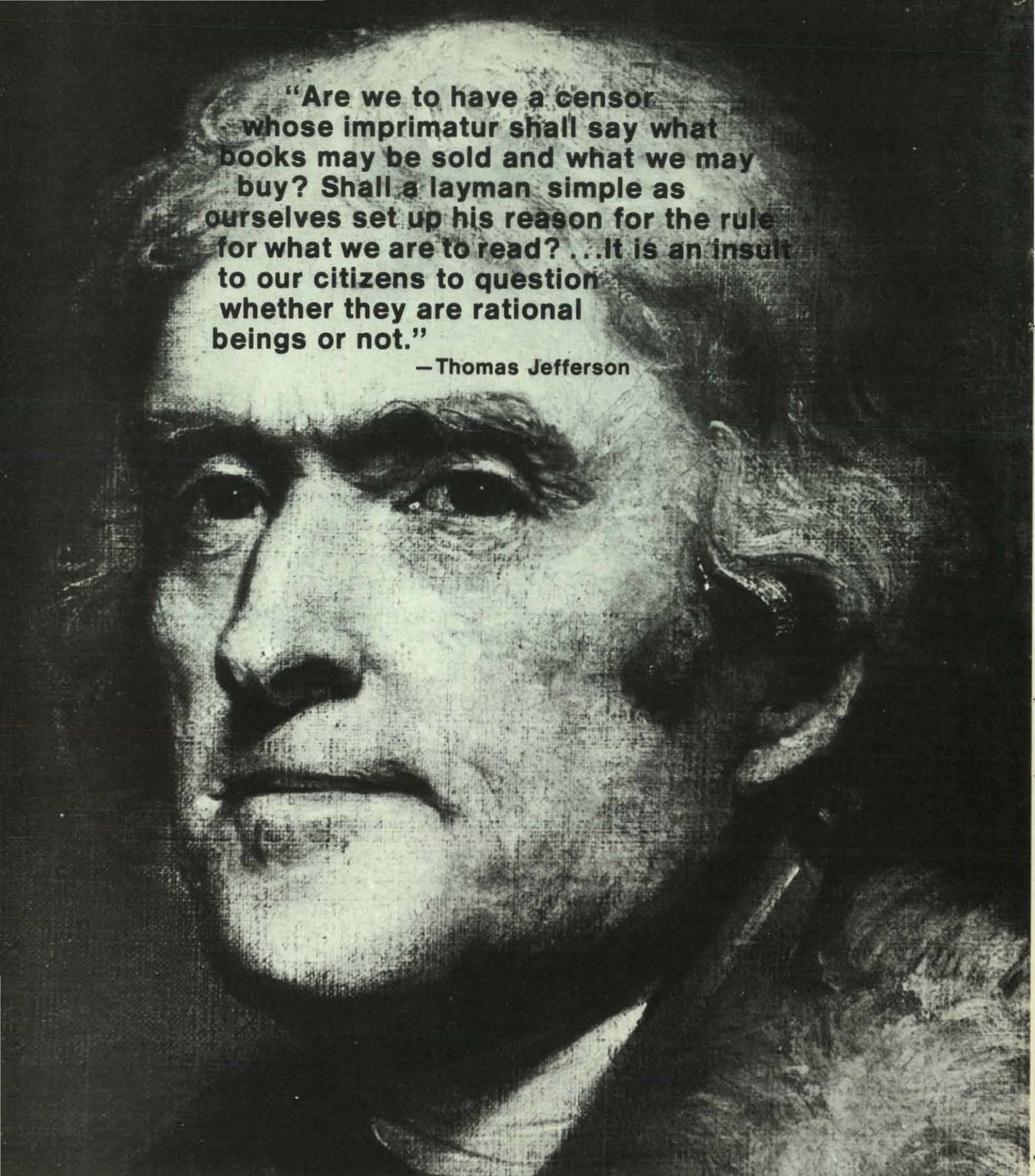
How did they say this? Mostly by not voting. Voter turnout reached a new low in 1980. And if you combine the nonvoters with those who voted for third-party or independent candidates, a full 52% of the people demonstrated they could not support either Ronald Reagan or Jimmy

Carter. In fact, of all the eligible voters, only 26% voted for Reagan. He and his right-wing supporters have no business claiming a huge mandate.

To me, the *real* American majority is that 52% who expressed their unhappiness with the two top candidates by not voting for either one of them. They know this country's serious problems demand the kind of leadership that the Democrats and Republicans aren't providing. I'm part of that majority. And I think all of us should make our voices heard *now* so we won't be stuck with another dismal choice in four years.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Larry Flynt". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name and title.

*Publisher &
Chairman of the Board*



**"Are we to have a censor
whose imprimatur shall say what
books may be sold and what we may
buy? Shall a layman simple as
ourselves set up his reason for the rule
for what we are to read? ...It is an insult
to our citizens to question
whether they are rational
beings or not."**

—Thomas Jefferson

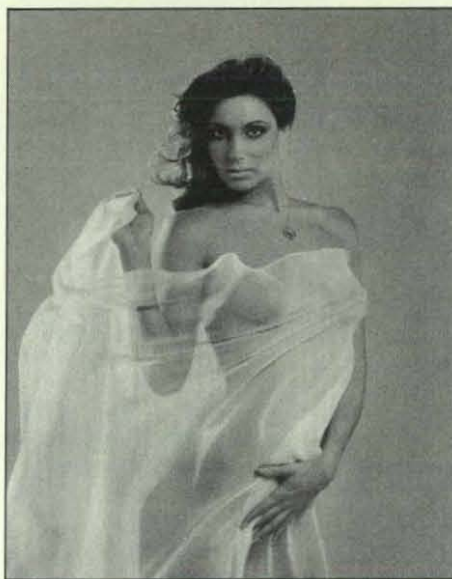
**200 years ago, Thomas Jefferson tried to tell us how important
freedom of the press is. Will you listen to him now?**

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

We at HUSTLER are constantly striving to bring you, our readers, at-the-scene reportage and incisive analysis of the important events of the day. In order to accomplish this, our writers are in the field—working against deadlines—to keep you up-to-date on timely issues.

Last November, when Vice President George Bush celebrated his election-night victory in Houston, Texas, free-lance writer **ROBERT REISS** was there to cover the event for HUSTLER. For Reiss, it culminated months of research into the life and ambitions of this Yale-educated oil millionaire who may reach the Oval Office sooner than we think. This month's penetrating profile, **GEORGE BUSH: A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM THE PRESIDENCY**, is the end result of his efforts. Reiss is a former reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* whose articles have appeared in *New York, Us, Chicago Today, Washingtonian*, the *New York Daily News Magazine* and the *Washington Post Magazine*. His first novel, *Summer Fires* (Simon & Schuster/Pocketbooks), was an alternate selection of the Literary Guild in 1980. The accompanying artwork is by HUSTLER regular **ROGER BERGENDORFF**, who illustrated last month's fiction, *The Eyes of a Killer*.

Another front-page topic receiving timely treatment in this issue is the crime of forcible rape. Cold statistics show that this act of sexual violence against women now ranks number six on the list of the country's most reported offenses. But what does it really mean to be a rape victim? In her gripping article **RAPE!—A VICTIM'S CHILLING NIGHTMARE**, free-lance journalist **SUZANNE FELZEN** describes her own experience—from the horrifying attack in a New York City playground to the courtroom trial of her assailant. A native New Yorker, Felzen has written for such



Cover by Clive McLean

publications as *CHIC, High Times, Partner* and *Swank*. The illustration is by **IGNACIO GOMEZ**, whose work has appeared in *Playboy, Oui* and *Penthouse*, as well as HUSTLER.

Violence of a different sort figures prominently in **THE MAGIC BOX**, a haunting science-fiction tale of earthly pleasure and otherworldly terror. The story was penned by Texas-based writer **D. S. BRADFORD**, marking his debut in HUSTLER's pages. The prolific **PAT DUNN**, whose portraits of hoax artist Alan Abel and *Mad* magazine publisher William Gaines appeared in the January and February issues respectively, is responsible for the companion art.

Science fiction and space travel also provide the theme for a special fantasy photo-feature this month, entitled **TOO-CLOSE ENCOUNTER**. It was shot by Contributing Photographer **CLIVE McLEAN**, and our Photo Studio staff designed and produced the set. For this project we brought in movie make-up artist **RICK SCHWARTZ**, whose work for *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*,

Star Wars and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* uniquely suited him for this task.

Erotic fantasy, which we've often explored in HUSTLER photo-spreads, is also the subject of artists working in a variety of media. This month's special feature, **BEASTS AND EROTICA**, includes some fine examples of paintings and sculptures from the Erotics Gallery in New York City. The photographs were taken by HUSTLER Contributing Editor **MANNY NEUHAUS**.

If a woman has ever accused you of being an animal—a guy who's after sex, sex and more sex—find out where you really stand on the ladder of love and lust by taking this month's *Sex Playquiz*. **DR. LAURENCE SCHWAB** provides a short, fascinating test that ultimately seeks the answer to the question: **ARE YOU HORNY OR ROMANTIC?** A writer, producer and director for movies and television, Schwab is the coauthor of two books, *Discover Your Sexual Personality* (Apollo Books) and *Discover Your Sexual I.Q.* (Price/Stern/Sloan). He is the subject of a *Close-up* profile in the February issue of *CHIC* and writes the monthly *Fun & Games* quiz for *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION*, our newest sister publication. The accompanying illustration is by another HUSTLER regular, **MICK MCGINTY**.

We also raided *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION* to secure the services of the talented **VINCE CRISP**, its former Art Director, who now has taken on the same job here at HUSTLER. Crisp had previously been a magazine designer, as well as an art director for television commercials.

Once again, the HUSTLER crew has compiled an issue packed with sensational pictorials, fact-filled columns and articles that hit right where you live. No wonder that for today's well-rounded, informed person, we've become as essential as the daily newspaper. 🐾



Roger Bergendorff



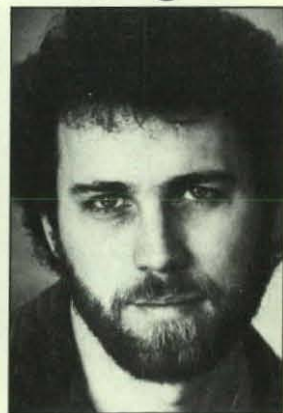
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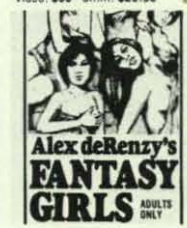
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FEEDBACK

Jennifer: Your January centerfold spread, *Jennifer: American in Paris* (top photo), was both erotic and elegant. She's a gorgeous lady! Since Jennifer is an airline hostess, I fantasize that someday I'll be a passenger on one of her flights, and she'll ask, "Coffee, tea or me?" —J. D.

Greensboro, North Carolina

More Black Flak: I'm a proud black woman, and after glancing through the December 1980 issue of HUSTLER, I can truly understand why Larry Flynt was shot. Your magazine is like a festering sore, spreading the venom of hate and racial prejudice. Some of your cartoons are direct, blatant insults to the black race. One cartoon (center) showed a Ku Klux Klan member and his son in a psychiatrist's office, with the Klansman asking the doctor why his kid "jes' won't learn how to hate."

What kind of shit is that? Do you condone teaching white children to hate? Don't they pick it up quickly enough from their racist, small-minded parents?

Larry Flynt is just another honky who gets off fantasizing about black men and white women in the sack. Take that and put it in your wheelchair.

—P. W.

Champaign, Illinois

The point of that cartoon apparently escaped you. It's an excellent example of social satire, not racial prejudice. As for hatred and small-mindedness, you seem to have the market cornered.

I noticed Pat McCormick didn't include *Players*, a black-adult magazine, in the *Sixth Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines* in your January issue. This is more proof that everything white people do is racist and designed to suppress black people. Furthermore, HUSTLER does not have enough color-spreads on black women, which makes you racist in your photo-features.

—Darryle Lloyd

New York, New York

I am amused at all the arguments in the *HUSTLER Feedback* section concerning who is better at sex—the black male or the white male. Through pure logic I have to admit that the black male is probably better, even though I am white. Why? He has more practice. While black men are lying around, fucking all day, white men are working to support black men and their bastard welfare babies. —Name and Address

Withheld by Request

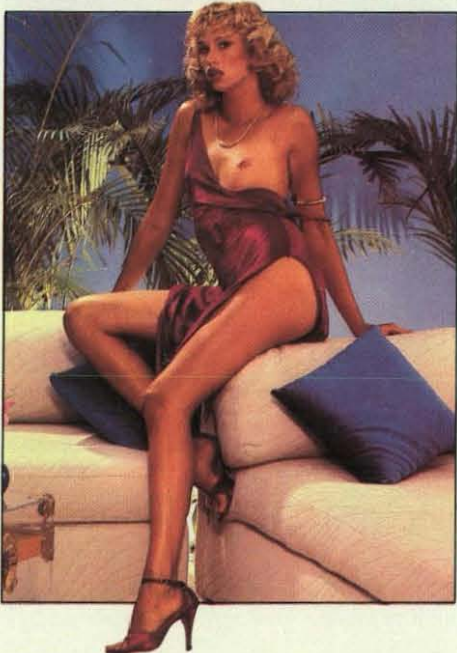
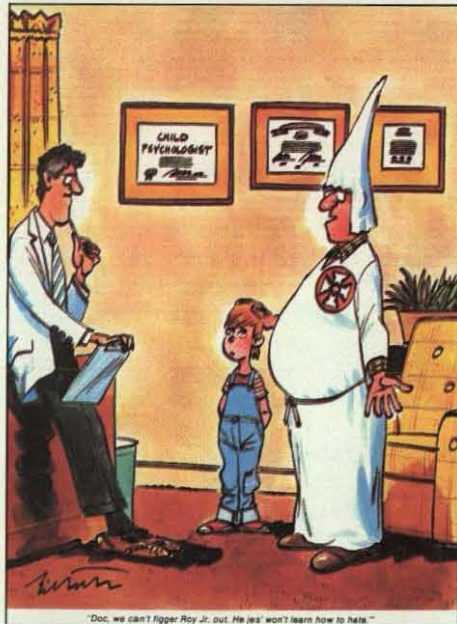


Photo Feedback: I've got something long and hard for *Sally: Long and Tall* (bottom photo) in your January issue. Her sexy legs are like a pair of sleek runways to that mouth-watering pink pussy. I would gladly lick up every inch.

—W. M.

Las Vegas, Nevada

Your December 1980 photo-feature *Breakfast in Bed* was fabulous. Seeing two women making love turns me on more than anything else. Most men's magazines don't have enough of this type of action. So as long as you keep putting girl/girl photos in HUSTLER, I'll continue to buy your magazine. Keep up the good work.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

I really got ticked off while reading the letters in your January *Feedback* section disapproving of your girl/girl and girl/boy photo-features. The assholes writing against these spreads are a bunch of insecure wimps who think they are macho guys. My friends and I buy HUSTLER because of the variety you offer. Your magazine always includes several strictly female photo-features; so I can't understand what the bitching and complaining is all about. Keep up the good work and the variety.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

Beaver Pans & Praises: Laura Sayre, an entry in the January *Beaver Hunt*, should have pointed that gun in her hand at her ugly face to blow her fucking head off. Far and away, she is the ugliest thing I have ever seen. Why don't you fuckers at HUSTLER get your thumbs out of your assholes and feature some broads who a self-respecting college student can jack off to? —S. F.

Lafayette, Indiana

I can't understand how J. K. Collins coaxed his wife, Robin, to display her cunt and asshole in the December 1980 *Beaver Hunt*. She is one foxy lady, and if she were my wife, I sure wouldn't want to share her. The next time J. K. and Robin want to get together and play some strip poker, count me in.

—Name and Address

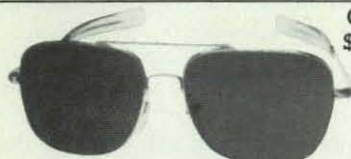
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I am a 35-year-old woman, and I'd like to thank HUSTLER for printing the photo of Janette from Auckland, New Zealand, in the December 1980 *Beaver Hunt*. There aren't too many of us with

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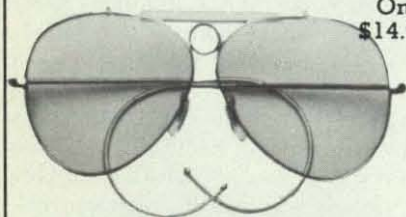
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that much pussy hair. When I was in high school, the girls in my physical-education classes used to look at my cunt hair in amazement. My husband lets me show it to anyone I wish. It's a good way to meet people.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

S.S. in the December 1980 *Beaver Hunt* is gorgeous. I'd not only like to make love to her in a boxcar, but also put my "freight" into her "caboose." Keep showing great beavers. —R. P. Avenel, New Jersey

Gun Control: I'm writing to comment on your panel discussion *The Pros and Cons of Gun Control* (HUSTLER, January). I think some of the statements made by Samuel S. Fields of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns are really out of left field. He cites statistics to make his points in favor of gun control, but polls and statistics can be set up to prove just about anything.

What people really want today is less government interference in their lives. Gun registration, proficiency testing and issuance of permits to own and carry guns are nothing more than harassment of honest, law-abiding citizens. Criminals will ignore such regulations, just as they ignore other laws.

—David T. Crittendon
Long Beach, California

Hare Krishnas: I'm writing to comment on the article *Hare Krishnas: Religion, Weapons and Wealth* (HUSTLER, December 1980). It seems the only things that really matter to those assholes are guns and marble floors. I suppose their idea of eternal bliss consists of a good credit rating and lazy living. The Hairy Kunts (Hare Krishnas) would probably hire all the bums of the world's skid rows to go out and beg for them.

—H. V. M.
Oxnard, California

Sex Play: I'm writing about your January *Sex Play*, "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms." Your sex researchers are about six years behind me, because that is about how long I have been helping my wife and other ladies achieve this pleasure. I suggest that all those sex researchers get out in public like us and feel around to see what it takes to make our women happy and satisfied.

—D. R.
Wellsville, Pennsylvania

Publisher's Views: HUSTLER is unsurpassed, and my husband and I

look forward to every issue. Larry Flynt's enlightened views on religion and the Church are excellent. As members of a group that advocates separation of Church and State, we especially enjoyed his *Publisher's Statement* "Tax the Churches" (HUSTLER, January).

—Marcy Showel
Rockford, Illinois

I'm writing about Larry Flynt's January *Publisher's Statement*, "Tax the Churches," in which he states that churches own one-fifth of the total amount of private property in the United States. I have read HUSTLER for two years, and I really enjoy Flynt's *Publisher's Statements*. But I find it very hard to believe the facts in this one.

—J. C. B.
Burlington, Iowa

The figure is startling, but HUSTLER prints only the truth.

I totally agree with Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "TV Censorship" (HUSTLER, December 1980), in which he advocates allowing condom ads on television. The only thing commercials tell you is how to eliminate a problem once you get it—not how to prevent it. Therefore, I think birth control should be a major topic in today's society. Although I feel sex should be something special shared between a man and wife, if our youth continue having sex, we should help them protect themselves from unwanted pregnancy and venereal disease.

—S. Miller
Dallas, Texas

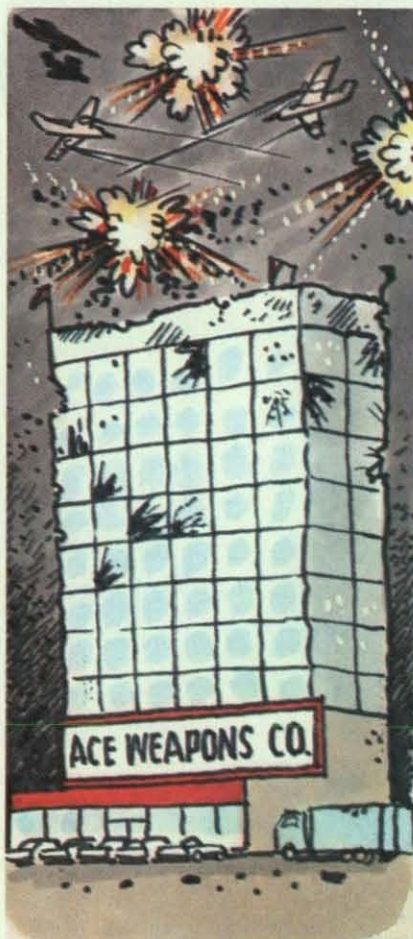
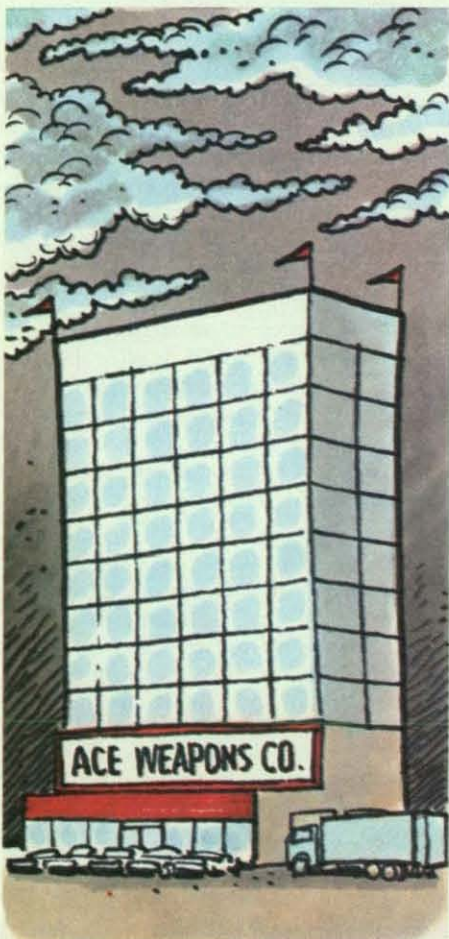
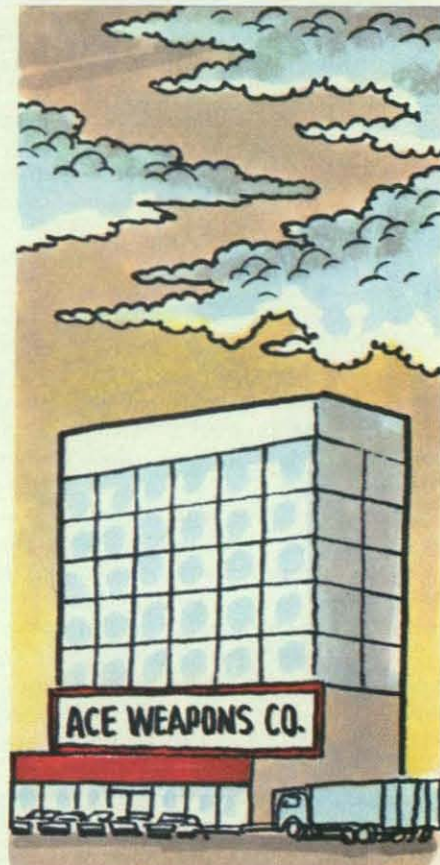
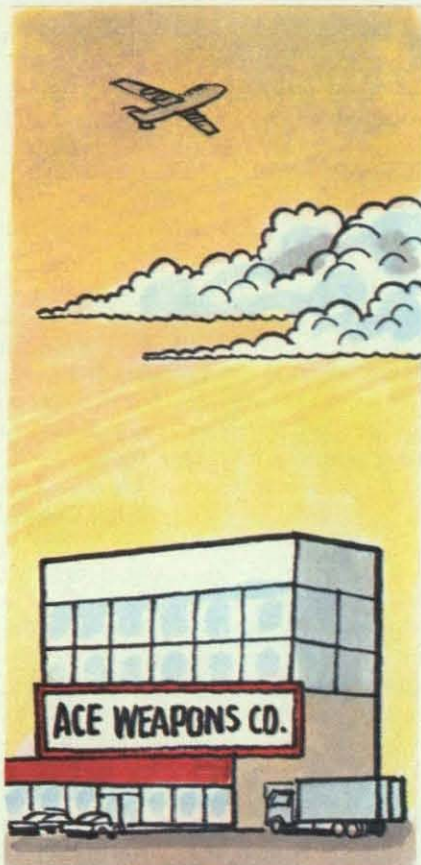
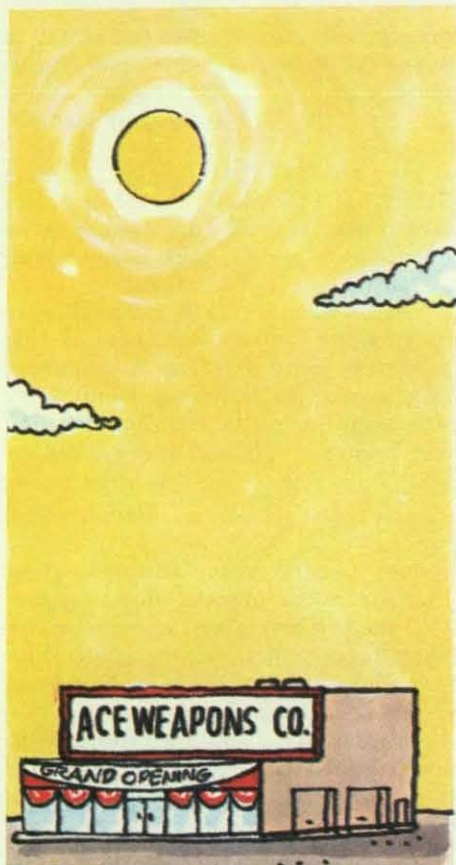
Larry Flynt's December 1980 *Publisher's Statement*, "TV Censorship," was right on target. With so many unwanted pregnancies in this day and age, it's ridiculous to think that any law or code of ethics would prevent the advertising of condoms on television.

—R. L.
Fort Worth, Texas

I keep reading all these letters in your *Feedback* section putting down Larry Flynt. I'd like to say that I think Mr. Flynt is very open-minded, and no one has the right to knock him for speaking out. More than likely, these people are just mad because they can't put into words what they feel or see the way Larry Flynt can in his *Publisher's Statements*.

—Mary Jensen
Westwego, Louisiana

HUSTLER Sins? Why would a 77-year-old woman buy HUSTLER? Because I am young at heart, and all those bare pink vaginas amuse me! I have been



reading your magazine for several years, but I think HUSTLER can do better than to make light of Christ. It's a shame, because I do get a kick out of your publication.

—Eunice McCloskey
Ridgway, Pennsylvania

When I noticed that you paid \$50 for the joke about my Lord Jesus Christ on your HUSTLER Humor page in the November 1980 issue, I could understand why you print such sickening pictures of naked women. The joke about Christ is the product of a sick human being. To publish such trash is even worse.

Remember, we will all have to account to God. Just think of all the people you are influencing toward sexual sin. How many women have you ruined? Heaven is real, and hell is real. We will spend eternity in one or the other. Be saved; I want to see you in heaven.

—J. C. Maxwell
Franklin, Kentucky

We doubt your implication that God has no sense of humor. We also don't think He would find photographs of the naked human beings He created to be "sickening."

After reading the January Honey, about the birth of Christ, I was just

speechless. At the beginning I thought it was going to be sacrilegious, but I was wrong. I was really moved by Honey's thought at the end about the holiday spirit. Thank you for the meaningful message, which I sometimes forget during Christmas.

—Warren C. Moore
Richmond, Virginia

Grotesque Humor: I'm writing about the subscription ad in your December 1980 issue ("HUSTLER Will Blow Your Mind") that showed a beheaded person. I can put up with a lot, but this was grotesque and tasteless. I will never read your scummy magazine again.

—Steven Alanko
Rifle, Colorado

I am one of the many people who faithfully read HUSTLER's Feedback section every month, and I have something to say to all the assholes who complain about your humor: If you can't handle it, don't take the magazine off the shelf.

—Dean Kuenzig
Yukon Territory, Canada

Tom Landry: Larry Flynt is a fucking scumbag. If anyone should be "Asshole of the Month," it's him—not the Dallas Cowboys' Tom Landry (HUSTLER, December 1980).

Landry is a terrific head coach. What-

ever he believes is his own business, and your exploitation of him is a real dipshit move.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

You couldn't have picked a more deserving "Asshole of the Month" for December 1980. If Tom Landry is an expert on morality, then George Wallace is a member of the NAACP.

Landry must feel high and mighty for judging the peep show obscene in that kangaroo court. I resent his comment that most of us Dallasites would agree with him. I'm a loyal HUSTLER reader, and I don't need Tom Landry to tell me what's obscene.

—Mike Ersing
Dallas, Texas

Tom Landry, your December 1980 "Asshole of the Month," doesn't know what the hell he's talking about when he labels certain films pornographic. The fuck flicks and sex shops in Texas are great. Shit, if the Dallas Cowboys saw those films, they would probably score more points in their games and with those beautiful cheerleaders on the sidelines.

—Dan Hadley
Burleson, Texas

Bits & Pieces: I love HUSTLER, and often get angry about those who bad-mouth it. But I do have to comment about something. In your January Bits & Pieces you criticized Cosmopolitan for its article about beautifying female breasts. Yet in your photo-features you always have gorgeous women with perfect bodies and not a scar or stretch mark in sight. There's no hope for those pleasant but not perfect people.

—D. B. Woodward, Oklahoma

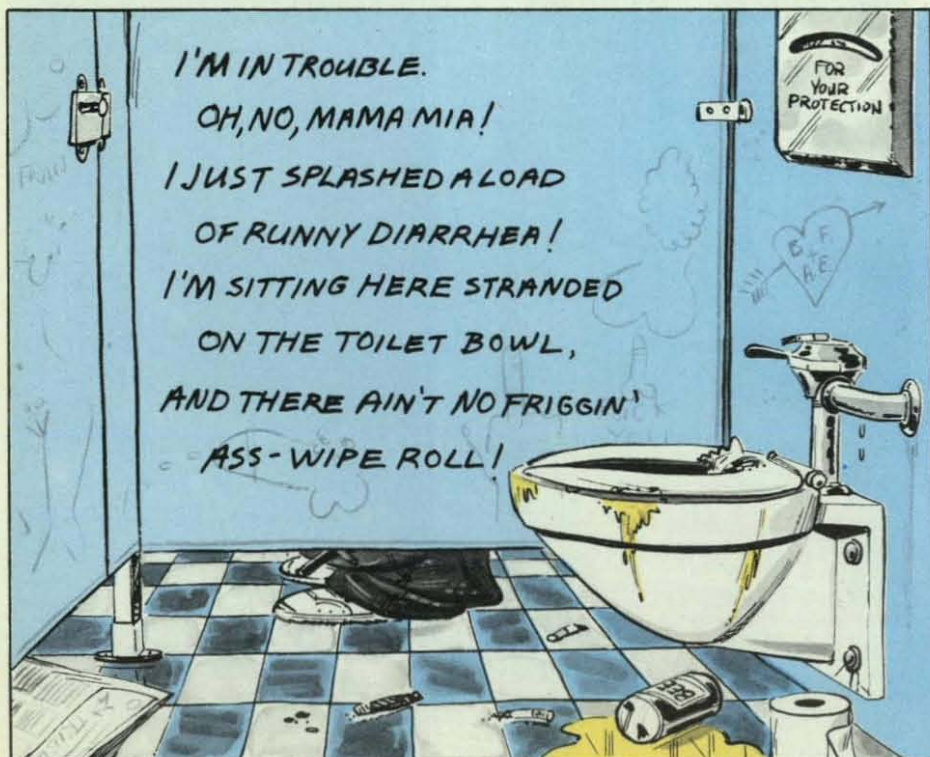
We made the comment about Cosmopolitan's article because HUSTLER is often unjustly accused of exploiting women as sex objects. We found it significant that a magazine for women is doing much more to encourage female stereotypes by deceiving men about their bodies in order to lure them.

Your December 1980 issue contained a picture in the Bits & Pieces section of a wide-open vaginal hole that took my breath away. After so many years of bland pink shots showing nothing but the exterior of the female organs, it is refreshing to see the same view as I would if I were about to enter that lovely opening. There is more realism in poses of that nature.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

If that cavernous cunt is the kind of view you're used to, we sure hope you're hung like a horse.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO J.C., RURAL HALL, N.C.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A Chicago medical researcher reports that an active sex life may help ward off cancer of the prostate--the second-most-common cancer occurring in men. Dr. Richard Ablin says there is a connection between sexual inactivity and cancer found in the prostate--the walnut-size male gland that secretes seminal fluid. Because keeping this fluid "bottled up" can lower a man's resistance to prostate cancer, Ablin says, release of the fluid through frequent sex might help to prevent it.

In Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan, police arrested a 21-year-old man and recovered 200 pieces of women's underwear stolen from town clotheslines during a series of one-man bicycle raids. The thief, whose identity was withheld to avoid embarrassing his family, pleaded guilty to larceny charges in municipal court.

New evidence indicates smoking cigarettes may cause men to become impotent. According to the publication "Sexual Medicine," studies in Australia show that levels of the male sex hormone testosterone are significantly lower in men who smoke. These levels return to normal, however, once smokers kick the habit. Dr. Alton Ochsner, a medical researcher at Tulane University, says hundreds of his patients who gave up smoking reported improvements in their well-being--including stronger sex drives. Ochsner added that he is personally convinced that tobacco has a negative effect on sexual potency.

State officials in Jacksonville, Florida, have dropped second-degree-murder charges against a "battered husband" who admitted killing his wife. Assistant State Attorney Kurt Simpson said 47-year-old Eddie King had acted in self-defense after suffering four years of abuse by his wife Betty, 36. According to testimony, Mrs. King was an alcoholic who often beat her husband, shot at him several times and stabbed him on at least three occasions.

A medical expert says the most frequent complaint being heard at American sex clinics these days is the growing lack of sexual desire in both men and women. Dr. Evelyn Gendel, director of Human Sexuality at the San Francisco campus of the University of California, says the complaint is coming from all age groups and is particularly common among busy, career-oriented couples who may be distracted by professional goals.

The Michigan Department of Civil Rights has filed a lawsuit on behalf of a woman who lost her job after calling a male co-worker a faggot. The suit stems from a heated argument at Detroit's Acorn Distributing Company during which the woman, Annette Nelson, called a male employee a faggot after he had called her a bitch. Nelson was then dismissed from her job, while the man stayed on. The lawsuit contends that Nelson had as much right as her male co-worker to call someone a derogatory name without being fired.

California Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., has created a 25-member commission to study problems faced by "sexual minorities," such as homosexuals, elderly people and unmarried couples who live together. Said to be the first of its kind in the nation, the special Commission on Personal Privacy will examine both social and legal discrimination against these minorities, and recommend reforms by December 1982. As examples of sexual discrimination, commission proponents cited laws against conjugal prison visits for unmarried couples and the stereotyping of gay people as child-molesters.

The People's Republic of China has passed legislation requiring newlyweds to practice birth control and making it illegal for men to marry before the age of 22 and women before the age of 20. The Chinese government hopes that raising the legal age for marriage and requiring "that husband and wife are duty-bound to practice family-planning" will help cut the nation's skyrocketing population growth. The Chinese have so far been unsuccessful in their attempts to bring the population growth rate down to a targeted 1 percent. China's population is approximately 1 billion. 🐼

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Now! Command . . . control . . . dominate any girl with the power of your mind—and your mind alone. Miraculously watch even someone you have just met do exactly what you silently command her to do. Willingly . . . cheerfully . . . quickly!

You can do it because you have unknowingly done it before. Accept my "no-risk, free-trial" offer—and I'll prove it to you!

I would be skeptical if I read an ad like this. But I'd be highly intrigued as you are now.

Being able to master beautiful girls is probably your secret wish. One which you believe could never come true.

Well, think again! Your secret wish is about to be granted. Very shortly, you are going to demonstrate that fact with any girl you want. On this exciting occasion, you are going to project a thought command to that girl. Not one word will be uttered by you . . .

**YET THAT BEAUTY IS GOING
TO FOLLOW YOUR SILENT
COMMAND TO THE LETTER
. . . WITHOUT EVER KNOWING
THAT YOU GAVE THE ORDER!**

Only you will know why she is acting as your submissive slave. Why her only desire is to please you without objection. Instead of a cold "no", you will hear a warm "Yes. YES!"

Your next test will be even more unbelievable! You'll command not just one but four or five gorgeous creatures. This time, you'll mentally project a thought command to this entire luscious group.

**AGAIN, WONDROUSLY, THAT
"HAREM" IS GOING TO PERFORM
YOUR SILENT COMMAND
EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!**

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their seemingly voluntary actions are dictated by you. Why should they? You said nothing, made no moves. You stated your desires only one way—mentally!

Imagine a crowd of luscious gals doing exactly what you want them to do—when you want them to do it—with no holds barred. A fantasy come true!

But wait! You'll top even these astounding results. In the months and years to come, you are going to intensify your mystic ability to dominate girl after girl. Any time you want, with your mind alone.

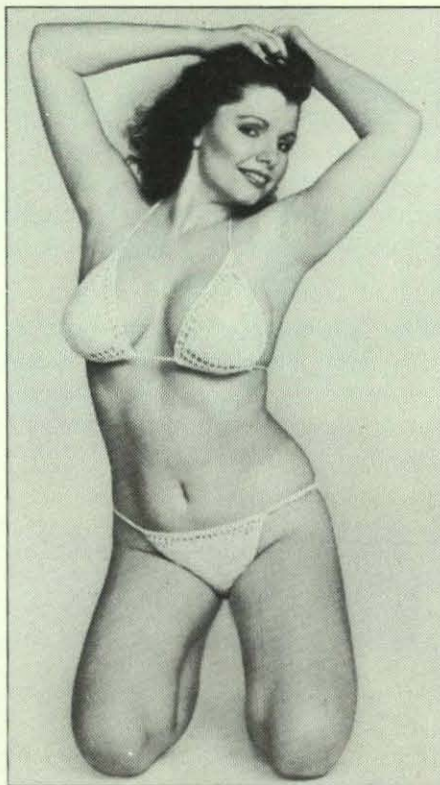
Does all this sound impossible? Not only hard to believe, but hard to achieve? Then get set for a super-surprise!

**YOU WILL BELIEVE IT . . .
AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE IT!**

Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once dead-certain that the earth was flat. Man reach the Moon? Impossible!

You and I know differently. Yesteryears' "never-happens" are stark realities today. So if you still are a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me.

Along with the chance to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free" chance to prove I'm right . . . plus a free gift. Here's my proposal.



I am now releasing an unusual manual on a subject which has fascinated mankind for ages. That subject is *parapsychology*.

It deals with the power of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using none of the five senses.

In plain words, this extraordinary technique helps you command, control, and dominate girls solely with your mind.

Strangely enough, you may have already done so without ever realizing it through your own unconscious, native-born ability. Now, for the very first time, you can perform it consciously, upon demand!

I call this technique *SUCCESP*—the science of extra-sensory persuasion. Properly used, it permits your thoughts to influence one girl or many!

**TRY IT WITHOUT RISK.
PAY ONLY IF IT WORKS FOR YOU!**

Before you actually buy my *SUCCESP* manual for ten dollars, I want you to try it out as my guest for 31 days. During this free-trial, you won't be on the hook for one cent. Because I promise not to cash your check or money order for at least 31 days after I've sent it to you.

FREE! HOW TO REMEMBER "GIRL-FACTS" FOREVER!

Never can forget a pretty face or her phone number! FREE Bonus Gift reveals the one big (yet so simple) secret that makes anything you want to remember absolutely unforgettable.

Instantly recall names, facts, figures. Even if you want to forget, you won't be able to. Enjoy an impressive magnetic memory. Yours just for trying *SUCCESP*. See coupon for details.

Try this awesome technique the next time you spot an attractive girl in the street, on the beach, at a bar, at a party—anywhere! Convince yourself beyond the shadow of a doubt that *SUCCESP* really works. That you can conquer any girl who turns you on.

If you are not positively pleased for any reason, just return the manual to me. I'll speed back your check or money order—uncashed.

Still skeptical? OK, post-date your check for 31 days from today. That way I can't possibly deposit it even if I wanted to. You're protected 100%!

Whatever happens, I want you to keep the FREE Bonus Gift. It's yours merely for making this trial—and making out as you never did before.

You can't lose by mailing the coupon now. But you can win big when you can make any girl do anything you mentally command. All at my sole risk!

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You're on! Rush postpaid my *SUCCESP* manual and FREE Gift to keep. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$10—NOT TO BE DEPOSITED FOR 31 DAYS AFTER YOU SHIP MY ORDER. If I return the manual within that time, you'll send back my payment, uncashed. Ship in plain wrapper. (Sorry, no COD's)

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Sex Headaches: I'm a 19-year-old male, and I suffer from horrible headaches at the moment of climax. What causes this?

—B. V.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Headaches during climax are not an uncommon problem for men. Dr. Cappy Rothman, a specialist in male sexual problems, has found that being in a standing or sitting position during masturbation or intercourse can frequently cause men to experience a sudden headache.

Another leading specialist says if the headaches occur even when you are lying down, they are probably caused by hypertension. He recommends you have your blood pressure checked. If it is not high in a normal situation, a doctor can also test your blood pressure while you masturbate.

A doctor can prescribe medication to help you control a blood-pressure problem. It is important that you have this checked out by a physician. Otherwise, you may begin to associate climax with pain, and experience impotence problems as a result.

Anabolic Steroids: I am a 22-year-old muscle-builder. A friend told me that shots of anabolic steroids would increase my sex drive as well as make my muscles develop more rapidly. I'm on a heavy vitamin program, and wonder if you have any reports on these shots.

—H. G.
Brooklyn, New York

Anabolic steroids are drug compounds that promote the growth and repair of muscle tissue and bones. Male hormones are also considered to be anabolic steroids, and shots such as you describe usually contain high levels of testosterone.

Many body-builders and football players have found that, initially, these injections make them feel stronger and give them greater stamina. Such shots can also stimulate hair growth, and they often increase sex drive—although these effects are temporary. However, anabolic steroids can also cause acne on the face and back, as well as liver abnormalities. In addition, they often cause the testes to atrophy, which can result in sterility.

Dr. Bernard Eskin, director of Reproduc-

ive Endocrinology and Infertility at the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, says anabolic steroids are dangerous drugs because of their questionable efficiency in improving athletic ability. He also says they can cause a series of sexual problems that may not be reversible.

Uniform Lover: I am an attractive 22-year-old woman. I've been sexually active for about eight years and have had many lovers. I enjoy sex a lot, and I know I'm good in bed. However, there is one aspect of my sexuality that I have never been able to understand. I can only achieve orgasm with a man in the military! I've screwed guys of every rank in every branch of the service, and I find them to be the only men who satisfy me. Can you help me figure out why?

—D. M. B.
Slidell, Louisiana

Men in uniform probably symbolize strength and a dominating sexual force that you obviously find to be big turn-ons. You shouldn't worry about it, and you really don't even need to analyze this quirk unless it gets in the way of your sexual enjoyment. With almost 2 million men in the armed forces, it doesn't seem likely that you'll run out of potential sex partners.

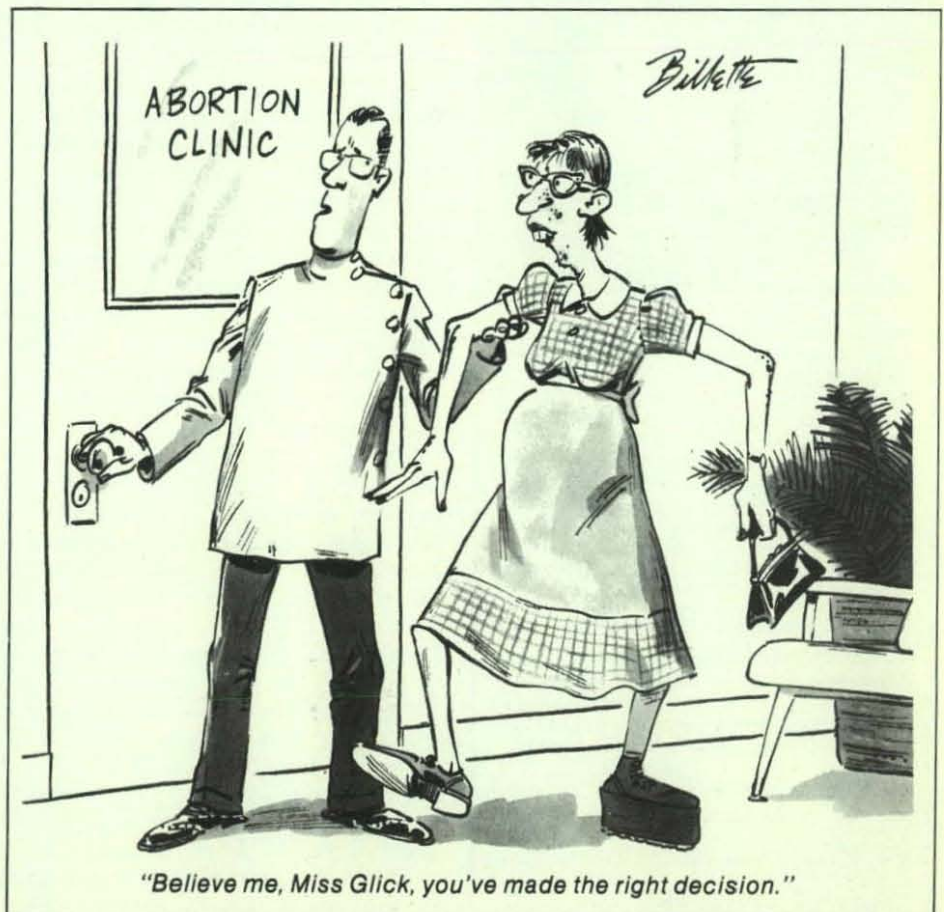
If you find that you are "obsessed" with men in uniform, but lose interest after fucking them once, you might want to see a psychiatrist and find out why you have a problem developing longer-lasting relationships. Also, if you want to be attracted to men who are not wearing uniforms, you'll have to see a counselor and discuss how to reawaken your desires for civilians.

Penis Development: Our six-year-old son's penis seems to be abnormally small. Is there anything we can do about it now in order to avoid problems later?

—R. T.
Sacramento, California

If your son is suffering from microphallicism (an abnormally small penis), doctors can treat him with topical testosterone creams, which can stimulate penis growth. The application of these creams must be done very carefully, under a specialist's guidance. Serious negative side effects, such as abnormal bone aging, can occur if extreme care is not exercised.

The chances are very good that there is nothing wrong with your son's penis that age will not cure. As you probably know, the penis does not enlarge very much until a male starts to go through puberty. This can begin as early as age ten or as late as a boy's



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and light smiles!
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The classic HEAD™ waterpipe; pour your favorite coolant into the tub, while it drains down into the copper plumbing, raise the toilet seat and stuff your favorite "smoke" in the bowl! Swing the moveable arm up and puff away on beautiful doll house size furniture! Made of finely glazed ceramic, and solid polished copper and brass! The tub's drain is the carburetor, the sink has a stash box hidden underneath! The incredible HEAD™ just \$29.95 plus \$2.50 shipping.

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add _____

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mid-teens. However, you should still take your son to a pediatrician as soon as possible.

Your concern about his cock size may be having a negative effect by convincing him there is something wrong with his penis even if there isn't. A pediatrician can help if there is a problem or reassure all of you if there isn't.

Inner Orgasms: I am a 22-year-old woman with a problem. I first had sex when I was 16, but I've never been able to climax during intercourse. I can only come when my clitoris is stimulated orally or manually. I know it isn't my husband's fault. I had sex with a lot of other men before we were married, and I never experienced orgasm during intercourse with any of them either. Do you have any suggestions? —D. S.

Houston, Texas

Read the Sex Play "How to Achieve Vaginal Orgasms," in the January issue of HUSTLER. The article discusses a female trigger called the Grafenberg spot. This newly discovered erogenous zone is located on the abdominal wall of the vagina, about one-half to two inches above the pubic bone.

Deep probing of this area can cause women to experience intense inner orgasms. Sex therapists have reported that women who had been unable to achieve orgasm during intercourse found it possible to have Grafenberg-spot-induced orgasms once they and their partners learned where the spot is located and how to stimulate it.

Cock Lips: I am a 23-year-old uncircumcised male with a penis problem. Up until a month ago I was having sex once or twice daily with the same girl. My penis tip became greatly inflamed, and it seems like my foreskin has pulled the opening of my urethra outward. Now it looks like I have lips on my penis, and the tissue appears to be permanent. I'm too embarrassed to see a doctor or even have sex anymore. Is there anything I can do? —K. D.

Norwalk, California

You must get over your embarrassment and see a urologist or an andrologist immediately. These doctors deal with male sexual problems all the time, and there is no need for you to feel awkward about seeking their help. The important thing is not to let your sex life be ruined by your embarrassment.

From your letter, it sounds like you may be suffering from phimosis, which is the tightening of the foreskin. If this is your problem, you will probably have to consider circumcision, since this is the procedure most doctors recommend for the condition.

This is not to say that all uncircumcised men will develop phimosis; most don't. How-

ever, for those who do, having the foreskin removed will clear up the inflammation. The lips, which may possibly be caused by the tightened foreskin's stretching the skin near the urethral opening, will also probably disappear.

Pill and Desire: Have any studies proven birth-control pills make women less sexually attractive to men? My husband said he read this somewhere and that it was a scientific study. I find this hard to believe. —H. C.

Glassboro, New Jersey

A recent study by famous anthropologist Lionel Tiger showed that birth-control pills made female monkeys less sexually desirable to male monkeys. Tiger chose macaque monkeys for his study because their sexual behavior is similar to that of humans. He theorizes that the Pill interfered with the production of sex odors that turn the male monkeys on.

If you want to understand the role sexual odors play in human sexual relationships, read the Sex Play "Pheromones: Sex & Smell," in the July 1980 issue of HUSTLER. Although odors don't play as important a role in human sexual behavior as they do in the sexuality of animals, study has just begun in this area. Therefore, it is impossible to say definitely that birth-control pills affect the human male's desire for females on the Pill.

Toxic Shock: I am confused about things I've read on toxic-shock syndrome. Are Rely tampons the only ones that cause this disease? What happens if you get it? —L. S.

North Chicago, Illinois

Toxic-shock syndrome is a sometimes-fatal disease that seems to be statistically connected with the use of tampons. Little is known about the affliction right now, although researchers are trying to find out what causes it and what will cure it.

Right now federal medical investigators believe the syndrome is caused by the bacterium *Staphylococcus aureus*. Most victims have gotten the disease when using tampons. Some researchers speculate that the tampons irritate the vaginal lining, thereby promoting infection. Another theory is that the blocking effect of the tampons allows bacteria to breed more freely.

Rely tampons were taken off the market because so many women who came down with the disease were using that brand. However, the use of all tampons has been connected with toxic-shock syndrome. Researchers advise that women continuing to use any brand of tampons should change them frequently and should avoid sleeping with one inserted.

Toxic-shock syndrome has occurred most frequently in women under 30, especially just after or during their menstrual periods. Most of these women had been using tampons at the time. The symptoms include a sudden onset of fever, vomiting and diarrhea. There is a rapid drop in blood pressure, often followed by a burnlike rash. A Utah study estimated that 15 out of 100,000 women of menstruating age are affected each year; so the risk of getting toxic-shock syndrome is relatively low.

Hypnotherapy: I am a 27-year-old male who suffers from premature ejaculation as well as occasional impotence. I've heard there is a man in my area who helps people through hypnosis. Can you tell me his name and how to contact him?

—F. G.

Los Angeles, California

Elroy Schwartz is the hypnotherapist you are looking for. He has helped a large number of men and women who suffer from sexual problems. Schwartz is reputed to be very successful in helping men with premature-ejaculation problems and impotence.

You can contact him at 714-320-2887, or by writing him at 471 East Tahquitz-McCallum Way, Palm Springs, California 92262. Men have been known to fly across the country for Schwartz's help. He says most of his clients' sexual problems are resolved after four to five sessions of three hours each.

Self-Infection: I am a freshman in college. My roommate and I have been arguing for about a month, and we need your help. The city where our college is located is small; so we can't always find ladies to have sex with as often as we'd like. We make do by masturbating until we can get to a bigger city on the weekend.

The problem is that my roommate thinks he'll get a venereal disease if he beats off too much. Could you please tell us whether or not his fear is valid? We both read your column every month, and we think HUSTLER is the greatest.

—M. K.

Scottville, Michigan

Masturbating yourself cannot cause VD. All such infections have to be passed from one person to another. If masturbation is practiced a great deal or too vigorously, a local irritation may result. However, this condition isn't a disease that can be passed on to anyone else. If you went to bed with a girl who was infected with some form of VD and you didn't have intercourse, but did participate in mutual masturbation, you could possibly contract her infection. However, you can't give yourself VD; you have to get it from another person.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC

MARCH ISSUE ON SALE NOW



MIND-CONTROL WARFARE—Persons trained in psychic espionage can detect secret bases, disable enemy combat systems and even alter the thought patterns of diplomatic and strategic-defense personnel. It's the newest weapon in the seemingly endless race for power between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Russians now spend \$50 million a year on developing and maintaining their stable of "brain bombers," and Tim Anderson's shocking article explains why we must do likewise.

WOMEN IN THE MILITARY—The new, sexually integrated armed forces aren't working. Plagued by sexual harassment, assault, and false promises from recruiters to enlistees, almost half of the women who join are dropping out of the military before they complete their first year. Robert Joe Stout details the sad facts in a revealing and explicit report.

MICHAEL BROWN: THE MAN WHO EXPOSED LOVE CANAL—What began as an isolated case of mismanaged chemical-dumping has festered into a nationwide problem. In this horrifying interview Warren Kalbacker talks with the reporter who first broke the Love Canal story and who has now dredged up enough terrifying evidence to send us all reeling in fear and dismay.

THE GUNRUNNER—In exciting and erotic fiction by Craig Reiss, Kenny Harp has the trunk of his car full of contraband weapons, and his mind full of paranoia when he stops at a roadside lounge. The ideals of his past are dying, and his future seems to lead only to a jail cell. But then he rediscovers a love he'd lost long ago. Her name is Julie, and she'll become either his savior or the cause of his destruction.

PLUS—A mini-profile of rocker Eddie Money, the bizarre humor of ODDS & ENDS, a SEX LIFE discussion of why some people don't want sex, and a covey of the most beautiful women in the world.

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Everything naughty and nice, that's what **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION** is made of. When you pick us up you'll be entertained, informed and turned on. We're everything the perfect **GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION** should be: interesting, stimulating and erotic. Fun reading and hot photos make us a magazine you won't want to miss. Make a date with us each month!

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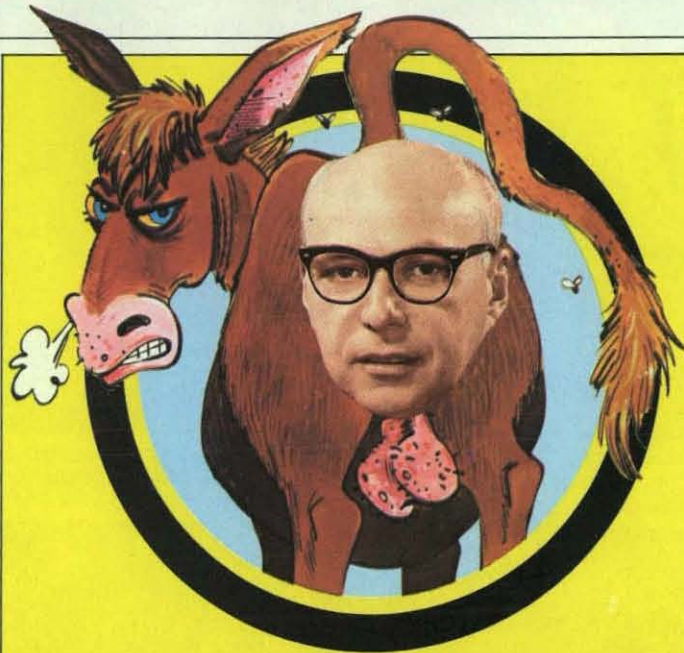
Bits & Pieces

Few violent acts are more devastating than the abuse of defenseless children by their parents, a crime that HUSTLER has long sought to expose and prevent. In recent years even the U.S. government became concerned about the horrors of child abuse, and its research in the area once showed signs of paying off.

For this reason it's unthinkable that a high-ranking bureaucrat with the power to really *do* something about this national tragedy would throw the chance away because of a vindictive grudge against one of his subordinates. Yet that's exactly what Dr. Norman Kretchmer did not long ago, and that's why he so richly deserves to be named HUSTLER's March Asshole of the Month.

Kretchmer is director of the federal government's National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD), whose researchers had, among other things, begun to take a lead role in investigating the many ways children are brutalized by adults. These vital investigations came to an end, however, when Kretchmer ordered health-science administrator Dr. James Prescott to drop a proposed project on child abuse, and then declared that no money should be allocated to the agency for similar research in the future.

He followed up that arrogant directive with the remark that "child abuse and neglect" and "domestic-violence research" have never been within the "mission area" of the NICHD. When



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Norman Kretchmer

Dr. Prescott protested his boss's statement, Kretchmer reacted by firing him.

For Norman Kretchmer to block these crucial studies without the approval of his own superiors was bad enough. To explain the decision away by lying about his agency's record may have been even worse. The fact is that the NICHD has been authorized to conduct such research at least since 1970, when official guidelines listed "child abuse and the unwanted child" as one of its study areas. Just in the last four years it had contributed no less than \$6 million to the

government's total child-abuse research effort.

In reality, this paper-pusher took the action he did largely because of a long-standing personal vendetta against Dr. Prescott.

A developmental neuropsychologist who's devoted his career to the study of violence and its victims, Dr. Prescott wrote a landmark report on child abuse for our October 1977 issue. That article was illustrated with graphic evidence of the horrors of child mistreatment, and Dr. Prescott's text clearly established the connection between such crimes

and our society's tolerance of violent behavior.

It was a message not everyone wanted to hear, but HUSTLER's alarm over this growing problem made the article's appearance essential. Not surprisingly, Norman Kretchmer was among those offended by such an honest treatment.

In a national newsletter for workers in youth health and welfare, Kretchmer charged that Dr. Prescott had done things that were "a little weird" during a "missionary campaign" against child abuse and violence. As an example, he cited the HUSTLER article and proclaimed that the accompanying photos were deliberately designed to "get" HUSTLER's readers "off."

With that incredible lie, Kretchmer showed the real extent of his ignorance and irresponsibility. Here's a bald-faced hypocrite who first pulls the rug out from under promising research into child abuse, and then has the gall to turn around and smear those attempting to gain some insight into the problem's magnitude. Anyone that insensitive isn't fit to direct traffic, much less a major federal health agency.

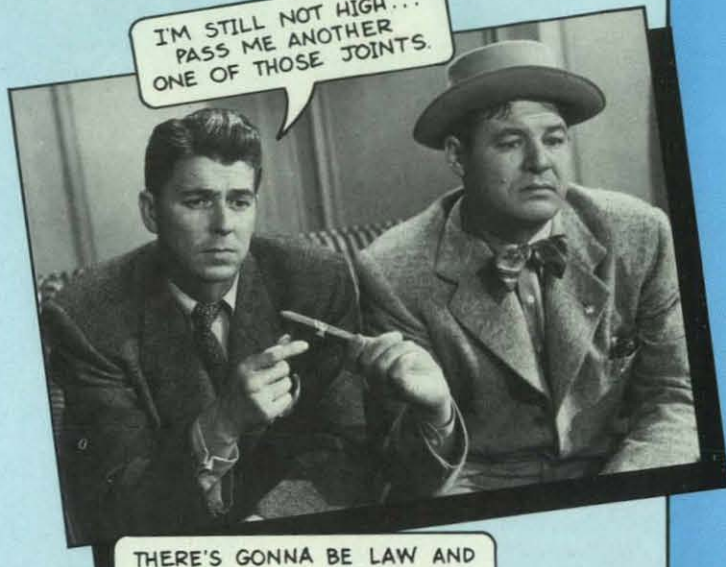
It boggles the mind to think that Norman Kretchmer will continue in his position despite his cynical, so what? attitude toward the mistreatment of America's young. Until the government in general and the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development in particular are purged of the sort of bureaucratic deadwood he typifies, our nation's burned, beaten and bludgeoned children don't stand a chance.

REAGAN FUNNIES

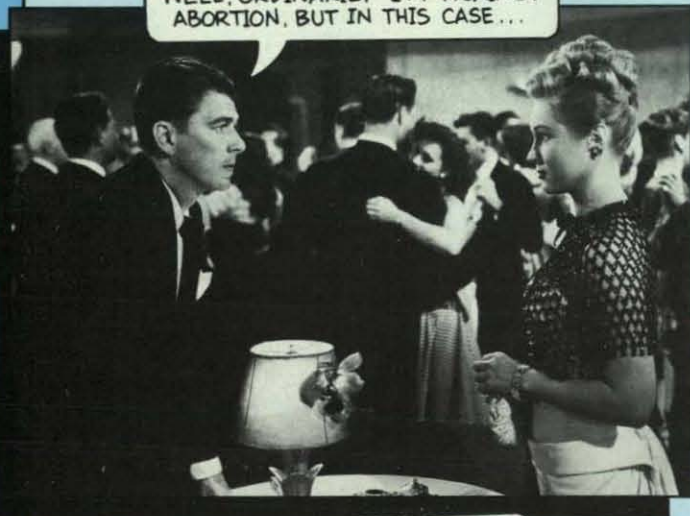
YOU WON'T BE SUCH A LITTLE SMARTASS AFTER I BRING BACK CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.



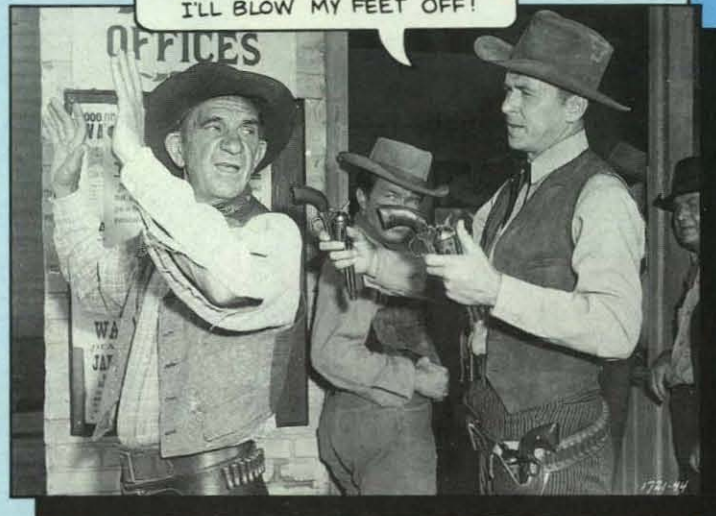
I'M STILL NOT HIGH... PASS ME ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE JOINTS.



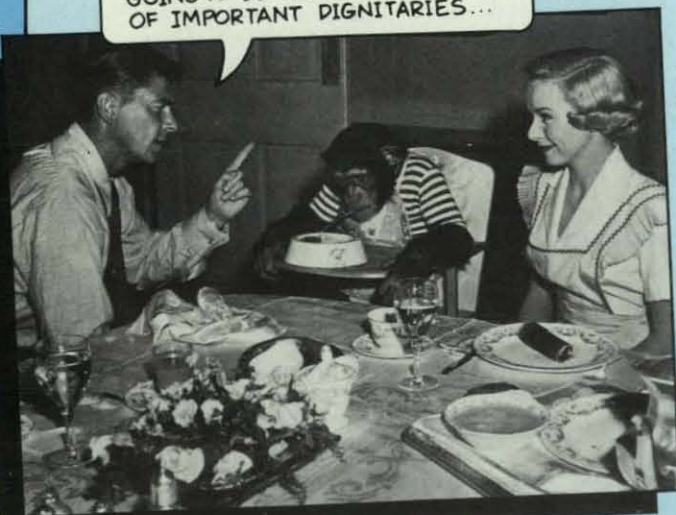
WELL, ORDINARILY I'M AGAINST ABORTION, BUT IN THIS CASE...



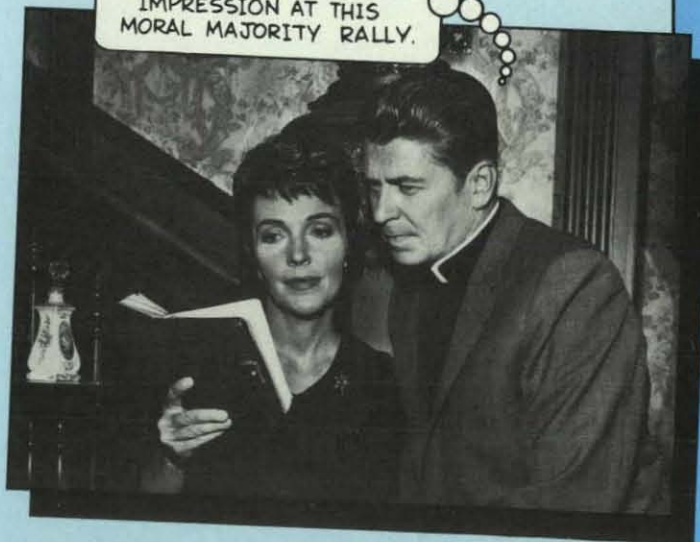
THERE'S GONNA BE LAW AND ORDER AROUND HERE... OR I'LL BLOW MY FEET OFF!



NOW, GEORGE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE VICE PRESIDENT, YOU'RE GOING TO BE DINING WITH A LOT OF IMPORTANT DIGNITARIES...



NANCY AND I REALLY WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION AT THIS MORAL MAJORITY RALLY.



Life form.

HUMAN REPRODUCTION AND DEVELOPMENT KIT

A thorough multimedia program, this kit presents an in-depth look at embryo and fetus development in humans. It includes a text and teaching guide which provide background information and study questions. Transparencies and a color/sound filmstrip tell the fascinating story of embryonic and fetal growth. Sound masters highlight important study points for students. The dramatic *Lifeform* reproductions show the stages of human development in a unique, innovative way... through plastic models and replicas each student can examine and study. The kit offers a direct and complete approach to an understanding of human reproduction from fertilization to birth. \$49.95, 14 lbs.

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Why Is This Woman Smiling?

These little fetuses are really something to smile about. They're part of the most advanced human-reproduction training kit ever devised. Manufactured by Nasco Health Care Educational Materials, these amazingly lifelike replicas—made of soft, durable vinyl—are used to teach medical students and others about the mysteries of birth.

These plastic newborns are also bound to clear up the biggest mystery of all—how to have a family of nine and not outgrow the Honda Civic.

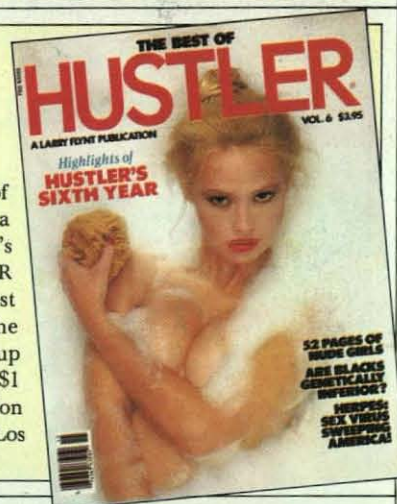
The Secret Life of Plants

How can people help but think about sex all the time when nature surrounds us with objects like these? And these reader-submitted photographs of cock-cacti and tit-mushrooms prove something else we've suspected all along—that man descended from plants! After all, doesn't it say in the Bible that we started in the Garden of Eden?



Cream of the Crop

What's better than a copy of HUSTLER? The best from a year of HUSTLERS! And that's what's in BEST OF HUSTLER #6: the hottest girls, the most outrageous humor and the hardest-hitting articles. Pick up a copy or send \$3.95 plus \$1 postage to Flynt Subscription Co., Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067).



Hard-Boiled Criminal



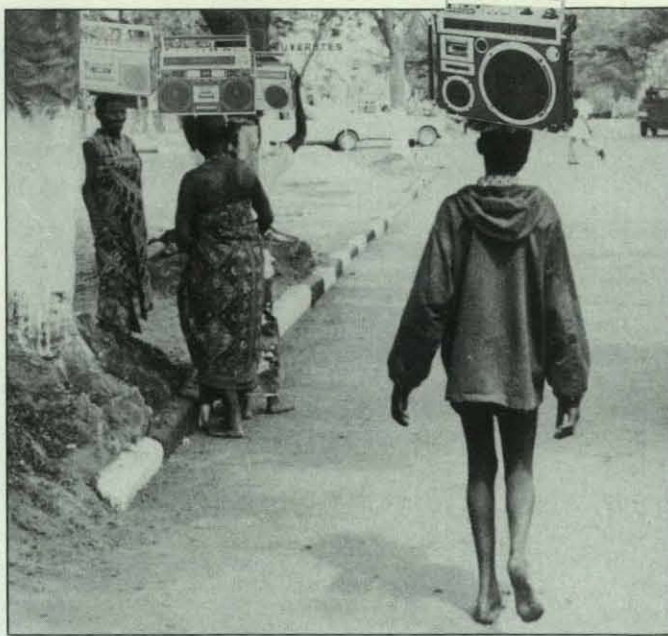
You've heard a lot about the bad eggs who end up on Death Row, but only HUSTLER can

bring you these rare photos of one getting the chair. We understand that this



character was convicted of poaching. The death penalty may seem a bit severe, but

when the prosecuting attorney said this crook was going to fry... he wasn't kidding.



Radio Free Africa

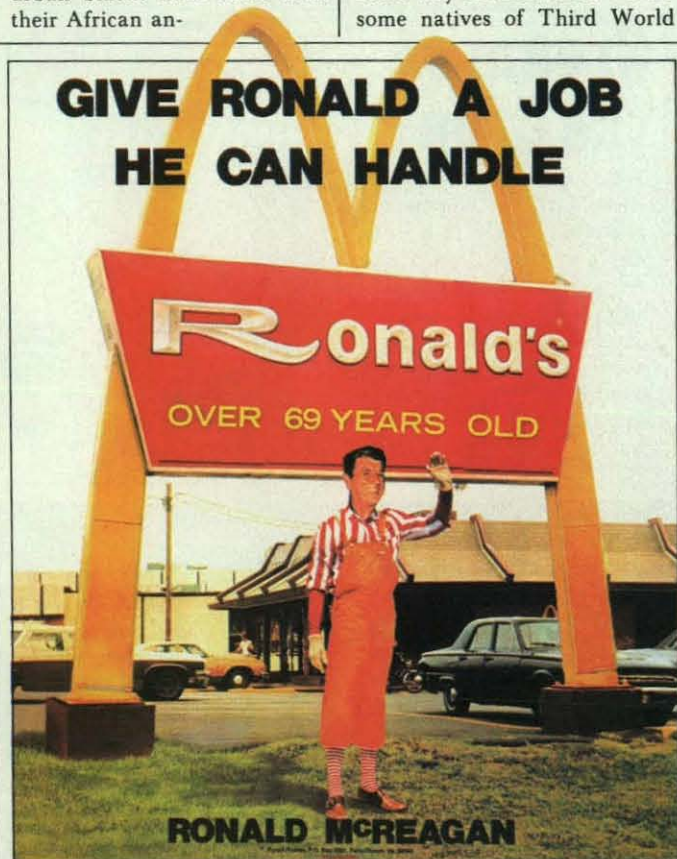
Not all the ethnic rituals of urban blacks have come from their African an-

cestors... sometimes it's the other way around. Here we see some natives of Third World

countries who apparently enjoy listening to music just like their racial counterparts on the streets of American cities do.

The introduction of these lightweight, portable cassette/

radios came as a welcome relief to these women. Up until now they had been carrying complete stereo set-ups on their heads, including the heavy speaker cabinets.



Give Us a Break

McDonald's doesn't like people making fun of it, or of President Reagan either. Before the election, McDonald's sued the Punch Poster Company, forcing it to stop distributing this poster.

The suit alleged copyright infringement and said the poster "denigrates the ability of Ronald Reagan." We disagree. Reagan can handle any job at McDonald's—especially the clown.

What Did You Do Last Halloween?

We know what *they* did!

These two California HUSTLER readers submitted this picture as proof of the alarming rise of venereal disease on the West Coast. Last October this unsuspecting couple went to a neighborhood Halloween party, cleverly dressed up as a sex act... and now look at them!



Curb Your Snowman

Finally, a place to dump your snow. This ingenious winter scene was created by students at Stockton State College in Pomona, New Jersey, who felt sorry for the campus snowman. They saw him standing out in the cold with nowhere to go and decided to do something about it. Now he can relieve himself of those backed-up snowballs.





Forcing a Confession

With the Pope calling for stricter adherence to Catholic ritual, it might not be long before tactics like these are used in confessionals. This method has been extremely effective for the police. You'd be surprised how many sins you could con-

fess just to keep the good Father from *beating* the hell out of you. Of course, this third-degree treatment will require Constitutional protections for sinners. Still, when a priest like this reads a confessor his rights—they could be his last.

The Fart Muffler

Here's a product that every chili lover should have! Why suffer the social stigma that loud farting can bring, when you can cut a fart with a gadget like this? Not only does it silence your farts, but it's rustproof as well, to take the worry out of those wet surprises. And it's built with a durable aluminum alloy to handle even the heaviest bean enchiladas. Fight noise pollution with a Fart Muffler now!

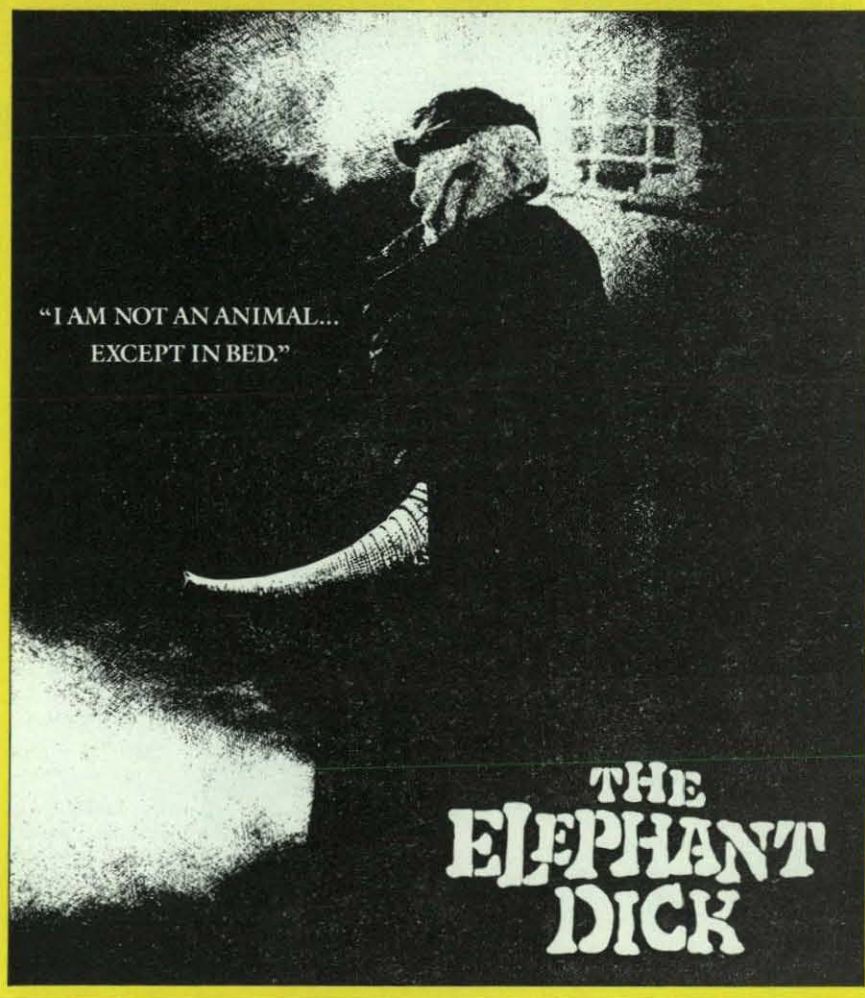


What a Bozo!

Because HUSTLER specializes in the photography of beautiful women, our female readers often write to us for personal advice and beauty tips. This concerned young lady told us that her male companions never take her seriously, no matter how hard she tries to be sensuous.

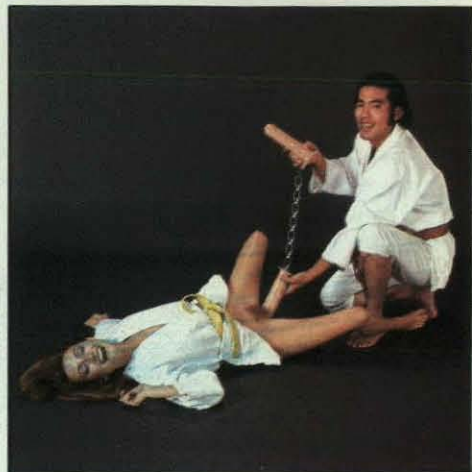
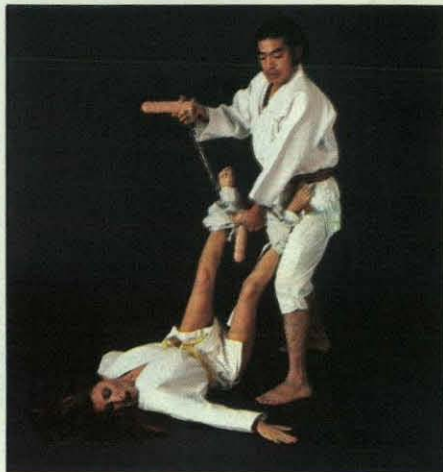
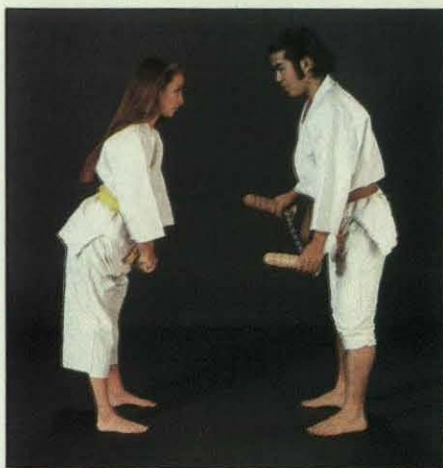
We answered that she seemed to be dressing right; so it must be that other age-old problem—too much makeup.

Ads We'd Like to See



The Deadly Art of Dildo

No doubt you've heard of judo and aikido. Here's HUSTLER's newest form of self-defense—Dildo. As demonstrated here by instructor Marshall Artz and his pink-belt apprentice, Dildo is a safer combative form. Bruce Lee might be around today if he'd practiced this instead of smashing bricks with his head. Similar to the deadly nunchakus used by many Oriental masters for self-defense, dildos are used more often for self-abuse. One real difference is the result of a bout. In Dildo there are no losers.



HUSTLER's Celebrity Look-Alike Contest

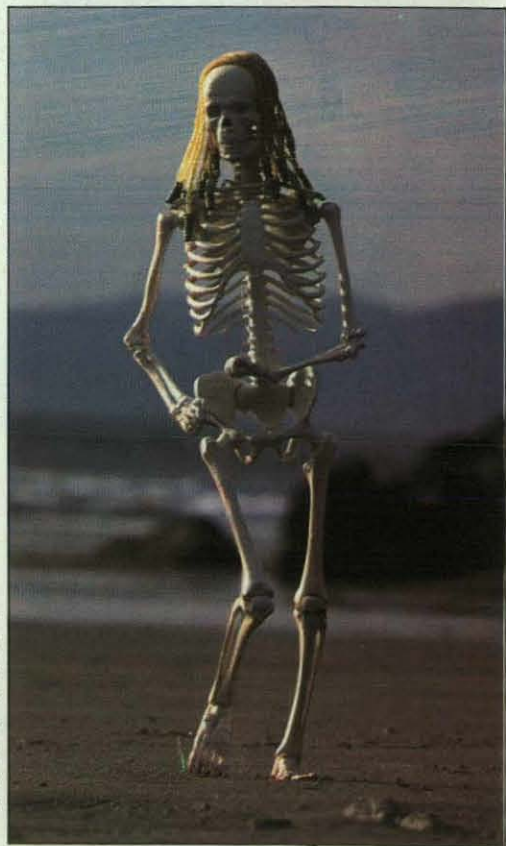
HUSTLER is looking for women who resemble past and present sensuous female celebrities. This means if you look like Jane Fonda, Raquel Welch or Marilyn Monroe (as does actress Rita Niles, below)—send

us your picture. On the other hand, if you favor Zasu Pitts, Ethel Merman, Eleanor Roosevelt or Golda Meir—never mind.

The winner (or winners) will be awarded \$150 and the possibility of a photo session as a HUSTLER model at our current modeling rates. So hurry and send your *nude* photos to: HUSTLER's Celebrity Look-alike Contest, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Don't miss a chance to enter the world of modeling on looks alone—even if they're someone else's!

Bo Derek With Nothing On At All

Don't be fooled and settle for cheap substitutes. *Playboy* magazine may have been first to show you photos of Bo in the flesh, but only HUSTLER can bring its readers a totally revealing picture of the 10 girl stripped completely bare. Besides, all we ever hear guys talk about is how anxious they are to jump on her bones anyhow; so what more do you need to see?



Battered Wives

This photo shows why it's no wonder that wife-beating has become one of society's stickiest problems! But today's liberated women should have expected this kind of response when they decided that men should do more of the domestic chores like cooking.

Still, there's absolutely no excuse for doing something this bad. Now he's going to have to beat her just to smooth out all those lumps.



The Other Guy

We've never seen a better reason to drive defensively than this reader's photo. The only thing missing is a bumper sticker saying, "I BRAKE FOR LOUD SCREAMS."



A Proud Memorial

This is a statue of a beaver holding a cow chip. But the symbolism goes deeper than that. The statue is a monument to the city of Beaver, Oklahoma—self-proclaimed home of the World Cow Chip Throwing Contest. This photo was sent in to *Bits & Pieces* by a proud HUSTLER reader who wanted the world to see the masterpiece that represents the two things he holds dearest—beaver and bullshit.



HUSTLER Update

FERDINAND MARCOS
May '80



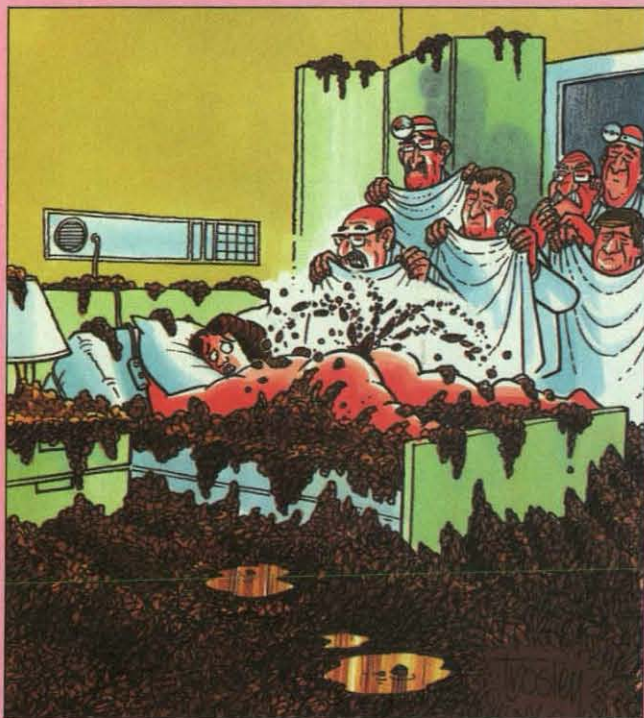
In that month's *Asshole of the Month* column we reported on the tyranny of Ferdinand Marcos, the President of the Philippines. At that time we told of his use of the military to oppress and even torture his people—all under the protective umbrella of martial law. Since then Marcos teasingly dangled the possibility of lifting martial law by March 1981. Now, claiming increased terrorist activity against his regime, Marcos is considering the withdrawal of his offer. Addressing the Philippines' governing body, the National Assembly, he said that his more lenient position had been "mistaken for weakness."

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
October '80



In a never-ending search for human-rights violations, Amnesty International has uncovered what it claims to be "white slavery" in Southeast Asia. According to the organization, female Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees are being captured and then sold by pirates and merchants. The women are reportedly sold by their captors for \$5,000 or more in cities such as Singapore and Hong Kong. Although accurate estimates are difficult, as many as 4,000 refugees may have already been sold. Eyewitness accounts indicate men and older, unsellable women are often hung from trees or roasted to death by the pirates on their island bases off the Thai coast. Only the young women are kept for later sale.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You have something new. It's called Mount St. Helens disease."

Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for interesting stories and visuals for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For March, \$150 and thanks to Nick Alexander, Elaine Hammer, Mark Moore, Guy M. Ritter and B. S. Woods.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by
Thomas H. Schulz

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

A Scent of Heather

Produced by Bill Eagle; directed by Philip Drexler, Jr.; written by Anthony Vincent; starring Veronica Hart, Paul Thomas, Richard Bolla, Vanessa Del Rio, Tracy Adams, Felix Krull, Ron Hudd, Christie Ford, Neil Peters, Jessica Teal and Lisa Bee.

In *A Scent of Heather*, audiences will meet Veronica Hart, a busty, brainy newcomer to porn who possesses a rare and welcome talent: She can act. Hart, who's on her way to becoming a star, makes her debut in a movie that is certain to be one of the biggest X-rated hits of the year.

Set in the 1920s, *Heather* is a richly photographed film that derives its plot from the popular straight import, *Till Marriage Do Us Part*. Heather (Veronica Hart) is a young and sexually inexperienced heiress with one foot out of the convent when she marries Frederick (Paul Thomas), the son of the family's gardener. On their wedding night, just before the bride's deflowering, the couple is interrupted by a visit from Heather's uncle. He informs the newlyweds that consummating the marriage would be a sin. By a quirk of fate too involved to detail here, it turns out that they are brother and sister.






In line with old-fashioned morals, they remain married but sleep apart. That does nothing



A servant girl, Tracy Adams, feels her master's touch in 'Heather.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

to quench Frederick's lust for his wife/sister. So he arranges for her to be seduced, on several occasions, while he watches from a secret vantage point. This only heightens his frustration, until he's at the point where he imagines he's fucking Heather while he's balling the maid.

In just under 100 minutes *Heather* packs more story, more talent and more sex than seems possible in such a brief space of time. Virtually every turn in the plot becomes a handy excuse for another hard-core scene. Heather's aunt, played by Lisa Bee, gives the girl a three-fingered lesson before the wedding; a pining Frederick persuades the cook and the chambermaid to get it on together; and Heather's compassion when she rehires a maid turns into unbridled lesbian lust.

The photography in *A Scent of Heather* has a deep and warm feeling, but the film's greatest achievement is that it succeeds where the best of X-rated movies often falter. It is sexually and dramatically exciting from beginning to end. Its highly charged eroticism and its superb technical and dramatic qualities make *Heather* a sophisticated and tasteful sex film that just might spark a new trend in porn cinema. See it.

—Manny Neuhaus

This Lady Is a... Tramp

Produced and directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and Jimmy James; starring Samantha Fox, Gloria Leonard, Molly Malone, Richard Bolla, Merle Michaels and Veri Knotty.

Here is a riotous, well-made film that, in a single blow, discredits and honors the classic gold digger. Samantha Fox plays Dana Dewars, the tramp of the title. The glamorous wife of a wealthy man, she's also an oversexed bimbo who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks, and whose seamy nature surfaces throughout the movie. Fox struts and sluts through both sides of her character with a cock-raising sophistication that makes



Lysa Thatcher gives herself a close shave in 'Beyond Your Wildest Dreams.'

this film hard right to the core.

When Dana's husband discovers her in bed with a lover, he files for divorce. Dana hopes to get a settlement that will make her wealthy in her own right. But her husband threatens to expose her sordid life; so Dana's attorney urges her to come clean about her past. She's a born liar though. While she gives her lawyer an earful of pretentious b.s., Dana's real-life story unfolds on the screen.

For openers, she tells her lawyer she grew up in an 18-room Boston mansion. The truth is, the family home was a crumbling one-room shanty along a dusty country road. Flashing back to the days of her youth, we see Dana's hard-working mother (Molly Malone) going off to do some chores. This leaves Dana alone in the shanty with her brew-guzzling stepfather. As Dana tells the man how she was seduced by her boyfriend, she also begins to demonstrate the scene for him. Her mother returns suddenly and finds Dana alternately caressing a lollipop and her old man's stiff dick.

Samantha Fox gives the comic-erotic performance of her career in this scene. Later she

proceeds to match it in another scene with Richard Bolla, who plays her rich husband. On their wedding night he's convinced that she's a virgin, but Dana's well-developed sex drive won't tolerate her being treated like one. So, in between coming up with excuses for sending her husband off on pointless errands, Dana fucks the pants off a bellhop she has hidden in the bathroom.

The story moves along at a fast, pud-pounding pace right up to the divorce hearing in a judge's chambers. The flick runs out of steam, however, in a foursome scene involving Dana, an old cohort played by *High Society* publisher Gloria Leonard and two sailors. Occurring near the end of *Tramp*, the sequence depicts unimaginative in-and-out that goes on far too long. It is unworthy of this film's director, Chuck Vincent, one of the porn world's most accomplished filmmakers. The movie otherwise overflows with good humor, great sex and Vincent's ingenious technical and creative style.

All things considered, I recommend you see *This Lady Is a ... Tramp*.

—M. N.

Beyond Your Wildest Dreams

Produced, directed and written by Gerard Damiano; starring Juliet Anderson, Jon Martin, Aaron Stuart, Holly McCall, Lysa Thatcher, Susan Nero, Simona Wing and Sonya Sommers.

Audiences may have difficulty following the story of *Beyond Your Wildest Dreams*. It is a highly personal work from the skilled hand of director Gerard Damiano, who created such classics as *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. But because he has mixed dreams and reality so closely, it becomes nearly impossible to tell where the dream ends and reality begins.

Juliet Anderson plays Sharon Morgan, who has a dream that becomes the picture's storyline. In it, her butler (Aaron Stuart) is a kind of master of ceremonies for an assortment of sexual pranks. Her husband (Jon Martin) enters the dream as a visitor to her sexual fantasyland. In the end he becomes outraged at the confusion, just as the audience probably will be. When informed by

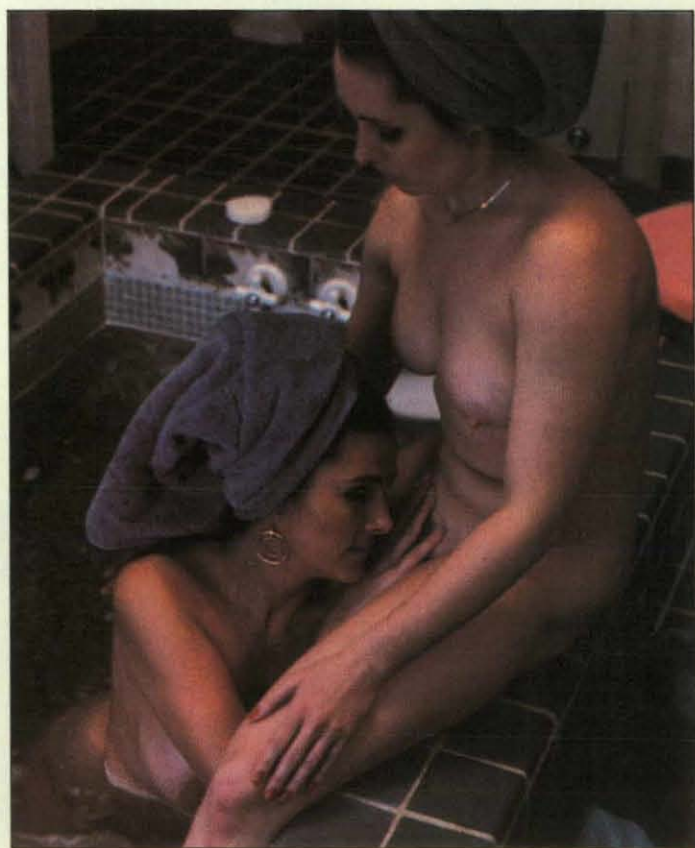
the butler, "We're all a part of her dream," the husband goes to wake her. As Sharon's eyes open, we see her husband as he really is—aged and doddering, rather than the handsome young man in her dream.

Some of *Dreams*' most memorable erotic moments include a shower scene in which Juliet Anderson demonstrates the old disappearing-soap-in-the-snatch trick. Another is a hot pussy-shaving sequence with actress Lysa Thatcher.

But many of the dream sequences have little to do with one another. In one of these, for example, Susan Nero and Holly McCall make lesbian love outdoors on a brass bed. None of it makes much sense; and even the sex scenes, though well-produced, become tedious for lack of a solid premise.

With inventive camera angles, lush photography, slick editing techniques and more than one dizzying hard-core montage, *Beyond Your Wildest Dreams* is Damiano at his technical best. But he seems to have strayed just a little too far into the abstract in this artsy sex film. The poor porn fan is left with little to get excited about.

—M. N.



'This Lady Is a ... Tramp' is full of steamy scenes and wet action.

Sunny

S Produced by Robert Lynn; directed by Warren Evans; starring Candida Royalle, Jeremy Wyatt, Marlene Willoughby, Merle Michaels, Chula Henry and the Sloan Twins.

If you go through life swallowing stories like the one in *Sunny*, you're probably among the many proud owners of the Brooklyn Bridge. Thanks to several prick-rousing scenes, though, *Sunny* is not for suckers only.

Candida Royalle plays a young undercover seductress in the film's title role. Sunny is hired by a devious widow (Marlene Willoughby) who is trying to retrieve her late husband's fortune from the clutches of her playboy son (Jeremy Wyatt). Sunny's mission is to put the son in a compromising position so that the young man's mother ends up with the family loot. Unfortunately for the old bitch, Sunny has plans of her own—namely to snag the heir and the fortune for herself.

Though the story is hardly believable, the film moves quickly as it takes us from the son's luxurious yacht—where he and Sunny get acquainted—to flashbacks of him as a young



Susan Nero (left) and Holly McCall play bouncing bedmates in 'Dreams.'

boy being seduced by his mother. In one of Willoughby's hotter moments she sucks off her chauffeur while her son

watches from the backseat of their limo.

Several scenes that add little to the plot help supply the standard garden-variety hard-core action. In one of these the wealthy heir takes Sunny to a photographer's studio, where he gets his voyeuristic kicks while her every orifice is probed by three able-bodied men. During an orgy sequence at least part of the plot is resolved when the son is reunited with his mother—between the sheets.

Erotically limp as some of these scenes are, other segments in the film more than make up for the weak ones. There is a juicy lesbian sequence between Candida Royalle and Merle Michaels, and another hot one in which a countess (Chula Henry) smokes opium with Sunny and the playboy, and then directs every move of the couple's lovemaking.

With the exception of Candida Royalle's performance, and a few erection-inducing moments provided by Marlene Willoughby, the acting in *Sunny* ultimately fails. The film seems to make such rigorous efforts to please, however, that it's bound to provide a rise or two for most viewers. —M. N.



Veri Knotty gets a hand from Ron Jeremy in 'This Lady Is a... Tramp.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Bon Appetit
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Exposed
Fantasy
Fascination
Games Women Play
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

Caligula
Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Secrets of a Willing Wife
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One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique

Totally Limp

Carnal Highways
Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

20th Century Masters of Erotic Art

By Bradley Smith; Crown Publishers, Inc., 1 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$30.

Thirty bucks may seem like a lot for just one book. But what is 30 bucks, really? Half the price of a night out? You have dinner, dig a stand-up comic and some G-strings, and maybe later get laid. In a week the memory of it all is fuzzy; in a month it's gone.

Lay down three ten-spots for this book, however, and you have another deal. Your money gets you 163 incredible paintings by more than 100 of the greatest artists of the century. If you want some dumb arithmetic, this breaks down to about 19¢ each for the likes of Picasso, Dali, Warhol—as well as paintings by people you never thought of as artists, like Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence. And erotic? Frederick's of Hollywood should learn erotic like this.

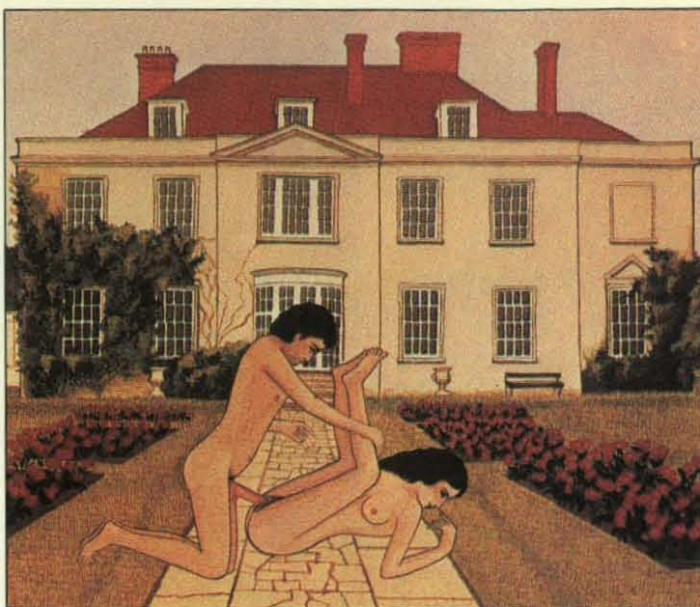
It won't disappear in a week or a month either. Pop this big

hardcover beauty on your coffee table, and it'll warm your cookies faster than anything that ever clipped you for a cover charge and parking. And once you've recovered from the beautiful blaze, it may occur to you that the book has *words* in it too.

Bradley Smith has a fine track record—this is his 23rd book. Most of his material has dealt with art or sex, or both. He writes a clean text—clear and to the point. Every painting has a caption packed with what's important about the work and the artist. And the artists hail from everywhere.

What is the special thing art has that photography can never reach? I think Smith hits the nail right on the head when he writes, "The shock of seeing the fantastic images is, upon analysis, the shock of recognition." No matter how far out an artist gets—especially a brilliant one—he probably shares something with you. When you see it, it goes off like a flashbulb at nose-length, particularly if it's something sexual.

A lot of rotten things are happening in this world of ours, but more than a few good ones too. Among the best of these is the great news that honest sex is an okay thing. Smith reports that the British art critic John Ruskin once found some erotic drawings by the great English artist J.M.W. Turner. With the



'Erotic Art,' packed with sensational images like this one by Angela Gorgus, also contains bizarre bestial erotica (see page 52 of this issue).

approval of the trustees of the British Museum, Ruskin burned the drawings.

That's not happening anymore. The existence of this book proves it. At any price it's a best buy.

The Red Lamp of Incest

By Robin Fox; E. P. Dutton Company, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$12.95.

Some years ago I wrote something with such a blockbuster title, it didn't need a story under it in order to sell, and may the good Lord grant me another like it. The story was called *If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?* It dealt with incest, sure. But it was really about something else—the reluctance of human beings to confront.

You've witnessed it many times: "I don't want to hear about it." "Let's talk about something else." Along with this unwillingness to confront the issue, there are also many misconceptions about incest, like the conviction that inbreeding guarantees deformed stock. It's inbreeding that produces the horses, dogs and pork chops you like.

Almost all research up until now has been culled from police reports or from the files of criminal psychiatrists. These case histories may include incest but really stem from drunkenness

and violence. There's been a crying need for a detached, thorough, nonjudgmental study of this greatest of human mysteries, the incest taboo.

Well, cry no more. Robin Fox has come up with it. He confronts the mystery head-on, without moralizing or fixing on any particular idea that he's out to prove. He has his idols—Sigmund Freud among them, which is refreshing because it's become fashionable to shoot flak at the Viennese genius. But Fox is also perfectly willing to call Freud on his bullshit. And he writes well and clearly and with humor.

Incest is fascinating. "Because it is forbidden?" Fox asks. The quick answer is no—not always. Yet it makes us at best uneasy or, more commonly, hysterical. Fox fires question after question probing the issue.

That's his take-off point. From there he pilots you through a thick forest of research and ideas, theories and conjectures. He investigates other species (apes and monkeys) to see if there's any incest avoidance and, if so, why. He discusses the "primal-horde" idea, in which the strongest male acquires the best females and holds them against all comers.

Fox is full of surprises. He'll really expand your head, especially in the way he makes you understand that our neighborhood isn't all of humanity, or even like most of it.

The author is an educator



A haunting portrait by Karolus Lodenkamper in 'Masters of Erotic Art.'

who started out in sociology. When he got into anthropology, he moved up far and fast. He became one of the youngest full-tenured department heads in the country. The mix of these two disciplines is a good one. It should happen more often. It can't happen much better.

The Roman Polanski Story

By Thomas Kiernan; Delilah/Grove Press, 196 West Houston Street, New York, New York 10014; \$12.95.

This is the story of a tortured, twisted genius—a man who has made some mistakes and self-destructive decisions. But he is also an authentic genius who



knew more about horror, terror and death when he was eight years old than any nine of us could put together in our lifetimes. Filmmaker Polanski deserves all the understanding and compassion we can give him, in spite of himself.

Thomas Kiernan knows him well, and offered to do a biography a long time ago. Polanski declined three times, saying he was going to write it himself. But then unbelievable complications went down (they're all here in the book); so Kiernan decided to go ahead with an "unauthorized biography."

He has done it with understanding and compassion, yet with unforgiving detail. He has seen deeply beneath the surface of this posturing jet-setter with his odd little-boy charm, who on the job is a hard-driving, utterly decisive, completely uncompromising film director. If you've seen *Knife in the Water*,

Rosemary's Baby or *Chinatown*, you know what I mean.

Kiernan's book is skillfully crafted and as readable as any novel around. The author begins with Polanski's troubles in recent years—a much-publicized caper with a 13-year-old girl that netted Polanski an unlawful-sexual-intercourse charge. In the style of movie flashbacks, the narrative then jumps to the filmmaker's terror-ridden childhood, when his Jewish family lived under the reign of the storm-trooping Nazi devils in Poland. Then Kiernan cuts back to Polanski's arrest and the media field day that followed. Back again to early failures and successes, and up through the unspeakable Manson murders, when his wife, actress Sharon Tate, was killed. It keeps you going, page after page, right up to Polanski's bail-jumping flight from the law in California.

Roman Polanski is now in France, the only country besides Poland that is beyond the reach of the warrants against him. American movie money is impossible for him to get. The French film industry is in chaos. Worse yet, he can't move around for locations—a must for important directors.

One hopes for some sort of break for the man. He deserves it. Authentic geniuses don't grow in bunches like grapes.

Sappho: The Art of Loving Women

By J. Frederick Smith; Chelsea House Publishers, 70 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018; \$12.95.

A more accurate subtitle for Smith's book would have been *The Art of Women Loving Women*, and I have mixed feelings about it. Not for a moment do I object to the theme of this big paperback; far from it. There's not so much love kicking around in this world that I can throw rocks at it wherever it shows, and love shows well here.

Yet I can't help but feel that the author/photographer sometimes used outtakes from other shootings to fill his pages. But when the photographs are



'Sappho' presents artistic and arousing color photos of women loving women.

good, they are very good indeed. There are a half-dozen pictures in the book that make it worth the ticket—beautifully composed, beautifully reproduced. The color separations range from good to astonishing. It's all a matter of taste—yours.

The other "plus" in the book is the poetry of Sappho, which isn't something you fall over when you're out walking your dog. Sappho was a Greek poetess who lived some 2,500 years ago. She was born on the island of Lesbos (from which we get the word *lesbian*). She loved women with a passion and intensity, and wrote about them so lyrically that she became an immortal woman of letters.

But her 500 or so poems were so scorned, ridiculed and for-

bidden that only some 700 lines remain. One thing's for sure: She had a hell of a gift for image. She could be sweet: *Rosy-armed, saucy-eyed, fair-cheeked, honey-tongued virgins*. And she could be a bad-assed bitch: *But as for you, Doricha, you black / And baleful she-dog of hell, go set / Your evil snout to the ground and pursue / Some other prey*.

The few scraps of her work that survived were found in grave-wrappings and trash dumps—torn into strips, partly burned or well-trodden into the sands. The translations here are often anonymous. The rest were done by some pretty heavy talents over the years, like Edwin Arnold, Ben Jonson, Walter Savage Landor and a whole clutch of other big names. 🐾

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Is there any difference between a romantic man and a horny man? You bet there is!

Social scientists coolly describe the horny male as having a powerful appetite for sex that obliterates socially acceptable behavior patterns, while the romantic male is described as being idealistic and adventurous. Although *HUSTLER* has no value judgments about which is better, we've devised a short quiz that should help you discover where you stand on the love/lust scale.

For each of the following questions, circle one response that best describes your true feelings. Since this quiz is designed to measure a man's instincts, choose your answers quickly. (Answers on page 35.)

1. My ideal lover... (a) is ready for fucking all the time; (b) does it when I want to; (c) has the soul of a saint and the body of a goddess; (d) is strong and animalistic, yet sometimes gentle and imaginative.

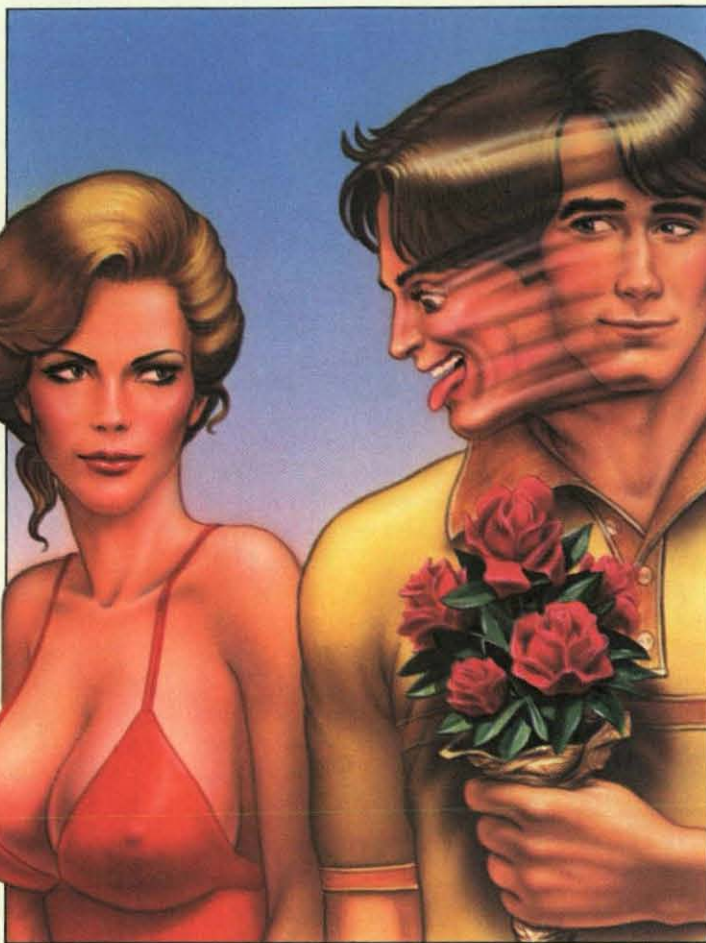
2. Giving head to a woman is... (a) a great way to get her turned on fast; (b) something I never do; (c) like drinking sweet, warm honey; (d) something I do once in a while, but I always hold my nose.

3. When I think about making it with my mate, I... (a) get an erection; (b) feel proud and warm and am glad she wants me; (c) know that God meant for the two of us to be together; (d) put the thought out of my mind.

4. When I get sexually excited during the day, I... (a) leave work in order to go home and ball my girlfriend; (b) call my girlfriend and talk dirty to her; (c) give \$50 to the office hustler for a quick blowjob; (d) go into the men's room and jerk off.

5. During foreplay I usually... (a) get lost in the fun of making love and forget about time; (b) spend 30 seconds rubbing my partner's left nipple, 33 seconds

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with *HUSTLER*'s belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



ARE YOU HORNY OR ROMANTIC?

by Dr. Laurence Schwab

on her right nipple, give two French kisses, fiddle with her clitoris and then FUCK; (c) think about how I'm going to get away without seeming too abrupt; (d) don't do anything at all.

6. The most important thing about a woman who you go to bed with is... (a) a pretty face and a good figure; (b) she doesn't have to be beautiful or well-built as long as she likes ME; (c) her intelligence and sense of humor; (d) her ability to turn me on physically.

7. Your new girlfriend is visiting your home for the first time, and for din-

ner... (a) you dine by candlelight and eat turn-ons like oysters and caviar; (b) you set your best silver and china, spend all day cooking a gourmet meal and fall asleep right after dessert; (c) have pizza delivered and jump in bed together to watch *That's Incredible* or *Real People* on TV; (d) same as c, except you watch X-rated videocassettes.

8. How is your home decorated? (a) Very comfortably—overstuffed chairs, plush carpeting, big kitchen; who cares if the ashes spill on the floor?; (b) Futuristic—large-screen-projection TV, ultraquad sound, shiny chrome chairs, hidden lighting, two microwave ovens, a Jacuzzi; (c) Thrift-shop decor; (d) Lurid sex murals, movie posters, arrows pointing to the bedroom, champagne-bottle candle holders, joint holders everywhere—and the door to the john doesn't lock.

9. When you and your woman spend the night together, do you have to have sex? (a) Of course, what else is a woman for?; (b) No, sometimes it's nice to skip a night; (c) Whatever happens, happens—snuggling, hugging, dreaming; (d) I feel obligated to fuck.

10. When I'm making love, I like the lighting to be... (a)

nothing more than a few candles flickering erotically; (b) as bright as possible so that I can see everything that's going on; (c) total darkness—I just like to feel, not watch; (d) dim enough to see what I'm doing but not much more than that.

11. When I go out with a woman for the first time... (a) it's hard for me to concentrate on what she is saying, because I'm so intent on fucking her; (b) I get wrapped up in her charm; (c) I wonder if she'll be good in bed; (d) I wonder if I'll be good in bed.

12. I enjoy making love because... (a)

coming is the most fantastic rush in the world; (b) it gets rid of all my frustrations; (c) it gives me an overwhelming sense of power; (d) it's the best way to show how much I care for a woman.

13. The primary reason you're involved with your present woman is... (a) she's a readily available piece of ass; (b) she'll do until something better comes along; (c) early-morning fucks are the best; (d) you love her.

14. How do you feel about anal sex? (a) It disgusts me; (b) I do it all the time; (c) I'd like to try it; (d) It excites me whenever I do it.

15. How do you feel about masturbation? (a) It's a natural thing to do, and I enjoy it—alone or with a woman; (b) I only do it when I'm so horny, I can't stay still; (c) Spilling my seed on the ground is a sin; (d) Beating off isn't half as good as fucking.

16. How do you feel about alcohol and drugs with sex? (a) I don't need them—just being with an attractive woman is enough of a turn-on; (b) I can only get off on uppers, downers, liquor, pot and

cocaine; (c) Now and then the best sex for me is when I'm loaded; (d) Alcohol and drugs of any kind knock me out, and I can't and don't want to get it up.

17. What is your attitude about trying new sex positions? (a) Anything goes, as long as it pleases both of us; (b) I'm a sexual stuntman; (c) Face-to-face is the biggest turn-on; (d) Unusual positions excite me.

18. Orgies, threesomes and swinging are "in"—are you? (a) No way; (b) The idea of open sex with people watching and with changing partners absolutely drives me to heaven; (c) I've never done it, but have always wanted to try swinging if I could get the chance; (d) I've done it a few times at swing parties—every which way—and it's okay but not personal enough for me.

19. If I were about to fuck a virgin... (a) I'd reassure her, and mean it, that nothing would hurt her; (b) ram my cock into her and worry later if it hurt; (c) kiss and hold her, and tell her I love her; (d) and if she were really scared, I'd just masturbate and wait for a better time.

20. Monogamy is... (a) for the birds; (b) the best way to go; (c) a stupid convention; (d) okay for some people but not for me.

21. Sadomasochism bondage is... (a) okay as long as you don't hurt anyone; (b) for people who are really perverted; (c) something I thought about many times and would like to try; (d) something I've done occasionally and is a nice trip away from "regular" sex—definitely has its place in lovemaking.

Now for the scoring.

21-35: In this range you're the type of lover who is after sex, sex and more sex. Your women probably feel as if they're being used, and they are—but so what? You are concerned primarily with your own pleasure. Although you may have some romantic feelings stirring within you, you're afraid to let them out, because they might hamper your cool-and-calculated seductions.

As a child, you were probably taught that sex was bad—a taboo—and now you're so anxious that you'll put your cock into any hole you can find. Of course, this type of attitude won't last forever. Eventually you'll get your fill of "fast-food" sex and will begin to expand and stretch your horizons.

You'll learn that sex isn't life, but rather a part of life that mixes well with a delicacy and sensitivity. In addition, you'll discover that what pleases your partner will provide you with pleasure too.

36-50: If you fall in this range, you're a lukewarm romantic, although your head probably does a 180° spin every time you see an attractive woman walking down the street. Sure, you're after a good fuck, just like the next guy. Still, you're not *exclusively* interested in sex. You seem to be confused about your attitude toward women and often feel alienated by the sexual power you imagine they wield. No prisoner loves his jailer.

You do have a great deal of potential though. Once you channel your feelings of anxiety into sincere, uninhibited emotions, you'll probably find that more and more women are attracted to you. And the more women you get to know, the more you'll learn about them. You have to realize that women are people too, not merely objects of desire.

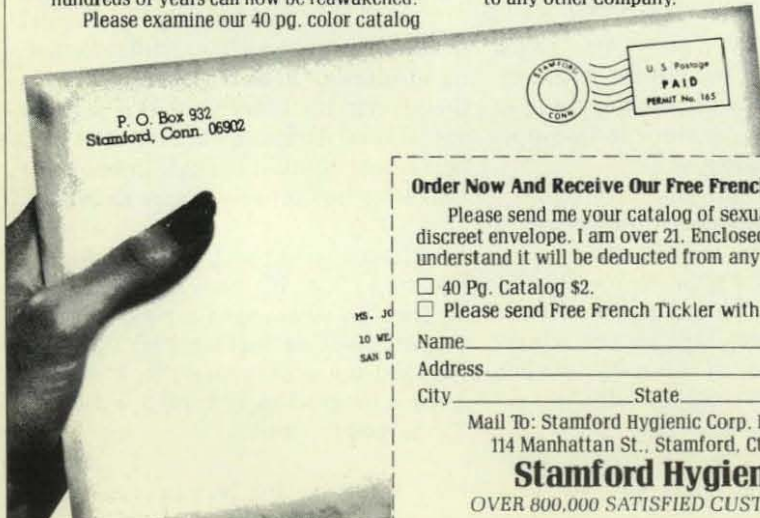
51-65: You possess a healthy balance between sex and sentiment. Your partner will get the best of both worlds, a man who is passionate and tender. You have a good sex life and a bright sense of

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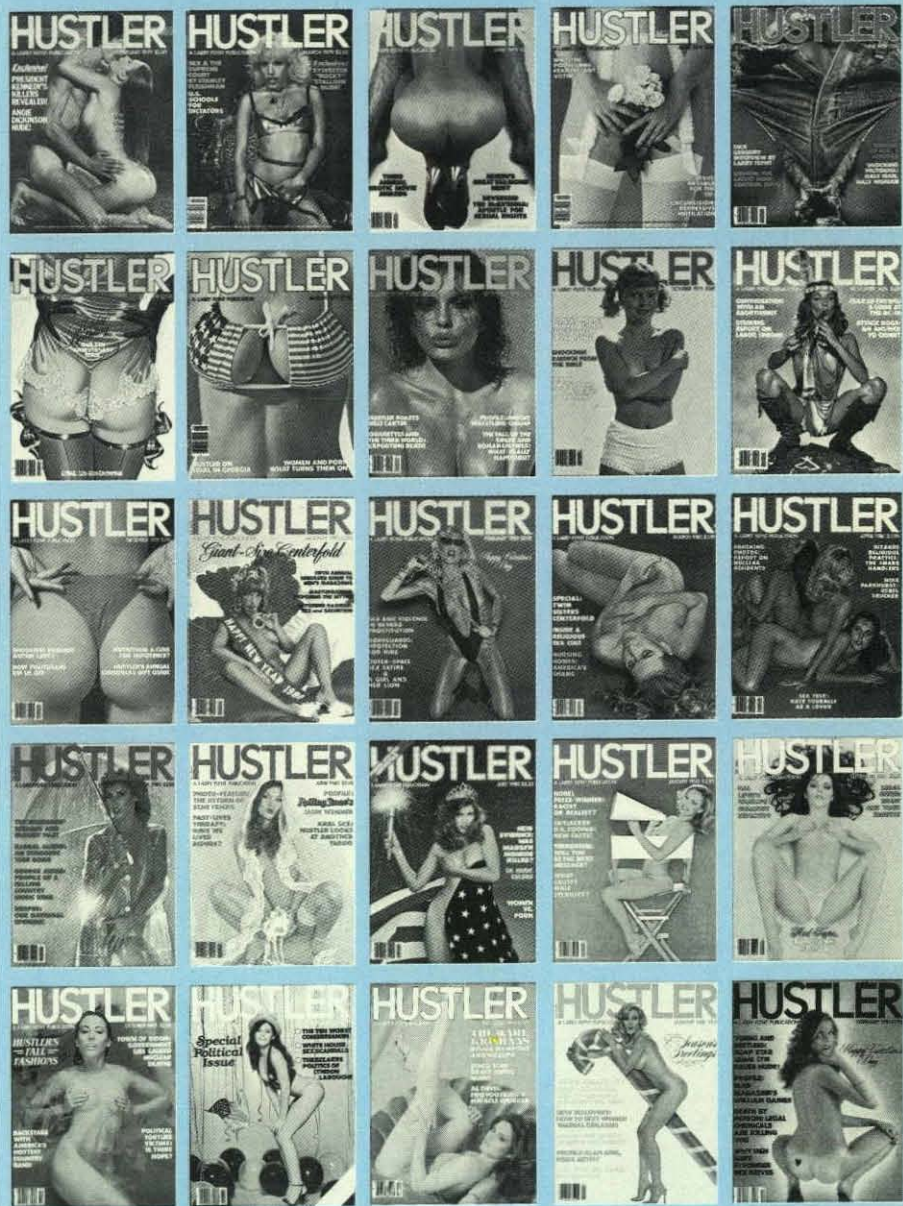
66-84: If your point total is in this range, you're one of those enlightened men who realize that a woman would rather be in a bed than on a pedestal. You fantasize about unattainable relationships with the "perfect" woman. Unfortunately, you're so wrapped up in this fantasy that you sometimes find it difficult to cope with reality. You're a bit too zealous in pleasing your partner, and this could cause a high degree of stress in your relationships. Obviously, with such standards, a guy is setting himself up for disappointment.

Still, you mean well, even if you do go overboard at times. And some women *do* get off on that kind of Prince Charming posture. But ultimately, once you learn to relax and tone down the macho-man image, you'll get a lot more out of your sex life. A romantic attitude is bound to attract women as long as it's natural and not just a childish mask. ☺

Answers: Give yourself the following points for each answer to the quiz. For example, if you answered question 1 with d you'd get 3 points. Then add them up to see where you stand on the love/lust scale.

1. a-1 b-2 c-4 d-3
2. a-1 b-3 c-4 d-2
3. a-1 b-2 c-4 d-3
4. a-3 b-4 c-2 d-1
5. a-4 b-1 c-2 d-3
6. a-2 b-4 c-3 d-1
7. a-4 b-3 c-2 d-1
8. a-3 b-4 c-2 d-1
9. a-1 b-3 c-4 d-2
10. a-4 b-1 c-3 d-2
11. a-1 b-4 c-2 d-3
12. a-3 b-1 c-2 d-4
13. a-1 b-3 c-2 d-4
14. a-2 b-1 c-3 d-4
15. a-3 b-1 c-2 d-4
16. a-3 b-2 c-1 d-4
17. a-4 b-2 c-3 d-1
18. a-2 b-1 c-3 d-4
19. a-2 b-1 c-4 d-3
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21. a-1 b-3 c-2 d-4

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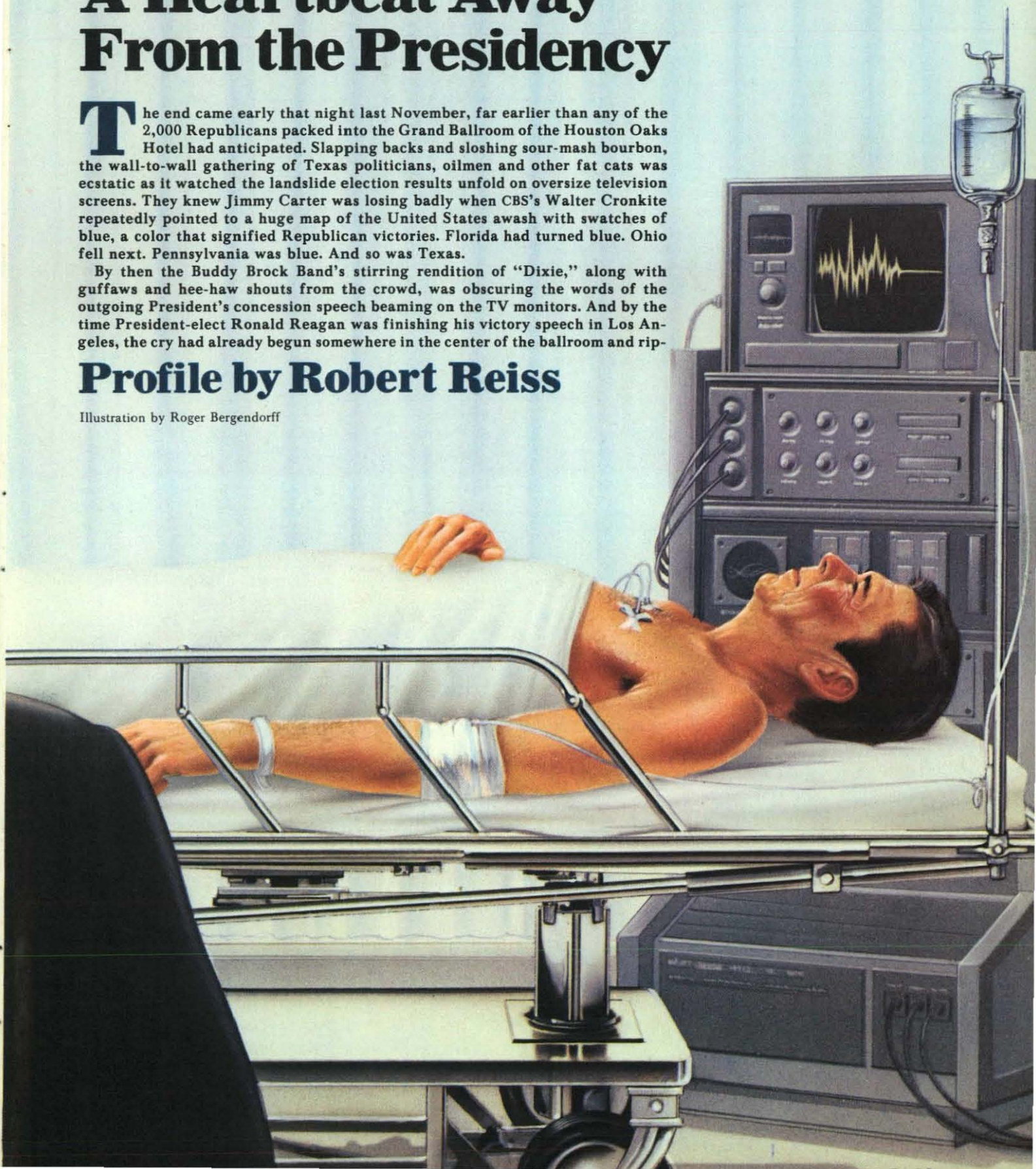
A Heartbeat Away From the Presidency

The end came early that night last November, far earlier than any of the 2,000 Republicans packed into the Grand Ballroom of the Houston Oaks Hotel had anticipated. Slapping backs and sloshing sour-mash bourbon, the wall-to-wall gathering of Texas politicians, oilmen and other fat cats was ecstatic as it watched the landslide election results unfold on oversize television screens. They knew Jimmy Carter was losing badly when CBS's Walter Cronkite repeatedly pointed to a huge map of the United States awash with swatches of blue, a color that signified Republican victories. Florida had turned blue. Ohio fell next. Pennsylvania was blue. And so was Texas.

By then the Buddy Brock Band's stirring rendition of "Dixie," along with guffaws and hee-haw shouts from the crowd, was obscuring the words of the outgoing President's concession speech beaming on the TV monitors. And by the time President-elect Ronald Reagan was finishing his victory speech in Los Angeles, the cry had already begun somewhere in the center of the ballroom and rip-

Profile by Robert Reiss

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff



pled outward amid all the snakeskin boots and ten-gallon hats: "WE WANT BUSH!... WE WANT BUSH!..."

Now the newly elected George Herbert Walker Bush stepped up to the podium, lean and happy, family behind him, confetti in his Ivy League-styled hair. "America, in the words of the song, is 'on the road again,'" the beaming Vice President-to-be said, speaking into a battery of microphones. "And with the leadership of Ronald Reagan, that road is going to lead our country back to greatness."

It was a celebration of sheer joy after that, as Bush moved about the stage and reached out to shake and touch a sea of hands. "Reagan in '80, Bush in '81!" shouted a voice near the back of the throng. The faithful were already ticking off the time on their pinky-ringed fingers. Reagan would turn 70 only 17 days after the Inauguration. Even if the incoming Chief Executive managed to last until 1984, Bush was already the prime candidate to succeed him as the GOP nominee.

And deep in their hearts the Vice President's most fanatic supporters were considering a chilling and bizarre precedent known as The Zero Factor. Since 1840 no U.S. President elected in a year ending in a zero has left the White House alive. Abraham Lincoln (1860),

James A. Garfield (1880), William McKinley (1900) and John F. Kennedy (1960) were all assassinated. William Henry Harrison (1840), Warren G. Harding (1920) and Franklin D. Roosevelt (1940) also died in office.

"I can feel it in my bones that I'm going to be President," Bush had said on the 1980 campaign trail. Maybe it will happen sooner than anyone expected. For after a rapid transformation from political obscurity to national prominence, Bush—a robust individual in top physical condition—found himself in the enviable position of being just a heartbeat away from the Presidency.

And the nation was threatened with the very real possibility of yet another weak national leader—a transparent politician with few original ideas and, even worse, a man more concerned with the narrow interests of Big Business than with the abundant problems of the average citizen.

That the 56-year-old Yale-educated millionaire ever reached this lofty position is all the more surprising considering his undistinguished career in elective politics. Known as a drab, colorless speaker and a humble, almost faceless campaigner, he had been passed over for the Vice Presidential post three times before. Twice he had lost elections for a Texas seat in the U.S. Senate. And, of

course, he had been drubbed in the 1980 Presidential primaries by the candidate to whom he will now be playing second fiddle.

Bush's previous elective experience was limited to two long-ago terms as a conservative congressman representing a tailor-made election district that had been skillfully reapportioned by the Republicans in the Texas legislature. During four years on Capitol Hill he is most remembered for vigorously supporting family-planning legislation. That prompted House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills to tab him with not the most flattering of nicknames—"Rubbers."

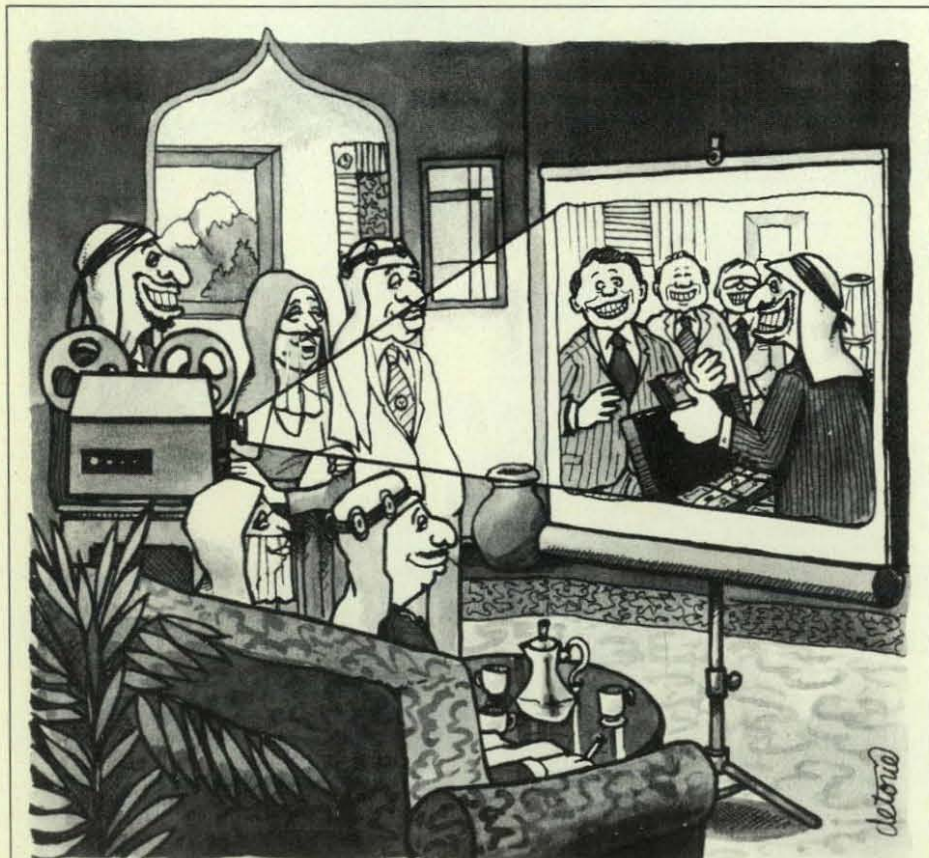
Last year, on the campaign trail, Bush preferred to cite what he called his "fantastic credentials" for the Presidency. In 1976, for example, he had been made chief of the Central Intelligence Agency—then reeling from Congressional investigations and newspaper exposés about its illegal cloak-and-dagger operations. Many say that Bush took a hard look at the agency's problems and did a first-rate job in beefing up its tarnished image. CIA supporters also fondly remember Bush's success in convincing jazz vibraphonist Lionel Hampton to perform at the agency.

Congressman Les Aspin (Dem.-Wisconsin), a longtime critic of excesses in the intelligence community, looks upon Bush's year-long CIA tenure far less charitably. "I don't think he knew what the hell he was doing or if he had any good ideas," Aspin declared. "Bush is sort of a wimp. He [tries to come off as] a little Boy-Scouty and a goody-goody, and yet doesn't give a sense of any real moral fiber."

Another one of Bush's heavily trumpeted credentials was heading the Republican National Committee during the bleakest days of Watergate—an appointment that was personally made by President Richard Nixon. Stoutly maintaining the Chief Executive's innocence until the end, Bush toured the country in a vain attempt to rescue GOP candidates from the undertow of the scandal and Nixon's resignation. "Bush's performance as chairman lacked depth," one Republican insider remarked. Others said that Bush was "taken in" by Nixon's palace guard.

Bush had always looked upon Nixon as one of his benefactors. In fact, during his 1970 campaign for the Senate he received \$106,000 from a secret Nixon slush fund known as the Townhouse operation—a \$1.5-million project for channeling hidden contributions from wealthy Republicans to the President's favorite candidates in 15 states. Al-


(continued on page 48)



"They're home movies of our trip to America. Here's Abdul paying off two congressmen and a senator."



"Your husband is quite an 'ass-man,' isn't he?"



Vanessa Del Rio's career as an erotic-film actress has skyrocketed in the past two years. And it's easy to find the keys to the success of this hot-blooded Latin beauty: raw talent and a robust, uninhibited attitude toward sex. Onscreen or off, Vanessa has no use for coy teasing. She likes her sex bold and as hot as fire. As thousands of adult-movie lovers know, Vanessa can use her full, dark body almost like a sorceress to awaken animal-like passions in even the tamest of men. If Vanessa Del Rio could bottle the essence of her lusty appeal, it would be an aphrodisiac nobody could resist.

Photography by James Baes

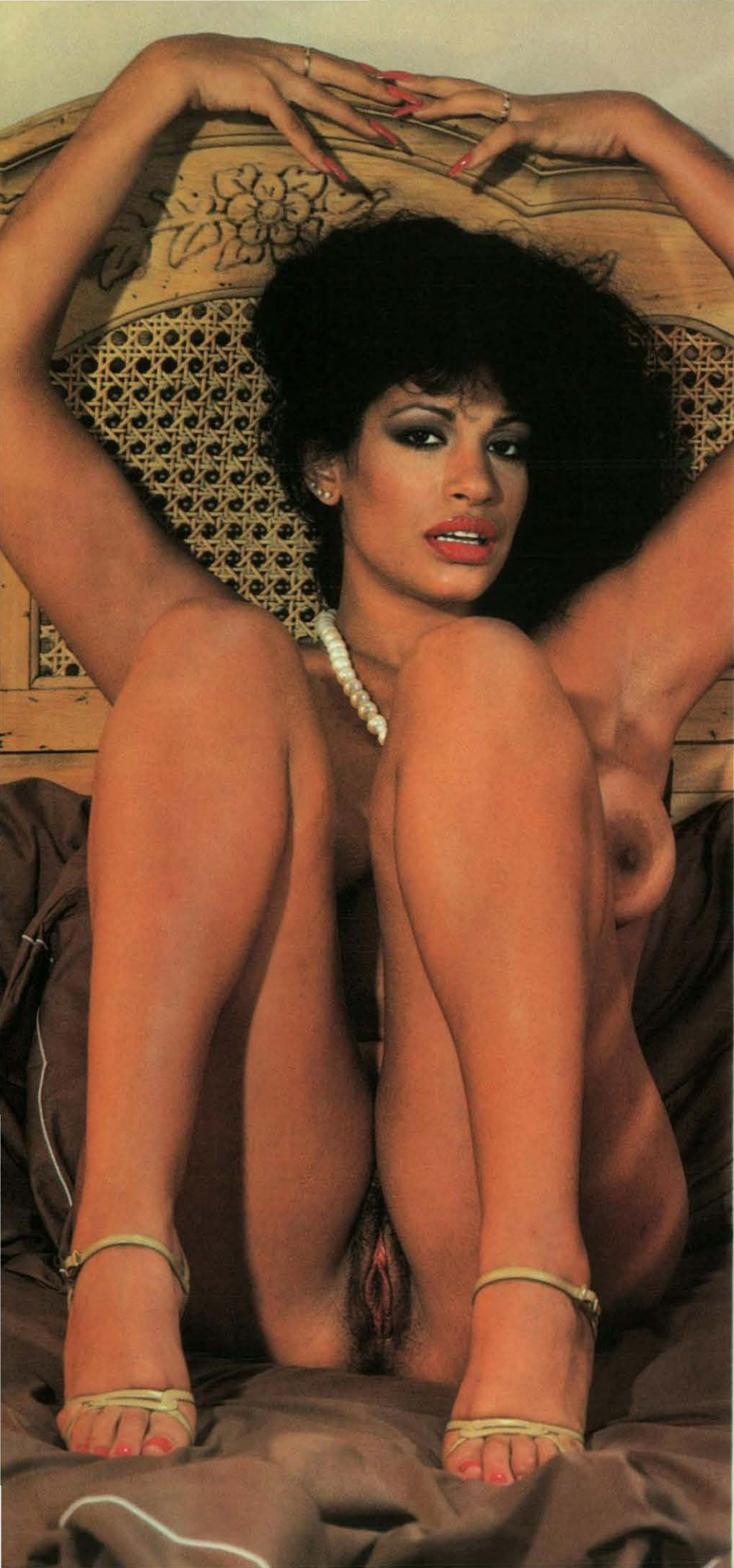


Vanessa
• SPANISH • FLY •

[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)













PROFILE: GEORGE BUSH

(continued from page 38)

though Bush's windfall was not illegal, he conveniently neglected to mention the cash contributions from Nixon in his campaign report.

As Nixon-appointed U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations in 1971-72, countering world pressure to admit the People's Republic of China, Bush fought tooth-and-nail to keep Taiwan in the world body—a policy long embraced by Reagan as well. Embarrassingly, Bush's efforts were completely nullified by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's behind-the-scenes maneuvering for normalization of relations with Red China.

By 1974, completing a 360° flip-flop that typifies his opportunism, Bush was running the U.S. Liaison Office that paved the way for American recognition of the People's Republic. The job mostly involved acting as intermediary between American businessmen and Chinese officials. Last year Bush flagrantly made political hay about his visit to the Great Wall—using it as a metaphor for his experience in international diplomacy.

On the morning of Election Day at Bush's Houston campaign headquarters, the Vice Presidential candidate looked

thin, preppy and unpretentious in his blue jacket and gray slacks. He thanked the informal gathering of 30 workers for their efforts. Warming up to the occasion, he began poking the air as he spoke, spontaneously extending his hands so that they encompassed his points like parentheses.

Carter, he said, "saw himself in trouble" during the last days of the Presidential campaign; so he "went after Governor Reagan." Carter, Bush pointed out, suggested that Reagan was a "racist," that Reagan wanted to divide Christian and Jew. "The pressure was enormous," Bush said, making a fist as his voice lowered, "for Governor Reagan to go after him! But he didn't!"

Some of the journalists present speculated whether he was talking only about Governor Reagan or also about himself, the man who critics said was *too nice, too soft*, maybe even wishy-washy toward his opponents. Because Bush was never the type to go after people. That's not the way the system was supposed to be. He had always been a team player.

The Bush family was one of his teams, and during hundreds of thousands of miles of electioneering the team had fought hard for the candidate. One son, Jeb, took a leave from the Texas Commerce Bank to work on his father's Presidential campaign. Another son,

Marvin, took a school leave for the same reason. George, the oldest son—who has run unsuccessfully for Congress—did campaign work in Iowa. Wife Barbara, son Neil, daughter Dorothy, brothers John, Prescott Jr. and Bucky, and sister Nancy were all heavily involved.

Bush was also an unselfish member of the party team. "Thou Shalt Not Criticize Other Republicans" is the party's 11th Commandment—an unwritten rule that underwent a great deal of strain during Watergate. By deliberately ignoring GOP excesses, he surrendered to a weakness that afflicts most politicians: telling people what they want to hear instead of what is actually happening.

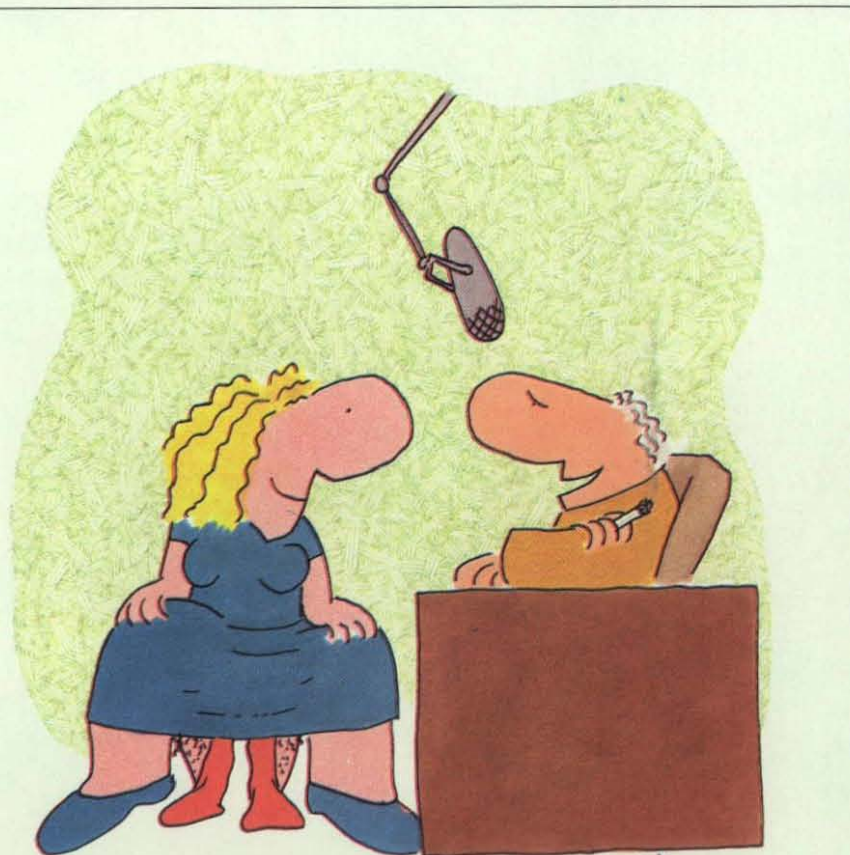
Dean Burch, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission under Nixon, later evaluated Bush during those trying times. "My impression of George was of a guy terribly concerned, not about his own ass particularly, but about the country and the party," Burch said. "He was able to keep up the front that everything was working and that the system was taking care of itself. Yet I knew damn well that he must have gone home and thrown up after giving some of those speeches."

To Bush, the system and the team are paramount. He told Yale students, even as he was battling Ronald Reagan for the Republican Presidential nomination, that he would "support the nominee of the convention instead of sanctimoniously holding myself above the party." That's basic Bush: Give the fight your best shot, and go along with the team decision.

Playing on a team, however, isn't the same thing as leading it. If Bush were President, would he be able to act tough, to make controversial or unpopular decisions?

Supporters respond by telling the story of Bush's 1968 vote in Congress for the Civil Rights Act, which contained an open-housing provision. The bill was about as popular in Houston as the American Civil Liberties Union. Congressman William Steiger (Rep.-Wisconsin) would later talk of the "anguish" the vote caused Bush. And Bush himself described the backlash in a 1971 letter:

"I never dreamed the reaction would be so violent. Seething hatred. The epithets—the real chickenshit stuff in spades—to our [office] girls. 'You must be a nigger or a Chinaman'... the country-club set disowning me and denouncing me... I got on this plane, and this older lady came up to me and said, 'I'm a conservative Democrat from the district, but I'm proud of you and always will vote for you.' Her accent was



J. Kohl

"Just what made you decide to become an elephant-trainer?"



Texan, and suddenly I felt that maybe it would all be okay, and I started to cry...."

As a freshman congressman from Texas, Bush often voted with his conscience and made his constituents angry. But he didn't feel any real heat until eight years later, when he was running the CIA and became a key figure in the infamous Letellier affair.

In July 1976 U.S. Ambassador to Paraguay George W. Landau received a roundabout request from DINA, the Chilean secret police. The Chileans, it seemed, wanted to be issued U.S. visas through Paraguay for two army officers to journey to Washington on an intelligence mission. Later it would turn out that the officers were assassins. At the time, the Chileans were claiming the men had been cleared by the CIA.

Ambassador Landau immediately sent a cable to the CIA, then headed by Bush, to see if the Chileans had indeed been cleared. Along with his message, he sent photos of the two men.

A week later CIA Deputy Director Vernon Walters called back to say that the agency knew nothing of the Chilean mission. Landau revoked the visas. The Chileans went home, returned to the United States and, on September 21, 1976, set off a bomb underneath the car of former Chilean Defense Minister

Orlando Letellier. He was driving to work at the Washington Institute of Policy Studies with American co-workers Michael and Ronni Moffitt. Letellier and Mrs. Moffitt were killed. Michael Moffitt survived.

Unanswered questions still surround the unsolved Letellier/Moffitt killings. Did Bush actually see the original cable and photos? If he did, why didn't he connect the bombing and the pictures? And if he *did* make the connection, did he do anything about it in secret? Or, finding out originally that the Chileans were up to something in Washington, did Bush try to discover what it was? And did he try to stop it?

Whatever Bush knows, he isn't likely to say. Asked during the Presidential primaries about another matter—the CIA's role in Iran prior to the fall of the Shah—Bush explained acidly that he had taken an oath to keep secret business just that, secret. Later it was reported that he exploded in private, asking repeatedly how the reporter could not have understood why intelligence secrets cannot be discussed.

On the 1980 campaign circuit Bush became the first Presidential aspirant in recent years to make the strengthening of the CIA a major issue. Whether because of that stand, or simply out of loyalty for their old boss, more than 20 for-

mer intelligence officers worked for his nomination.

Likewise, Bush has enjoyed support and received aid from people he's worked with at every step of his career. And he has shown in the past a remarkable capacity for molding dissimilar political elements into his campaigns—moderate and conservative Republicans, Democrats and at least two top aides to Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Bush's ability to inspire loyalty and to motivate and pull together far-flung elements was called by *Washington Post* columnist David Broder his "greatest asset."

If and when Bush ascends to the Presidency, he will need a lot more than an ability to inspire loyalty and to motivate; most of all, he'll need solid, workable programs. When his time comes, it won't be difficult to guess where he stands on the issues, since he released reams of statements and position papers during his vain pursuit of the GOP Presidential nomination.

He's a die-hard conservative whose politics virtually dovetail with those of Ronald Reagan. The two of them disagreed in only two major areas during the campaign.

The first was economics. Before the convention, Bush stoutly opposed Reagan's support for the three-year, 30% Kemp-Roth tax cut. "The Reagan tax cut would have two disastrous effects," he told the Tiger Bay Club in Tallahassee, Florida. "First, it would increase the rate of inflation to 30% or more in 1981 and 1982. There is also no guarantee the psychology of the economic situation would improve. If confidence isn't out there, you can't make that large an across-the-board tax cut."

Later, during the televised League of Women Voters debate in October, President Carter would remind everyone: "I notice that Governor Reagan recently mentioned the Reagan-Kemp-Roth proposal, which his own running mate—George Bush—described as 'voodoo economics.'"

Bush's own tax proposal was a \$20-billion reduction. He also said he wanted to cut corporate income tax 5% over a five-year period and cut Social Security payroll taxes for employers and employees. To save money, he suggested streamlining the federal budget by cutting back food-stamp, synthetic-fuel and student-loan programs.

Unlike Reagan, Bush supports passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. But like Reagan, he advocates a beefed-up military. Bush is also a supporter of nuclear power. He recognizes the need for new forms of energy, such as the in-

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BEASTS AND EROTICA

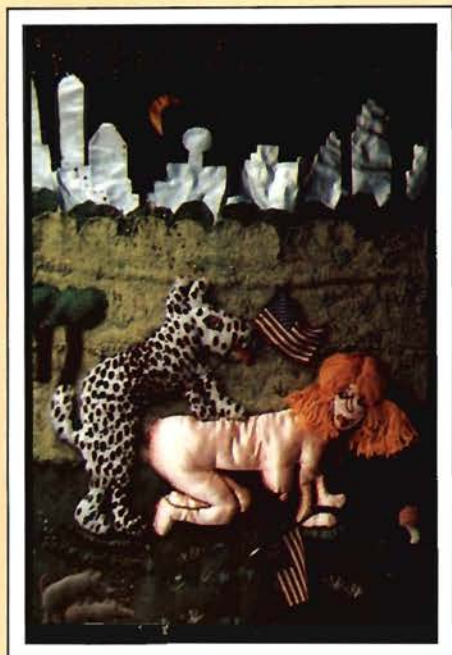
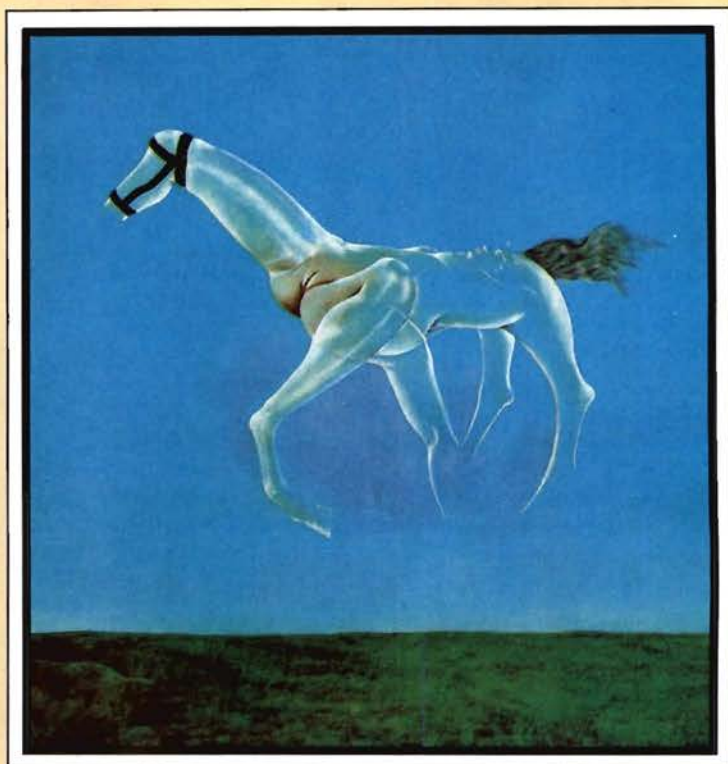


Long before Fay Wray set eyes on King Kong, artists and poets have been inspired by the sexuality of animals. Mythological mergers like "Leda and the Swan" and "The Rape of Demeter" (in which the Greek god Zeus disguised himself as a bull and violated the goddess Demeter) are evidence of our peculiar fascination with beasts as erotic symbols. The works shown here are excellent examples of how animals capture the imagination of erotic artists today. Included are two untitled works from *20th Century Masters of Erotic Art* (reviewed on page 30 of this issue). The remaining pieces are from the Erotics Gallery, 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001. Its catalog is \$10.95 plus \$1.50 postage.

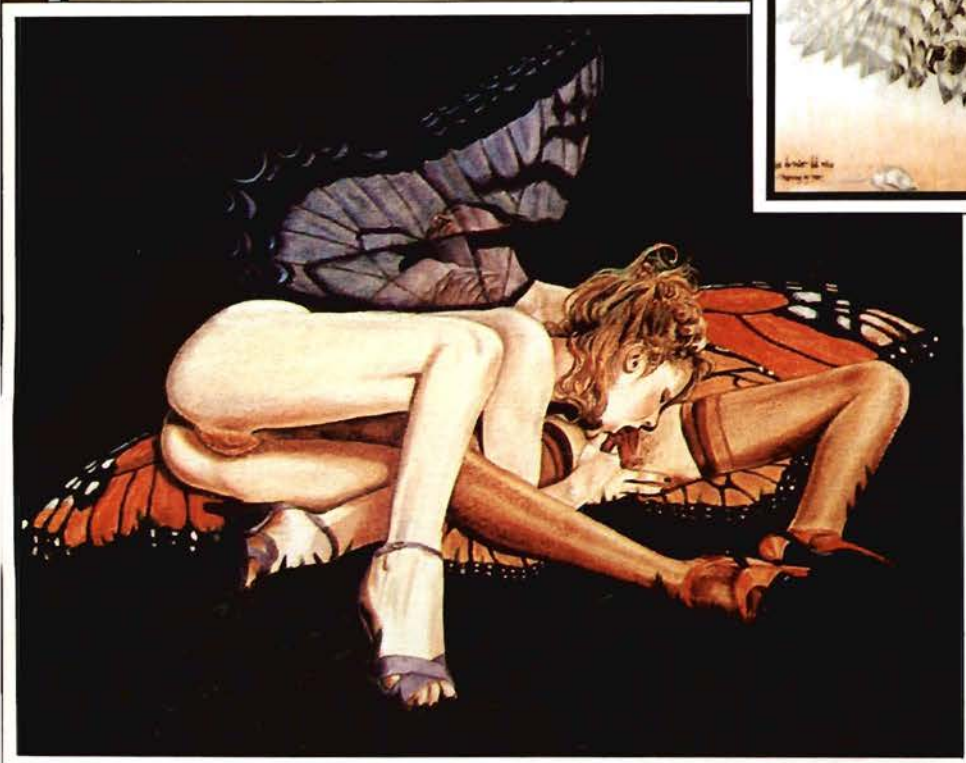
Above: *The Camel Smile* is a bronze sculpture by Doug Johns. Center: John Squadra mixes fowl and female anatomy in his paintings of an eagle with breasts, titled *Endangered Species*, and *Harpy* (inset), named for the birdwoman creatures of mythology.



Right: This untitled painting of an entwined woman and horse, by Japanese artist Haruguchi, is an example of bestial themes in the book *20th Century Masters of Erotic Art*. Below: Rhett Belford Brown's tapestry depicting a woman with a dalmatian is titled *Moon Over Manhattan*.

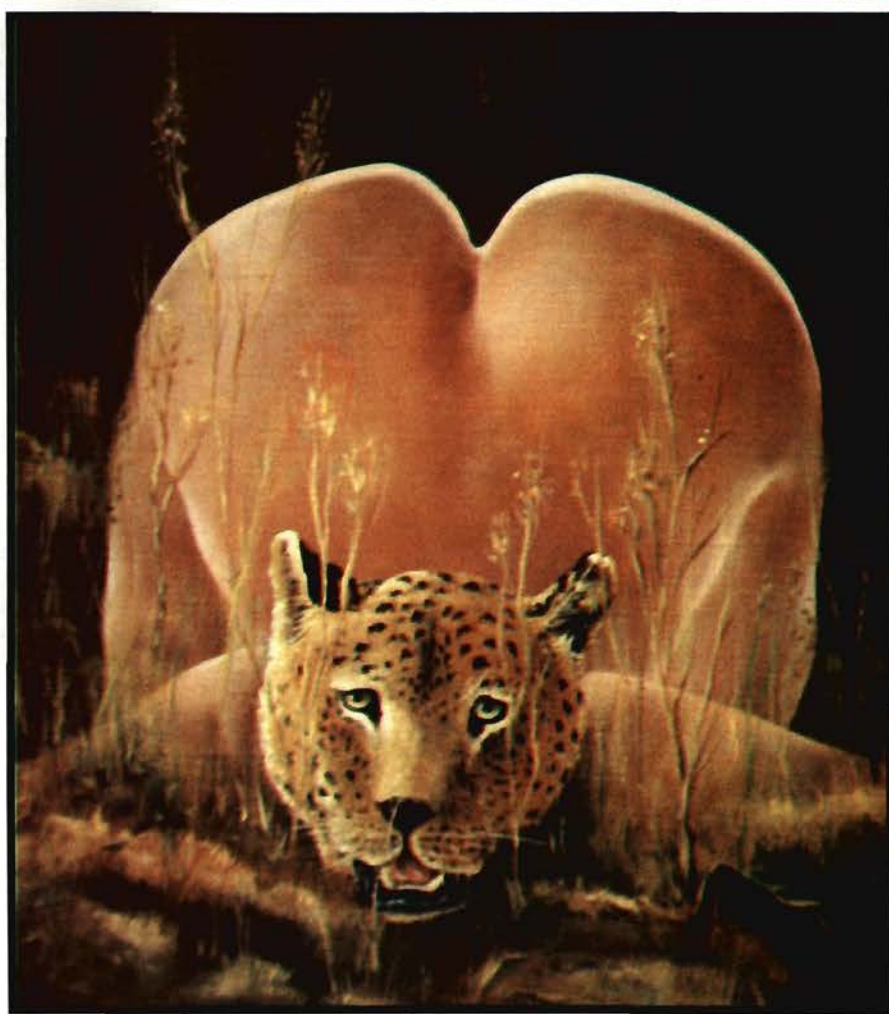


Above: South African artist Louis de Wet, who works in England, produced this untitled painting of a birdwoman with menacing claws (from *20th Century Masters of Erotic Art*). Left: Titled *Honey*, this oil painting of feminine butterflies is the work of artist Jay Eisenberg.

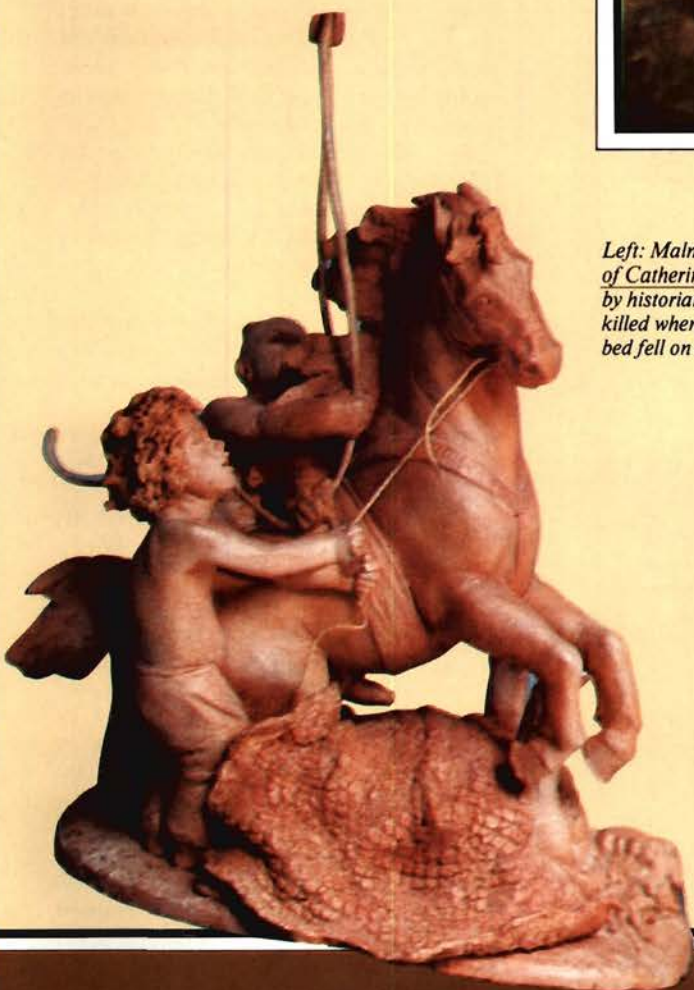




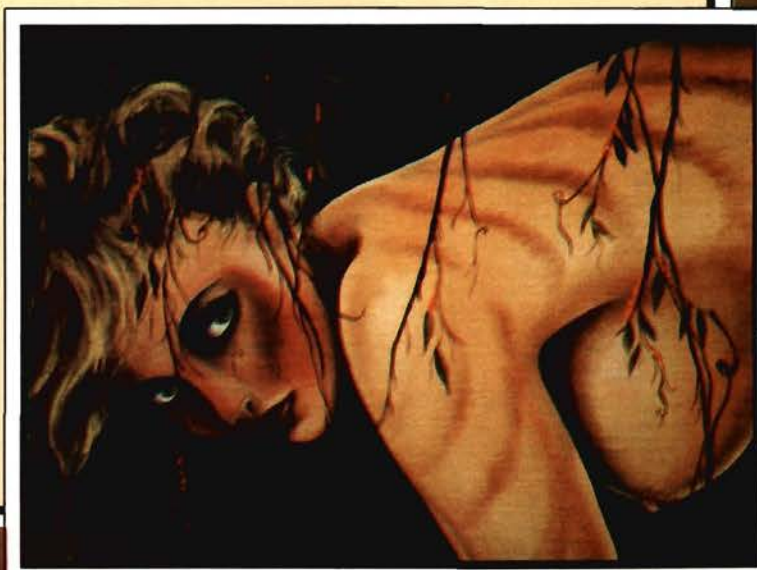
Above: *Catherine's First Pony*, a terracotta wall relief by Margit Malmstrom, is based on accounts of the notorious Russian empress Catherine the Great's obsession with bestial sex.



Above: John Squadra's interpretation of animalistic sexuality is exemplified in this work, titled *Ambush*. Below: In his painting *Amazon*, Squadra again explores this theme in his depiction of a dangerously sensual tigerwoman.



Left: Malmstrom's sculpture *The Death of Catherine the Great* was inspired by historians' belief that Catherine was killed when a horse hoisted over her bed fell on top of her.



PROFILE: GEORGE BUSH

(continued from page 50)

creased mining and burning of coal, possibly at the expense of the Clean Air Act and other vital environmental laws.

In addition, he favors deregulation of the oil and gas industries, along with the windfall-profits tax and provisions that would encourage the major corporations to create job programs. He believes, like Reagan, that there are too many government regulations tying industry's hands. "I don't want some bureaucrat throwing darts at a map to decide where we drill for oil," he has said.

Although Bush opposes abortion, he also disapproves of a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the practice. He lost his temper last year when *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Scheer challenged his stand against federal funding for abortion except in cases of rape, incest or where the life of the mother is jeopardized. Scheer asked him if he was "just opposed to making it easier for poorer women to get abortions."

Bush's reply was both testy and evasive. "I can't help you by fine-tuning it any way," he said. "You can ask me more questions, but I don't have to answer. This is a free world." Scheer's question may have been tough, but it was legitimate. Bush's cop-out made

some readers wonder whether he will fine-tune his answers should he become Commander-in-Chief.

The Scheer incident was a rare display of anger. Normally, Bush has a good sense of humor. He once was showing a group of high-school students around the U.N. when a girl tried to take a picture of him and her flashbulb exploded, sounding like a pistol. Bush clutched his chest and slumped to the floor.

When he was the U.N. Ambassador in 1971, *New York* magazine named him one of the "Ten Most Overrated Men in New York." Instead of moping, Bush celebrated by throwing a party for himself and the other nine, which included Senator Jacob Javits and Cardinal Terence Cooke—the city's Roman Catholic leader.

This sort of cheerful good fellowship reflects the blue-blooded world into which Bush was born. One of his ancestors rode with Paul Revere. Chauffeurs drove Bush to school, and maids tended to him on summer vacations in Maine. To this day both he and his wife speak of the great influence exerted upon him by his father. A dedicated Republican who impressed upon George the notion of civic duty and fairness, Prescott Bush was a successful Wall Street banker and then two-term U.S. senator from Con-

necticut. Bush attended Andover, an exclusive Massachusetts prep school.

When World War II broke out, Bush—who had already been accepted at Yale—instead joined the Navy. At age 20 he became the youngest commissioned bomber pilot in the service. While attacking a Japanese communications center on the Pacific island of Chi-Chi Jima in 1942, he was shot down and his crew killed. Bush escaped by paddling out toward sea while an American fighter plane strafed a Japanese boat that had been dispatched to capture him. The flier was rescued by a submarine and later accorded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Back home, Bush followed his father's footsteps to Yale. He became captain of the baseball team, despite a puny .240 batting average, and was named to Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation he spurned offers from Brown Brothers Harriman, his father's investment-banking firm, and headed west.

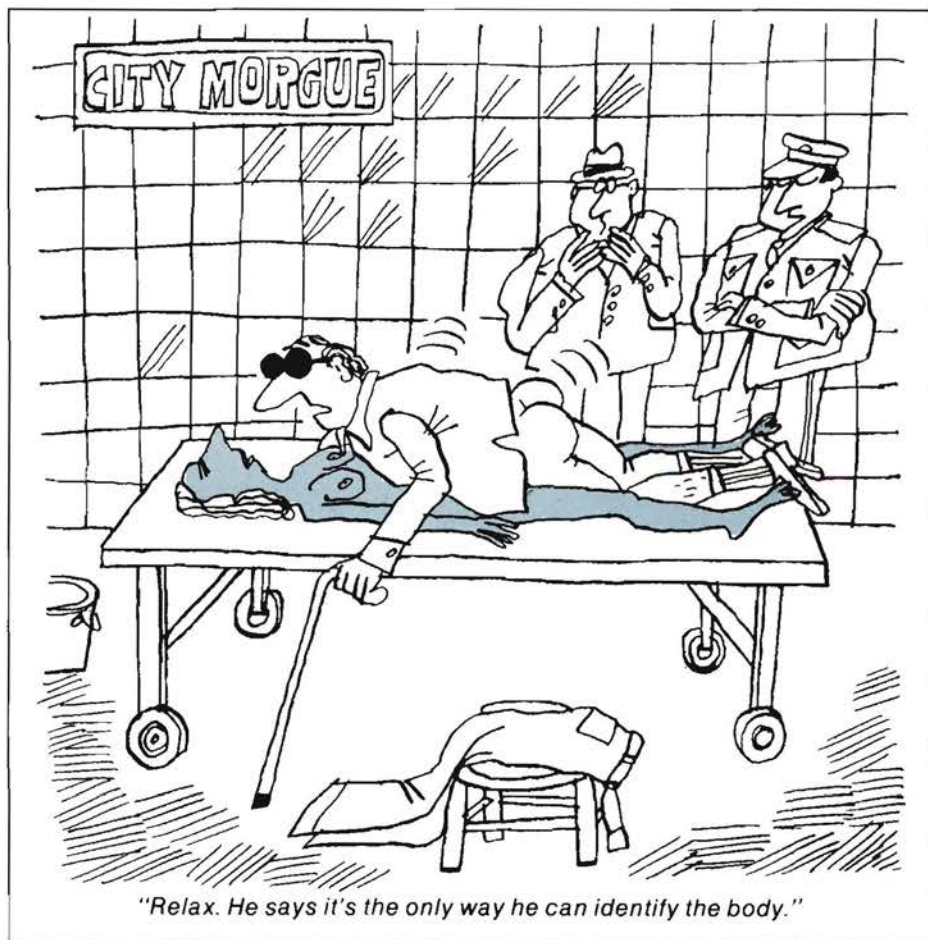
First he worked as an oil-drilling-supplies salesman. Then he started his own business in Midland, Texas, forming the Bush-Overbe Oil Development Company, then merging with Zapata Petroleum. By age 30 Bush was running the firm, named for the Marlon Brando movie *Viva Zapata!* In 1959 he moved to Houston to run Zapata Off-Shore. There were some rough times. One of the rigs collapsed in 1962, and so did Bush, from a bleeding ulcer. But those minor setbacks had little impact on the company's gushing profits.

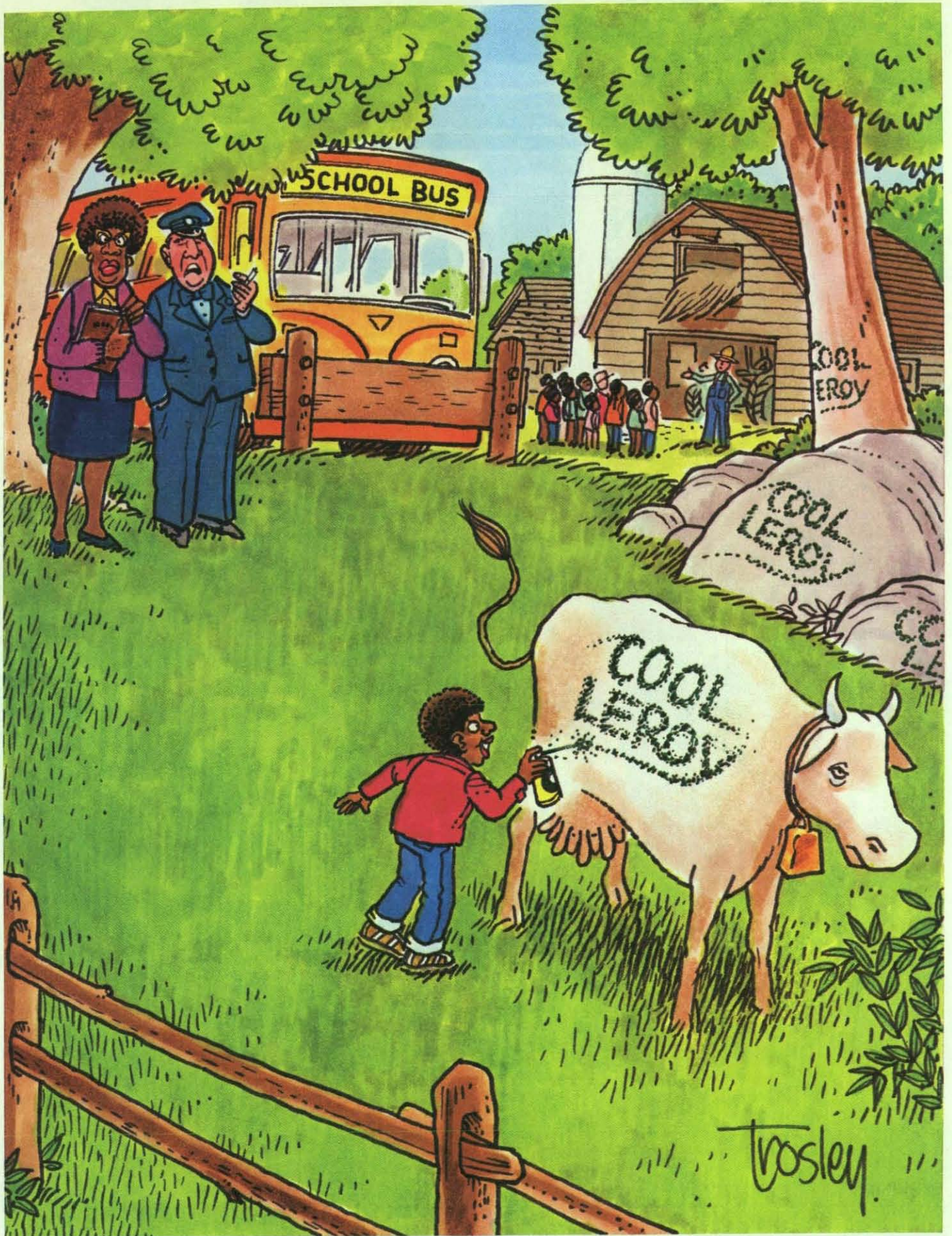
By 1966, when Bush was running for Congress, he sold his 40,500 shares of Zapata stock. Today he has disclosed his worth at about \$1.8 million, including homes in Houston and Kennebunkport, Maine.

And as of January 20 of this year, his annual salary for the Vice Presidency will be \$79,125. He would have earned nearly triple that amount as Chief Executive were it not for a grandstand play by Reagan that many experts feel cost Bush the nomination.

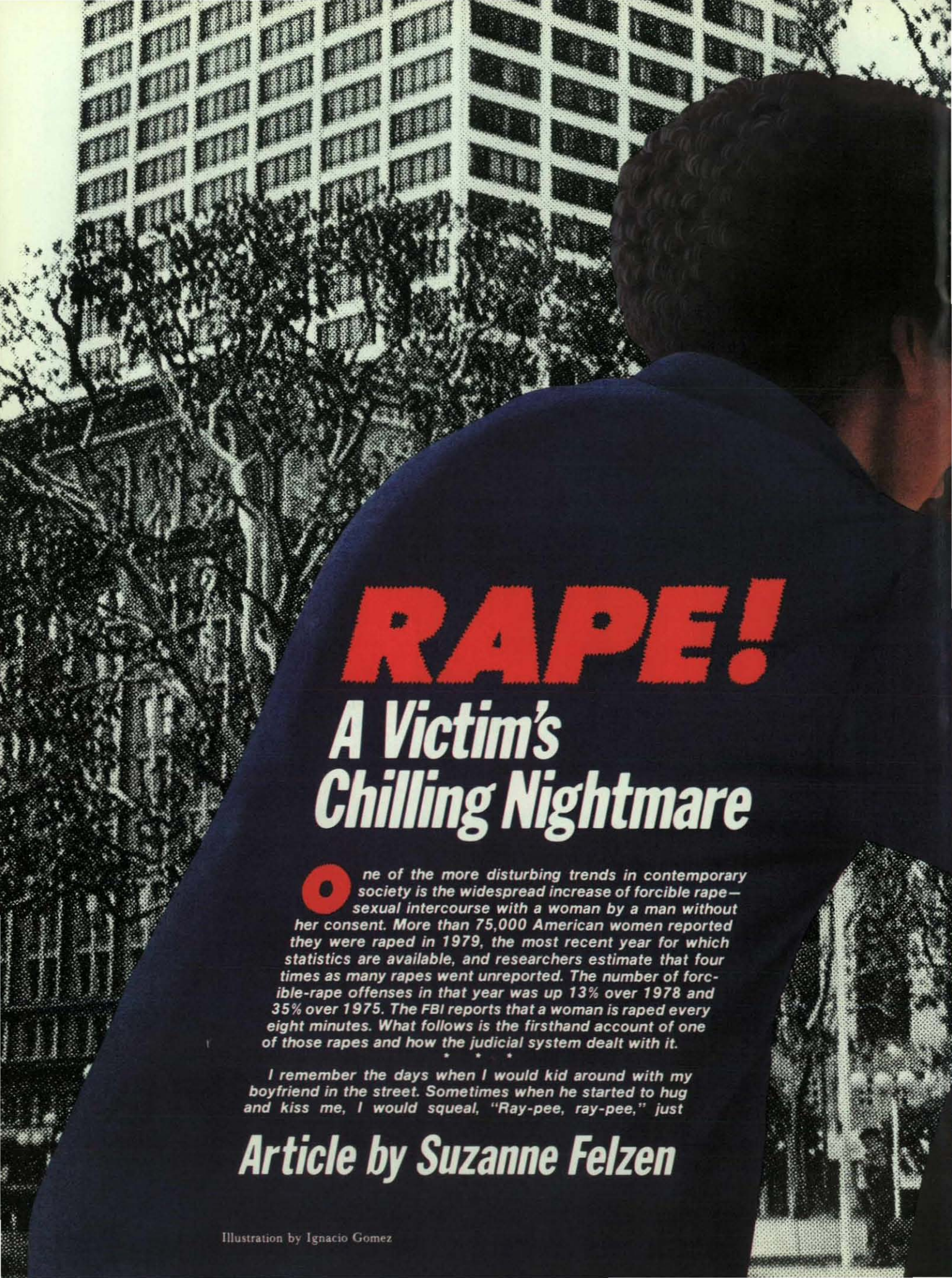
When Bush officially announced his Presidential aspirations, at the Washington Press Club, *New York Times* columnist James Reston wrote that watching him "seemed a little like hearing a cry of innocence by a doomed man at the gallows." Yet by early last year, after pursuing the run-hard-and-early strategy followed by Jimmy Carter in 1976, Bush had stunned everyone by winning the important Republican caucus in Iowa. Pundits were now saying he had a genuine shot at the Oval Office.

Part of his surprising surge stemmed
(continued on page 134)





"You can take the kid out of the city . . . but you can't take the city out of the kid."



RAPE!

A Victim's Chilling Nightmare

One of the more disturbing trends in contemporary society is the widespread increase of forcible rape—sexual intercourse with a woman by a man without her consent. More than 75,000 American women reported they were raped in 1979, the most recent year for which statistics are available, and researchers estimate that four times as many rapes went unreported. The number of forcible-rape offenses in that year was up 13% over 1978 and 35% over 1975. The FBI reports that a woman is raped every eight minutes. What follows is the firsthand account of one of those rapes and how the judicial system dealt with it.

I remember the days when I would kid around with my boyfriend in the street. Sometimes when he started to hug and kiss me, I would squeal, "Ray-pee, ray-pee," just

Article by Suzanne Felzen



loud enough for him to hear. It was a big joke. Rape was something you read about in newspapers or saw depicted in the movies. Real rape always happened to someone else, usually in the ghetto. Since I was raped last year, I don't make rape jokes anymore.

It took me six months to write this article. I undoubtedly lost some of the immediacy of the experience during the time that elapsed. But in exchange I gained the emotional distance that enabled me to write about it at all. People are still asking me, "What was it like getting raped?" The question reminds me of an old Henny Youngman gag: "How's your wife?" / "Compared to what?" Being raped isn't like anything else I've ever experienced.

THE CONFRONTATION

It happened on a bone-cold New York City weekday in mid-February, with the temperature hovering in the 25° range. I was bundled up in my basic winter-warfare look—a sweater, Eskimo-style hooded down jacket, and baggy Levi's stuffed into knee-high boots. Almost a half-hour late meeting a friend for lunch, I took the shortcut out of my apartment building, exiting at the level that leads to a playground.

My building is in a middle-class housing development that serves as a paper-tiger fortress against the slums of the

surrounding neighborhood. We've got a full-time security force. But between one and two in the afternoon, particularly on cold days, the guards congregate at a nearby coffee shop for lunch.

I shivered slightly as I walked down the short flight of steps leading to the pavement. The sky was the color of washed-out cotton laundry, and the chill air cut like a whip.

A young black boy wearing a navy down jacket and jeans ran up to me as I reached the bottom step. He was slightly out of breath and looked like he'd been running. I figured he was late too and wanted to know the time. We faced each other for a fraction of a second, a black male body confronting a white female one, a hair's breadth from touching each other's lives.

His face softened by baby fat, the boy looked to be 11 or 12 years old. Later I learned he was actually 14. He had a broad nose, large freeze-dried cracked lips and frightened, luminous eyes. He opened his right fist slowly, like a Venus's flytrap plant, and out popped a wooden-handled switchblade with a six-inch, finely honed blade. He moved the gleaming steel next to the carotid artery on my throat and said, "I want to have sex with you."

That surprised me. I would have

expected him to say something like, "I wanna fuck you, baby." Instead, his words were spoken politely—although edged with a menace that left me shocked and afraid.

My visual field tilted at a slight angle as I silently became dizzy and disoriented. The world stopped, and I was in a freeze-frame of horror. The situation brought to mind a made-for-television documentary drama, the sort I usually flip off with disgust. I wanted to change the channel. I was tired of watching and reading about violence.

Suddenly, I heard a disconnected voice inside my head. *If you don't handle this carefully, you're going to wind up as a big bold headline in tomorrow's New York Post: "WRITER RAPED AND STABBED IN EAST SIDE BLOOD-BATH!"* I didn't want that kind of notoriety.

After the initial shock an amazing calm descended over me. I was alone, perhaps more alone than I'll ever be again until I die. I thought of all the people who'd helped me out of trouble before in my life: parents, friends, ex-husband, boyfriends. There was nobody to help me now, and I was as alone as the wolf on top of the mountain, howling out his anguish to the unheeding valley below.

From somewhere deep in the recesses of my brain I remembered the words of a psychologist I had once met in Paris. She had been repeatedly raped by a madman who came in through her window. She was alive to tell the tale because she'd had the sense to keep talking throughout the incident. "It's very hard for someone to hurt you if you're talking to them in a quiet voice," she had said to me. "Somebody can't depersonalize you so long as you're attempting to communicate with him. If you can keep that human bond alive, it'll be hard for him to use a weapon against you."

Her words appeared clearly in my head. My voice came out surprisingly calm as I spoke to my assailant.

"I'll do anything you want," I said, deliberately looking him in the eyes, "but I don't want to get hurt. You've gotta promise me you're not gonna hurt me."

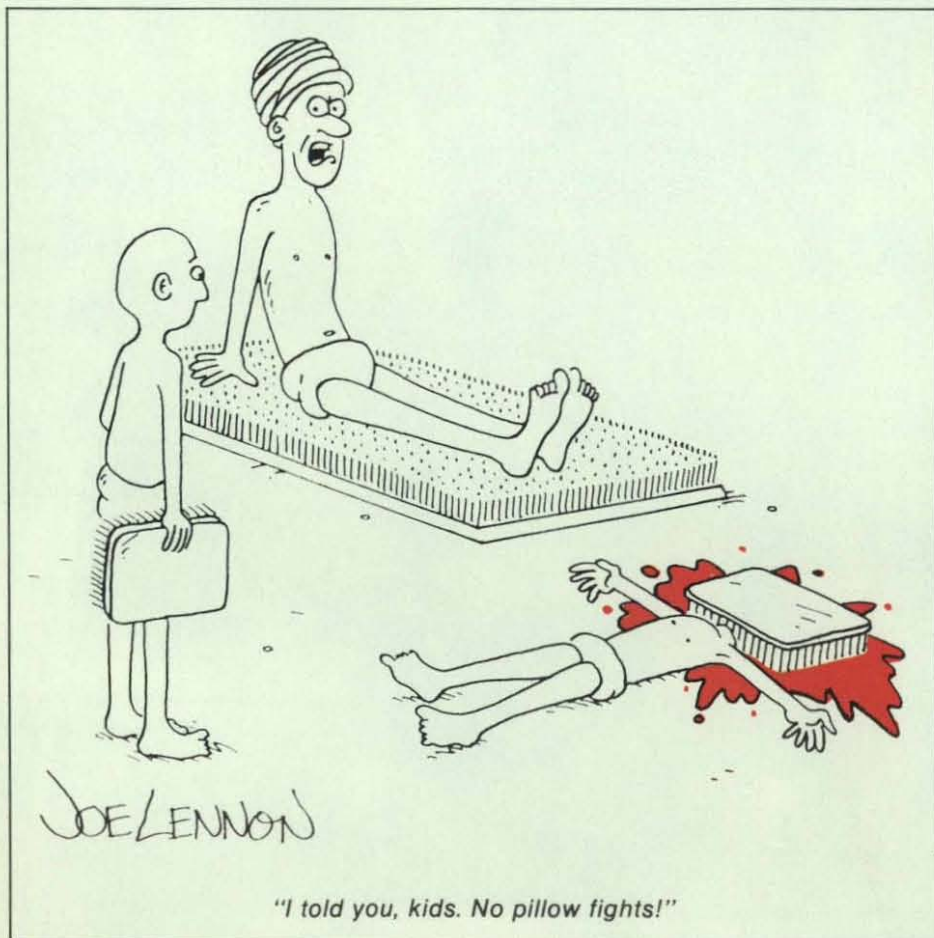
"I won't hurt you," he said.

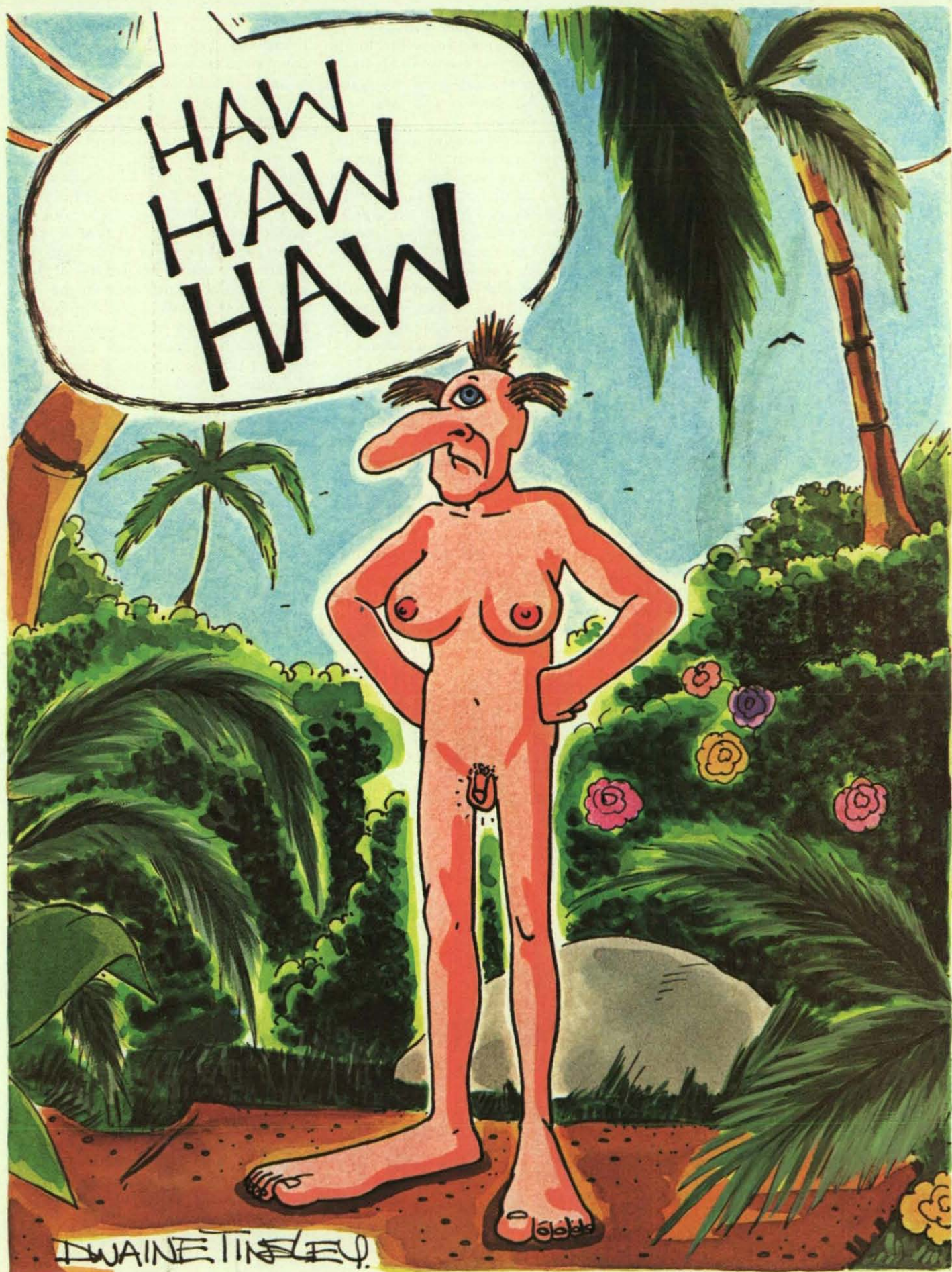
"Then please move the knife away from my throat," I watched the knife pull back several inches, still poised in his hand, and I breathed more easily.

"Why are doing this?" I asked. "Don't you know any girls?"

"I haven't had a woman in a long time," he said.

I almost laughed out loud. Barely past





puberty, and he was talking about having a woman.

"Look," I said. "I'm old enough to be your mother. Wouldn't you rather fuck a girl your own age? Let's go find you a young prostitute. I'll pay for it."

"I'm 18," he lied, looking me over brazenly from head to foot. Between the jacket, jeans and boots, there wasn't very much to see. "You'll do fine," he said.

I decided to switch tactics. "It's too cold," I argued. "We're both gonna freeze out here."

His eyes darted around. He was getting nervous. He gestured toward my building. "Let's go inside, up to your apartment."

"My husband's there," I quickly fibbed. My old man and I aren't married. And I knew he was on the other side of town, straightening up the books for a Korean accounting firm.

The kid was impatient. "Then let's go on the roof. Come on!"

I was trying to think one step ahead of him. "If we go up in the elevator," I said, "someone'll see us together and get suspicious. And I'm gonna tell you the truth—I'll run away if I can."

I continued talking, my eyes scanning the windows of the buildings surrounding us. I couldn't believe that no one

was looking out of their window. I silently wished I could scale the brickwork of my building and scramble like a human fly to the safety of my warm apartment. My fingers and toes were numb from the cold.

I quickly calculated my possibilities for escape. It was about 20 feet in either direction to two staircases that open onto a road inside the housing development. From the road it's still half a block to the street. I was wearing heavy boots, which would be no match for the boy's Puma running shoes.

I got a crazy idea. The kid was a little shorter than I, maybe five feet tall to my five feet three-and-a-half inches. He only outweighed me by about 20 pounds—130 to my 108.

It was a calculated risk. We were still facing each other. I'm left-handed, and he was holding the knife in his right hand. I kept talking.

"You're going to regret this your whole life if you force me to have sex with you," I said. Suddenly, I lunged for his wrist with my left hand. We tussled for about ten seconds, until I realized that he was stronger than I was. My hand dropped in defeat.

"Don't do that again," he hissed, "or I'll kill you."

I didn't know if he was capable of

carrying out that threat. I started to cry. I had the feeling this nightmare was going to go on forever. My tears seemed to anger him further.

"Cut that out," he said. "You're just stalling. You're really making me mad."

I made a desperate attempt to control myself. I was so cold, so tired. I just wanted it to be over. I had often wondered in the past if my untested disbelief in a Supreme Being would break down in a crisis. Would I call God as a last resort? I looked at the bleak, bare trees around me, the empty stretch of dead, gray sky, and I knew that for me there was no God to come to the rescue. I was alone in a world of random, senseless violence. If I was smart enough, or lucky, I might come out of this alive.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked, resignedly. We were in front of the playground. He pointed to a wooden bench outside a six-foot-high fence at the rear. I followed him to the bench, my steps as heavy as those of Joan of Arc going to the stake.

I sat down on the bench and waited for further instructions. I gazed dully at the switchblade, now about an arm's length away from me. Let me say this: There is nothing worse than a knife for sexual stimulation. I have never felt so turned off in my life.

At this point my journalistic impulses went into action. I knew there was a possibility that I'd have to identify that knife in court; so I studied its finer points—brass-colored nails embedded in a wooden handle. I made a note of my attacker's physical characteristics too: head somewhat too large for his small, stocky body; arms too short—a hereditary disfigurement, most probably, with some possible brain damage.

I kept on talking as I noted the details. "Can I get my diaphragm out of my pocketbook?" I asked, still stalling.

It was incredible that no one had come by in the past 15 minutes. Two buildings face the playground with approximately 300 tenants per building, and not a living soul had appeared.

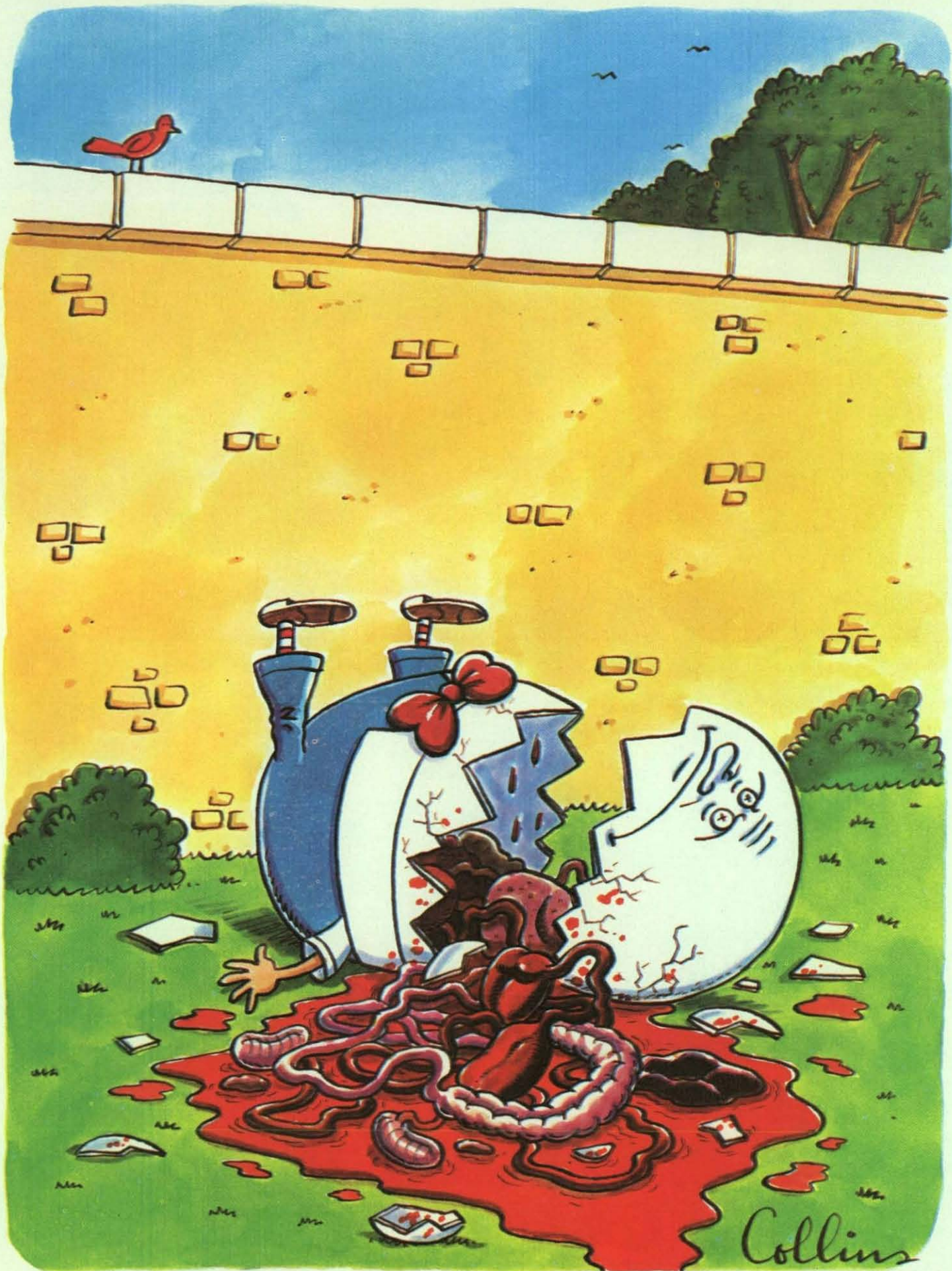
I knew it was freezing, and—like on most weekdays—people were at work or at school. But still the gnawing thought throbbed in my head: *Where the hell is everybody?*

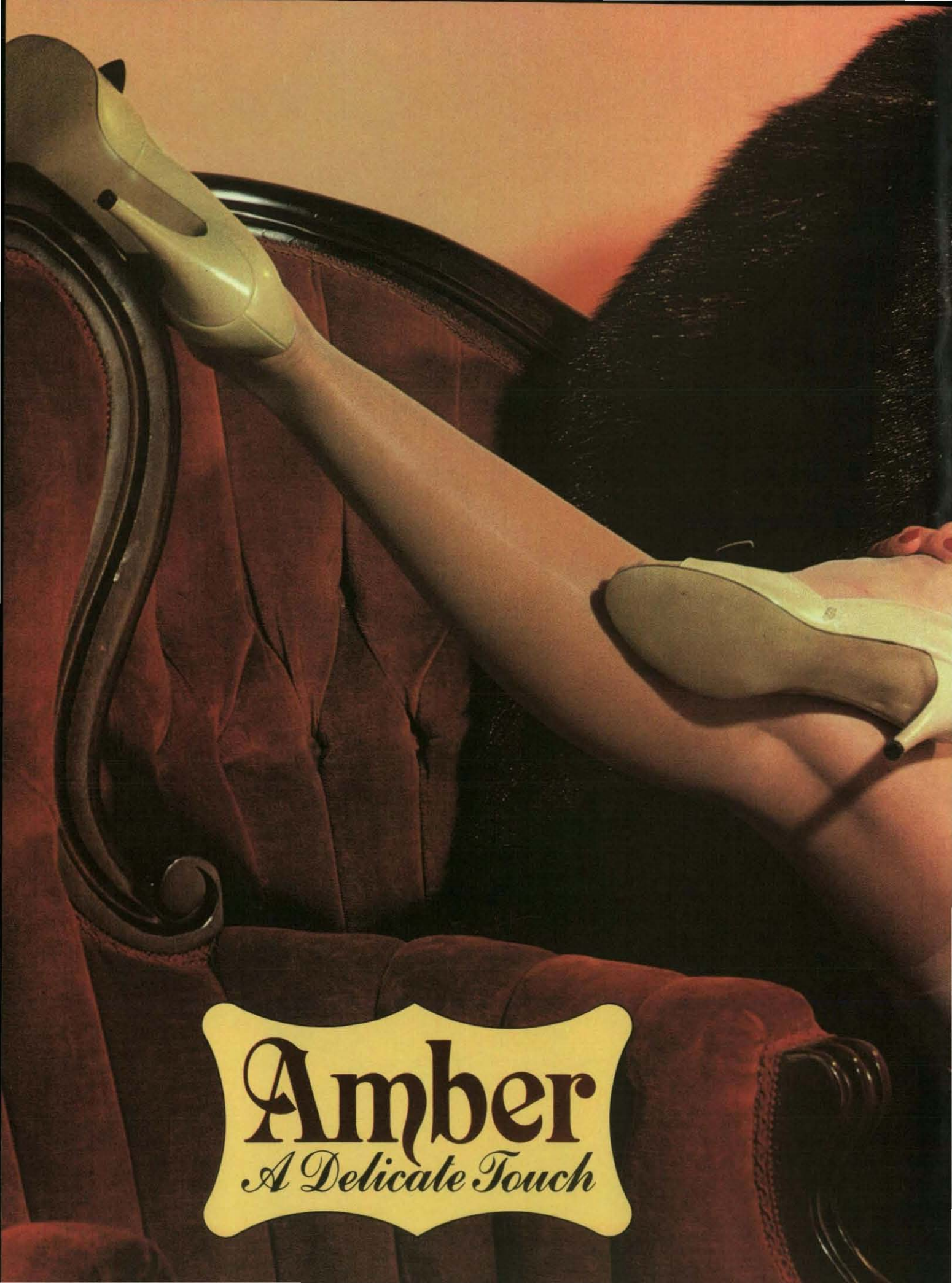
"It doesn't matter to me if you get pregnant," the kid said, looking me straight in the eye. "I'm your husband."

I knew he meant it. For the first time I realized I was dealing with a certifiable maniac. My mind flooded with an image of me lying naked, doing a slow bleed from a hidden wound. I knew my consenting to being raped was no guarantee

(continued on page 74)





A close-up photograph of a woman's legs, wearing white high-heeled shoes, resting on the dark red, tufted back of a chair. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the texture of the chair and the smooth skin of the legs. The background is a soft, warm orange glow.


Amber

A Delicate Touch



Photography by Clive McLean





Soft furs, plush sofas, strong men—these are things Amber finds pleasing to the touch. “I like to surround myself with things I can *feel*,” says this self-assured career woman. “To touch and be touched—that’s what sensuality is all about.” And Amber is the first to admit her sensual streak is strong. “Passion is an intense urge,” she says, “one I always give in to. The sensation of a man’s hard body pressing me against smooth velvet and thick fur is my idea of ecstasy.”







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A blind man was standing on the corner, waiting for the light to change, when his seeing-eye dog suddenly lifted a leg and pissed right on the man's trousers and all over his shoes. Immediately the blind man reached into his coat and gave the animal a dog biscuit.

An old woman standing nearby walked up and said to him, "That was a very sweet, forgiving gesture."

"No, it ain't, lady," the blind man said. "When I hear the crunching of his chewing, I'll know right where his head is. Then I'm gonna kick that fucker in the nuts."

The middle-aged conventioner, away from home and horny, decided it was time for a little strange stuff. He called the hotel's front desk and asked for a girl to be sent up to his room. He was told it would take a few minutes. As he waited, he became more and more excited, and soon he took off all his clothes and waited nervously on the bed.

Shortly there was a soft knock on the door, and he said to come in. A beautiful young woman entered the room and, smiling at the conventioner, began to strip very seductively. She slowly removed each piece of clothing until she was totally nude. She stood staring at the man, rubbing her hands over her gorgeous body. Finally, she said, "Well, lover, do you want me to come over there, or will you come over here?"

The man groaned and said sadly, "You can come over there. I already came over here."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *loser* as: a woman who drives a Ford Pinto and who uses Rely tampons.

A biker and his ol' lady were parked beside the road, watching a scene from a movie being filmed. The director suddenly got a brilliant idea for a fight scene. He said to the leading man, "You see that biker and his girl over there? Go over and insult her; then, when the dude starts fighting with you, we'll get some real action shots."

The husky actor walked over to the biker and asked, "Is that cunt your ol' lady?"

"Fuckin' right!" the biker exclaimed.

"Well," the actor said, "she's the ugliest bitch I've ever seen."

The biker turned to his ol' lady and said, "See? What'd I tell you?"

Question: What is the Ku Klux Klan's explanation as to why black people have flat noses?

Answer: When they're born, the doctor steps on the backs of their heads to pull their tails off.

An amorous couple was traveling down the country road. The girl stripped in the front seat, pulled out her lover's cock and began to give him loving head. He was enjoying it immensely, so much so, in fact, that he closed his eyes and lost control of the speeding car.

There was a horrible crash, pinning the man under the wheel, but throwing the girl clear. In a panic she snatched up one of her boyfriend's shoes to cover her cunt and ran off down the road for help. She came upon a farmer plowing his field. Running up to him, she screamed, "Please, please, you've got to help us!

My boyfriend's stuck!"

The farmer glanced at the shoe covering the girl's crotch and said, "Ma'am, if he's in that far, there's not much I can do for him."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *worry* as: being way late for your period and not having slept with anyone the entire month except your dog.

The police had raided the brothel and had the hookers lined up outside. A sweet, little old lady happened by and asked one of the girls what was going on. The hooker replied sarcastically, "They're giving away oranges."

"Oh, I love fresh oranges," the old lady said. "If you don't mind, I'll get in line."

Just then one of the cops walked down the line and stopped in front

of the woman. "You're a little old for this, aren't you?" he asked gruffly.

"Oh, no, officer," she answered. "I can still peel 'em back and suck 'em."

One of the three major TV networks has announced that a new television special is slated for airing next fall. The show is to be a combination of the two blockbusters *Shogun* and *Roots*. The program will be called *Sho-Nuff!*

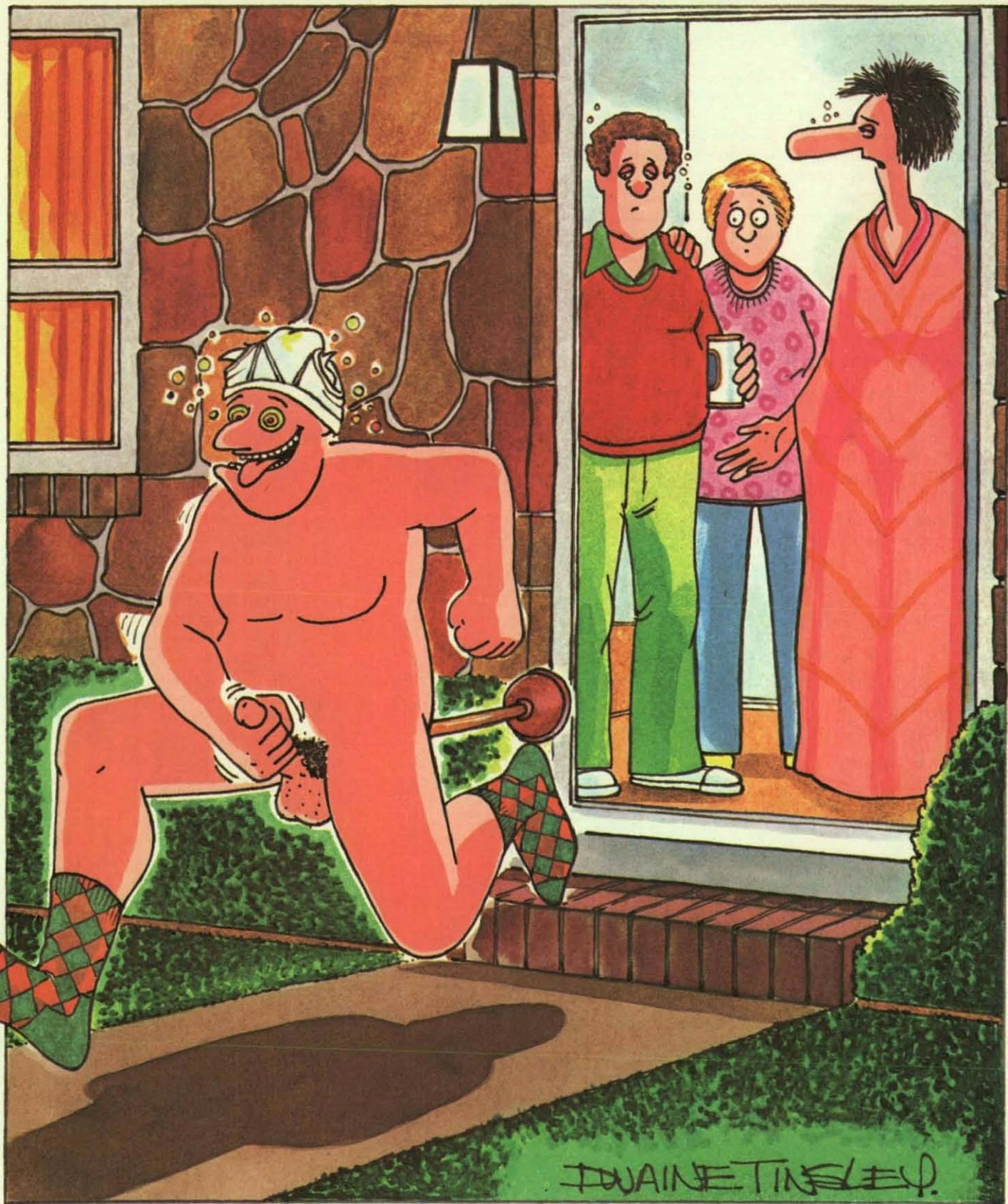
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HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER & HESTER



"I hope this doesn't change your mind about a foursome?"

(continued from page 60)

against getting stabbed afterward. I decided to make one last desperate plea.

"I don't mind having sex with you," I said. "We could even have a good time. But I can't be relaxed until you drop the knife. *Drop the knife.*" My voice was urgent.

I held my breath as he lifted his right hand and threw the knife about ten feet away onto some grass. I could feel a wave of relief come over me. Despite being tremendously afraid, it was almost as if I didn't even care about being raped now. I guess if I had been a 12-year-old virgin, the thought of personal violation would have been as horrible as the threat of being stabbed. But I'm 38. I've fucked a lot of men, and I haven't always enjoyed it. The young boy in the playground wouldn't be the first male I'd pacified with my body. But this time it was different. My life was at stake.

THE RAPE

"Open your jacket," the boy commanded, his eyes boring into mine. He ran a chubby hand down my sweater, squeezing my breasts, and smiled. "Pull down your jeans."

I opened the zipper and slid my jeans

down to my knees. He loosened his pants, and I was startled to see a fully grown, perfectly formed penis spring straight up from the opening in his Jockey shorts. It looked like it had been on hold for some time, maybe since Christmas. I knew I wasn't going to see an adolescent cock again for a while; so I took an especially good look at it.

Somehow, in all my fear, I had forgotten that rape is a *sexual* act. I remembered that I had a cunt and that it was going to have to open up, warm and hospitable, to accommodate this rock-cock. Would I get turned on? I honestly didn't know. Here I was in the back of a playground, right behind my apartment building, behind a bench, in broad daylight, about to get raped. I still couldn't believe it.

I sat down on the asphalt, pulled my panties down to the middle of my thighs, and the kid lowered himself down on me. Because of my panties' tightness, I couldn't get my legs spread wide enough for him to penetrate. After several unsuccessful attempts of banging his cock against my thigh, he ordered me to stand up. He wanted to enter me from the rear. How the hell did he have that much experience at such a tender age?

I complied, shivering violently more

from the cold than from fear. As I bent over, the boy thrust his seven inches hard into my not-so-accommodating cunt. It didn't seem to be the right time to educate him about foreplay or the need for female lubrication.

I was anything but turned on. He thrust very deeply again and again, maybe 20 times in all, without saying a word. I tried to relax so he wouldn't cause any physical damage. Surprisingly, there was no pain when I felt his hips hitting against my ass, and his cock driving against the walls of my uterus. But what was happening hurt me in a more profound way. I was being violated, humiliated and degraded. What he was doing to me had absolutely nothing to do with what I consider to be the joyful act of sex. Yet there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it.

Before he could come, a man in a blue uniform came running up the flight of stairs in my direction. The timing was just like in the movies. "Get him!" I screamed, pulling away from the boy, spinning around and grabbing his jacket sleeve. "Get him!" Reflexively, the kid wrenched away from my grip and ran down the flight of stairs on the other side of the playground. He didn't stop to pick up the knife, which lay, gleaming, on the frozen ground.

The next few minutes were a blur. I have a dim recollection of the cop sprinting across the lawn, his cap falling off in his haste to get to me. "I'll be right back," he shouted as he ran in the direction of the fleeing boy.

A pretty blond woman approached me as I was shakily hoisting up my pants. I lurched toward her as my knees buckled. All the fear that I'd kept in check suddenly flooded over me. "I've been raped," I whispered.

I sat on the bench with this strange woman holding my hand until the cop came back ten minutes later.

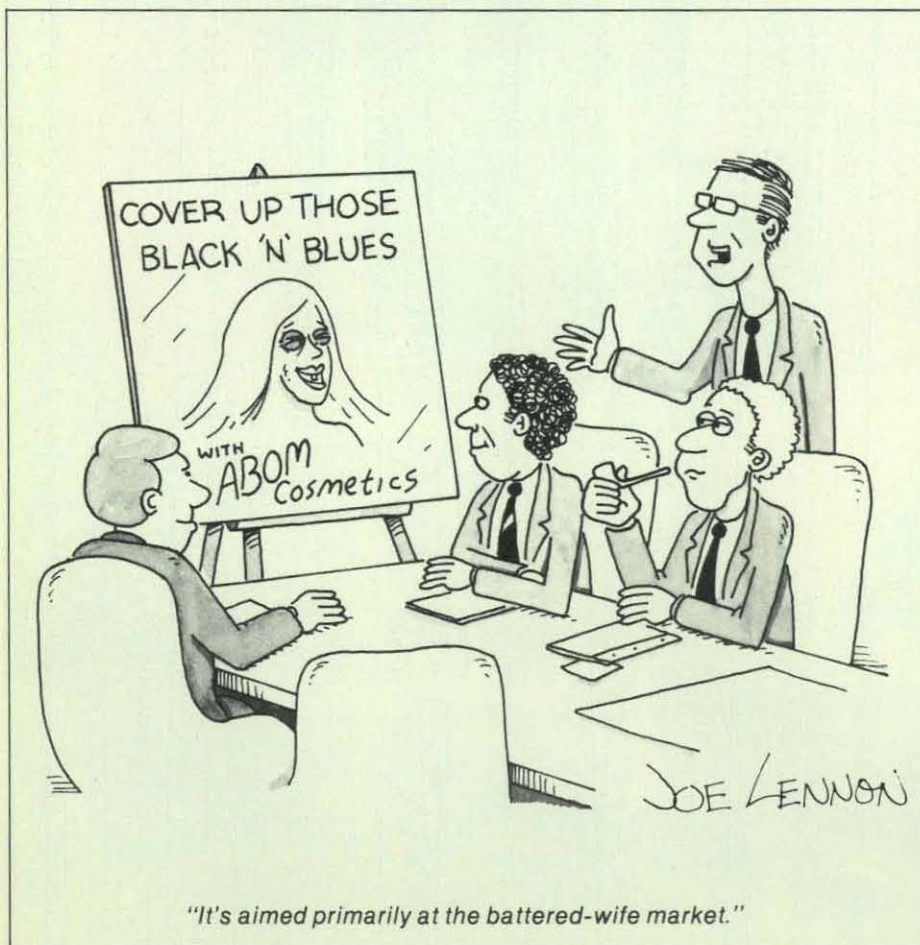
"We caught him," he said. "He's sitting in a squad car out on the service road. Do you think you could identify him?"

"Sure," I said. "But tell me first. Did you come by just by chance?"

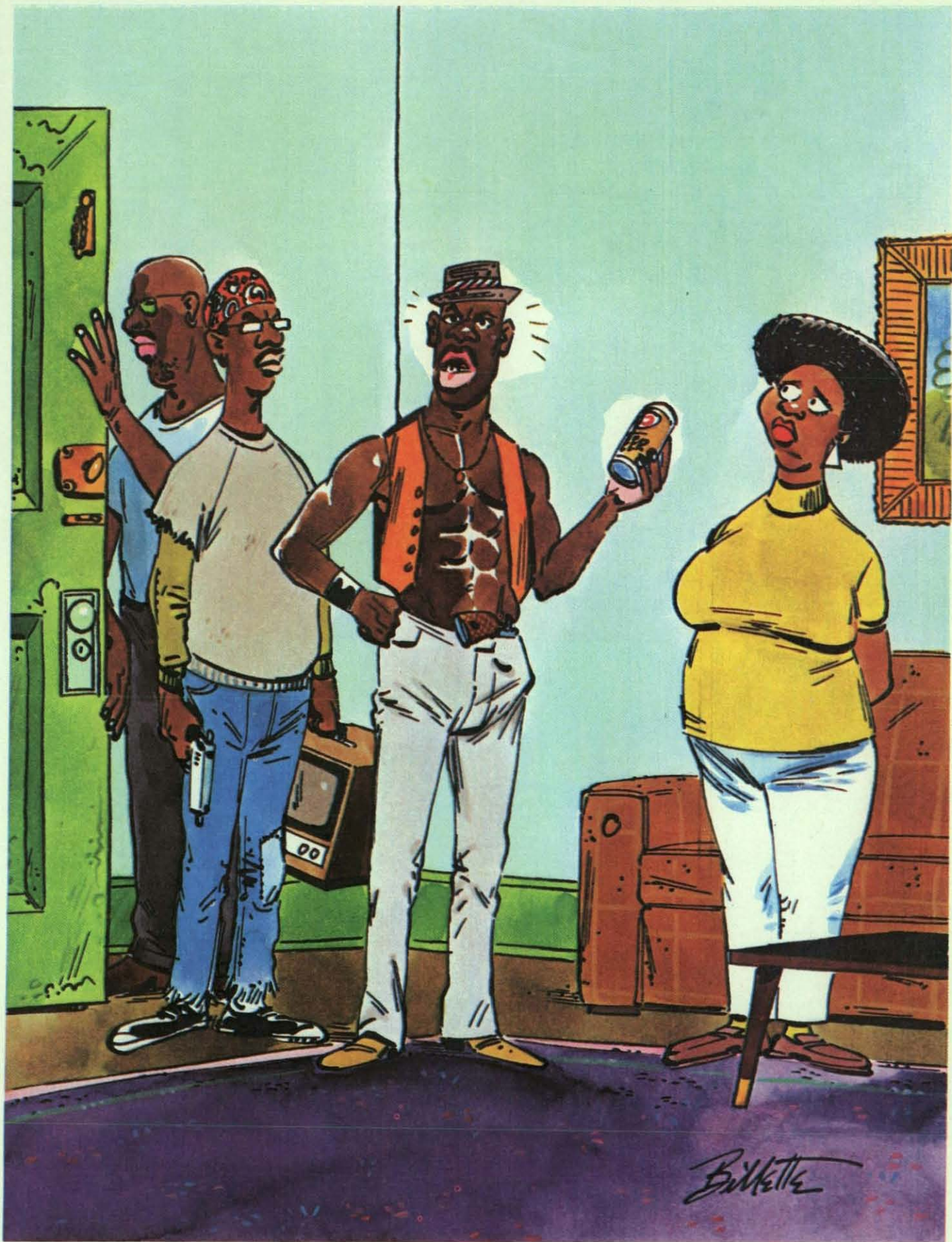
"No, we were looking for him," the cop said. "We got a radio call about a half-hour ago from a man who said that a kid with a switchblade had tried holding him up for his bicycle. He's identifying the boy now."

A crowd was already gathered around the police car. The boy was handcuffed and thrashing around wildly in the backseat. "I didn't do nothin'; I didn't do nothin'," he kept repeating. All I could think of was that he looked like a

(continued on page 86)



"It's aimed primarily at the battered-wife market."



"I come home after a hard night of robbery, rape and murder, and she gives me a light beer! Have you ever tasted light beer?!"



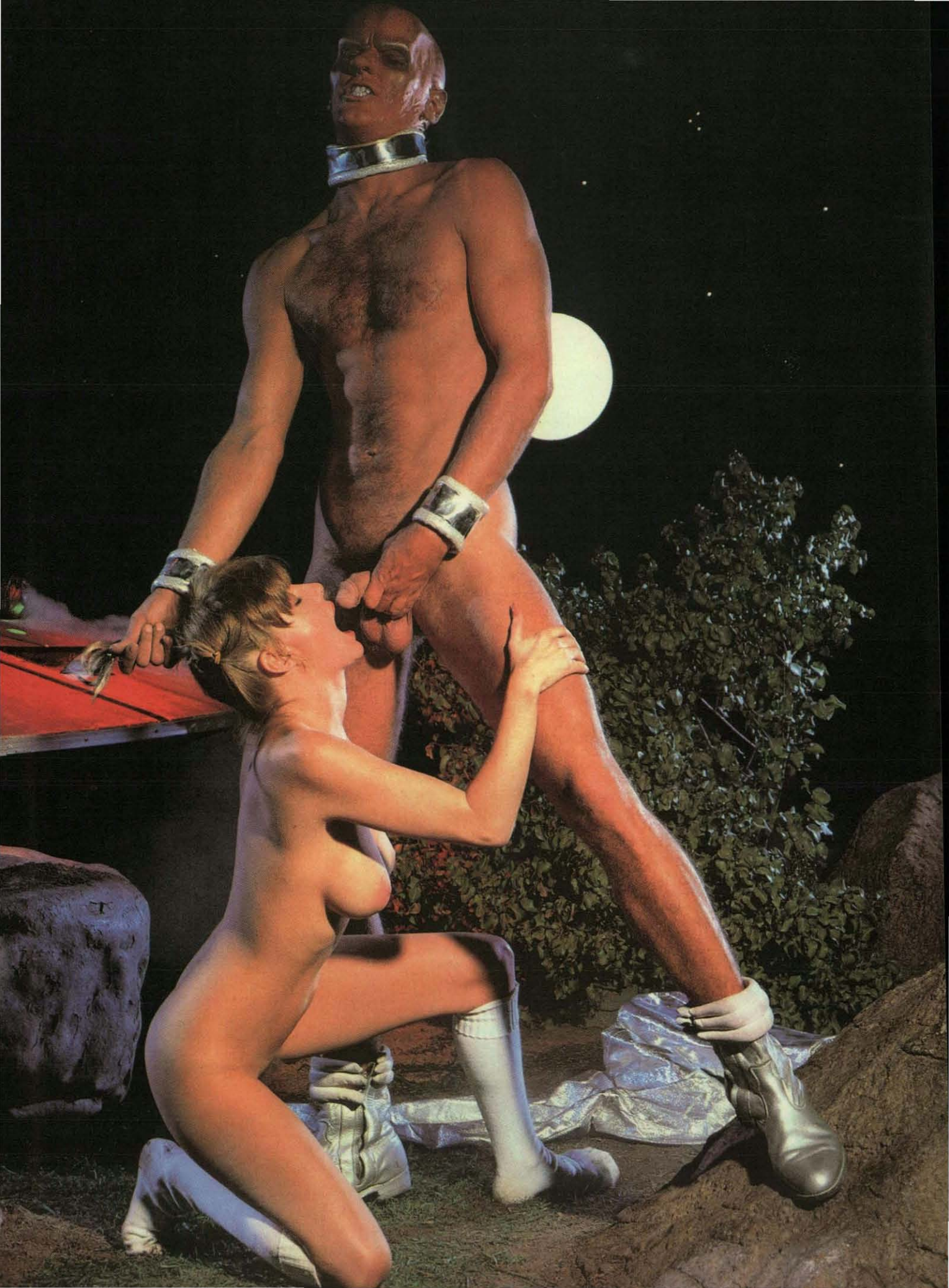
The quiet moonlit night explodes with the roar and blazing lights of a landing spaceship. Awestruck, the innocent girl watches the alien emerge. Though he comes from a distant planet, he is every inch a man. Overcome by a strange mixture of fear and sexual excitement, she is helpless to resist the erotic power of this strange being. She succumbs to his desires, her body tingling as he presses against her young flesh. He leaves her spent and fulfilled. And she realizes the force of sex is the force of life itself, unifying the cosmos.

TOO-CLOSE ENCOUNTER



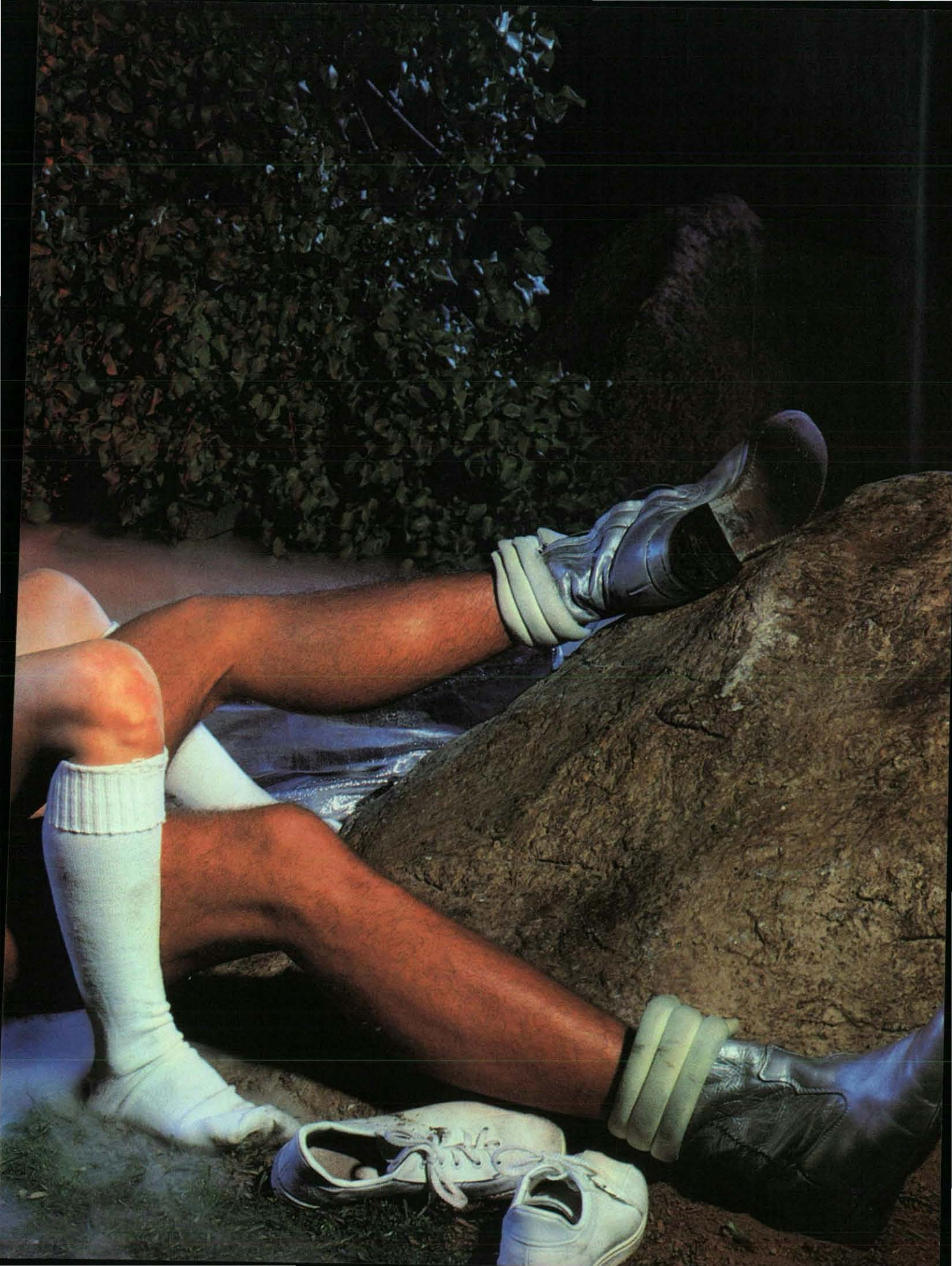


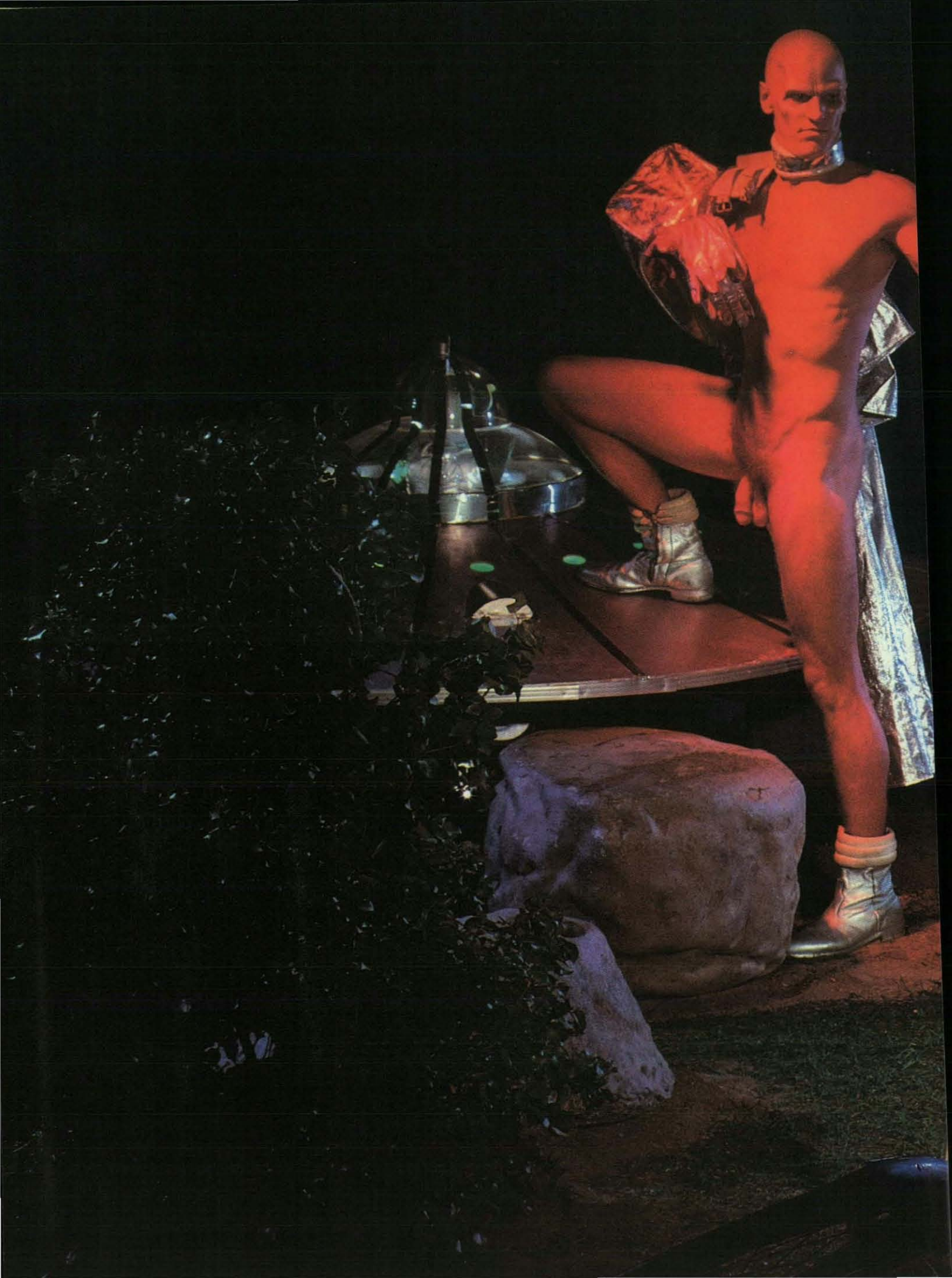














RAPE!

(continued from page 74)

small animal caught in a trap. I felt sorry for the twisted little bastard, but I was sorrier for me.

"That's him," I told the officer. I climbed into a police van for the trip to the station house.

THE AFTERMATH

"What was it like?" a female police officer asked me.

"His foreplay sucked," I said, snapping out at her dim-witted question.

She took down the details of the attack as male cops peered out of their cubicles to check me out. Someone handed me a cup of coffee, and I swallowed it down, fast. I called my girlfriend Joanie.

"I've got a really good excuse for not showing up for lunch," I told her. "I've been raped."

Joanie accompanied me to Bellevue Hospital for the required internal examination. Bellevue is probably the world's most famous institution for mental cases. In my disheveled state I fit in well between the man who wanted to tell me about the connection between the letter *H* and asparagus, and the cootie-haired psycho in shredded clothing who kept

screaming that the hospital personnel were keeping him from a dinner party.

I was ushered into a small room containing a gynecological table. While waiting for a doctor, I was subjected to the philosophical musings of a fat, stupid social worker named Patsy, who had been assigned to my case.

Patsy—who looked like she'd never been laid, much less raped—was well-programmed. As I sat captive, in an open-in-the-back hospital gown, she went through her pitch. "You must remember that rape is an act of violence and not sex."

I felt that I'd just won a degree from the school of hard knocks and that I was the resident expert on rape.

"Why don't you let me tell you what rape is?" I suggested.

"You must remember that you'll have nightmares and problems with sex for a while," she continued, as if she hadn't heard me. "You're going to be severely depressed unless you express your anger."

This seemed as good a time as any to express it. I turned to Joanie, who was chatting with the lady cop. "Will somebody get this creep out of here?" I demanded. "I have never had nightmares, I'm thinking of fucking my brains out tonight, and I don't need this

moron laying a sentence of depression on me."

The doctor arrived close to two hours later. "So you were raped," he said, sounding bored. "Did he ejaculate inside you?"

"No," I said.

"Well, we have to take a smear anyway, to use as evidence in court. There's a possibility he deposited some preseminal fluid inside you. It won't affect your testimony, though, if he didn't."

When the doctor inserted the speculum—the instrument used for viewing inside my vagina—I bolted upright. That was the first real physical pain I'd experienced throughout my ordeal. But it was insignificant compared to the emotional distress I would later experience.

"I'm sorry," the doctor apologized. "I've made you bleed a little." I was relieved to be finally discharged with a Valium prescription.

The next problem was telling my old man, John, about the rape. He's not the most stable person in the world. Too chicken to make the call myself, I let Joanie do it. By now he was at his office.

"Suzanne was raped this afternoon," she said, "but she's okay. I'm with her now."

I got on the phone.

"Where is he?" John yelled. "I'll kill him! I'll get a vigilante squad together, and we'll castrate the scumbag!"

"Uh, look," I said, "they've got him locked up. There's gonna be a trial."

"They'll probably give him a spanking and let him off scot-free," John snorted.

"I'll see you later," I said. "I'd like you to do me a favor tonight. Fuck me until I'm unconscious."

What do you do after you've been raped? Get drunk? Pretend it didn't happen? Trying very hard *not* to flip out, I decided to celebrate being alive. So I got dressed up to the teeth in a black dress, a hat with a veil, long formal gloves, high heels and a fur coat.

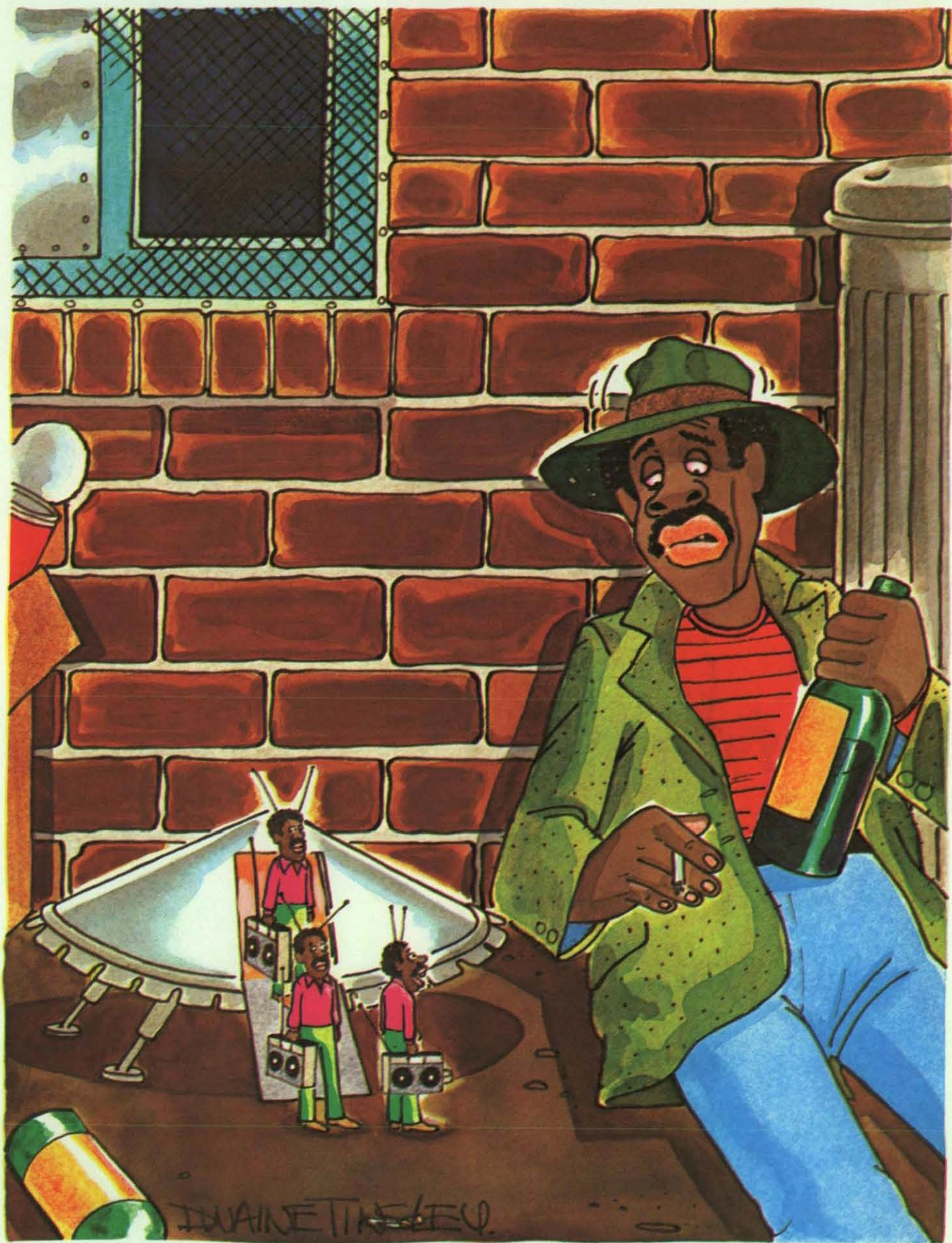
Feeling like Betty Grable in a 1940s movie, I took Joanie out to Pier Nine, one of the best seafood joints in the city. We sloshed down our Maine lobsters with two bottles of wine, and by ten o'clock the psychological pain was considerably diminished. We went back to my apartment, and I immediately asked John, "What's the craziest thing we can do tonight?"

"You wanna go to the studio and make a space tape?" he asked.

Let me explain a little about space tapes. John is a former professional

(continued on page 119)





"Hay-y-y, brother. Could you direct us to the nearest welfare office?"





The Magic Box

Keller held the man while he died, right there on his front porch. Not much blood. Just three neat little holes, black around the edges, across the man's stomach. And the faint stench of charred flesh.

Obviously a Repeating Laser, thought Keller as his practiced eye took in the details. Bloated stomach from internal bleeding. A thin line of blood from the man's mouth. The precise, even spacing of the holes. Very expensive weapon. And illegal. The guy must have pissed off someone real important, someone powerful enough to have access to that kind of weapon, and the people to use it.

He must have crawled a long distance. Both of his knees and one hand were scraped raw. With a desperate, white-knuckled grip the other hand clutched a polished wooden box about the size of a jewelry case. He must have known that he was dying; yet he still cradled the box tightly to

Fiction by D. S. Bradford

his body when Keller turned him over.

As the light faded from the man's eyes, he thrust the box forcefully into Keller's hands. "Take it... hide it," he said, in a bubbling, wheezing voice as a red foam frothed at his lips. "Don't let them... get it... no matter what..."

There was a deathly, lonely silence after that. Just Keller alone on his front porch with a stiffening corpse and a wooden box. His first thought was the phone and the Police. Halfway to the door he stopped. *Say, fool. A man just died for this box. You don't know who killed him, or why. Might do to see what's inside before you go telling other folks that you are now the proud owner.*

He rolled the body off the porch, behind some shrubs. Then he picked up the box and went inside. After locking the doors and darkening the windows, he sat at the kitchen table and examined the box.

It was two feet long, a foot wide and a foot deep. The smooth, polished wood had a rich, dark warmth about it. And air holes. Something alive in there?

Careful, boy. All you need is for some poisonous Thing to jump out and bite your ass. You could thrash around on the floor with the twitching fits till you died, and nobody here to help you.

All kinds of strange plants and animals were showing up on Earth now,

smuggled in by the crews of the Starships. Of course, it was illegal, but what the hell was that compared to the enormous amounts of money some people were willing to pay?

A pair of pliers broke the flimsy lock. Keller stood well-back, using a long metal rod to lift the lid. There were no monsters inside. No screaming, hissing goblins leaped out. Just a dark-purple cloth. His fingertips lifted the cloth, gently pulling it aside.

Son of a bitch! His knees folded as he sank into the chair. Uncovered by the cloth, a nude Girl huddled in one corner of the box, staring at Keller through wide, pale-blue, almond-shaped eyes. They were all blue. No whites at all.

Keller shook himself, pinching his leg hard to convince himself that this wasn't a vision left over from the Toxin Root he had taken the week before. It took two tries before he could talk.

"Can you... can you understand me?" he asked.

A very slight nod of her head was the Girl's only answer.

"I won't hurt you. I promise. Why don't you... come out of there?"

She hesitated so long that he was about to reach in for her. Then she stood up, unfolding like the petals of a flower. Padding to the side of the box, she climbed up the steps on the inside and

slipped over the edge to stand on the table.

Keller began to sweat. His mouth went dry as heat spread out over his body from between his legs. She was incredible! More than that. Perfection in miniature. Like a Barbie doll. Perhaps ten inches tall, her body was proportioned far better than the most beautiful woman Keller had ever seen.

Naked, she stood before him, hands on her hips, head cocked to one side, staring back at him. He guessed her age to be about 25. Blue-black hair, thick and shiny, hung to her waist. Those eyes the color of a summer sky. Full, pouty lips. A graceful neck, and shoulders that were almost too wide. Blossoming breasts that quivered with each breath like drops of moisture. Jutting nipples, rich reddish-brown against her pearl-colored skin. Impossibly narrow waist expanding out to well-rounded hips. Long, long legs that were sleek and firm, with tiny feet. Between her legs there was no hair, and the gentle pucker of a double navel dimpled a belly with just a hint of sensuous roundness.

A movement behind her, and he understood the reason for the slightly oversized shoulders. Wings! Sapphire-blue, with delicate silver veins. Like a butterfly. Almost transparent, they opened and closed gently, causing her breasts to quiver.

When the Girl moved, she seemed to flow with the grace of an animal. She sat at the edge of the table, cross-legged, leaning forward slightly so that the bottom of her wings just brushed the polished surface. Elbows on her knees, chin in her hands, she regarded Keller silently. He couldn't tear his eyes from the soft, slight mound between her legs, the pink opening there.

She leaned back, resting on her hands, thrusting one leg straight out. Keller moaned, and bit his lip. It was almost painful to watch her. He knew he was staring, probably drooling like an idiot. It was all he could do to control himself. No wonder the guy on the porch had been willing to die rather than give her up.

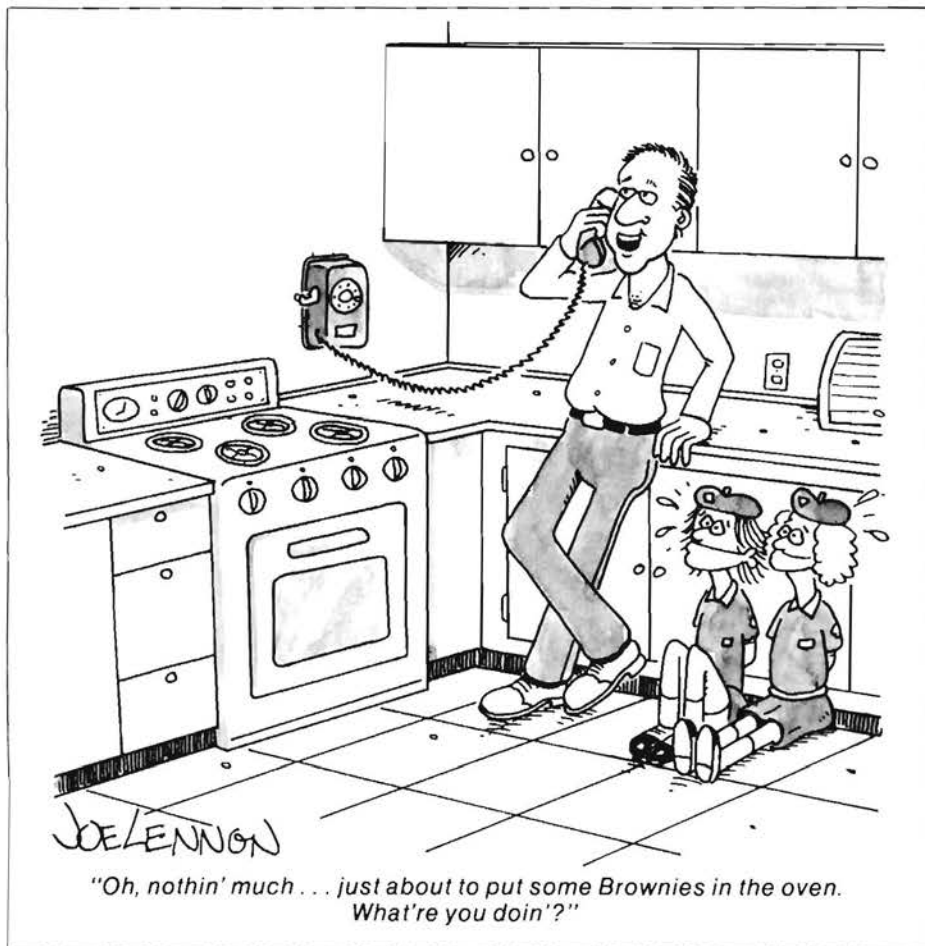
The thought shook him, bringing him out of his trance. *Shit!* In the bushes there was a body he had to get rid of. All he needed was for the neighbors to come over in the morning to complain about the smell.

"Do you know what happened to the man who had you?" he asked the Girl.

Another slight nod of her head, and for just an instant a sad expression flickered across her face.

"Wait here, please," he said. "There are some things I have to do. I'll be back."

(continued on page 99)





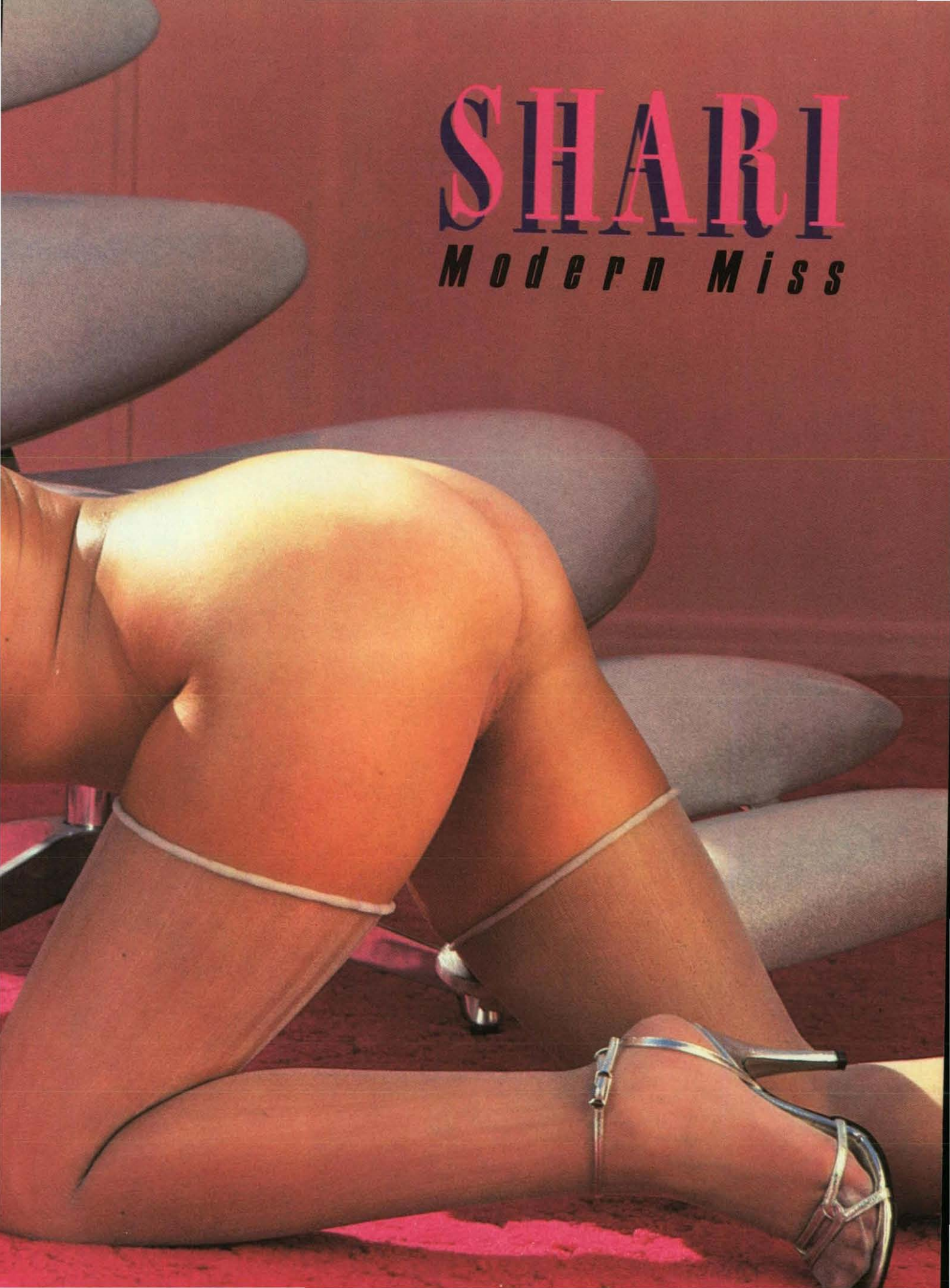
"Gee, your brand is softer than mine!"



Photography by Suze Randall

SHARI

Modern Miss



Shari is a free-lance writer who thinks modern. Her contemporary tastes are reflected in the design of her apartment as well as in the tone of her writing. "I enjoy writing steamy sex scenes," she says. "And I'm glad the new trends give me the freedom to do it." She often finds herself affected by her erotic prose even as she writes it. Aroused by her own words, she feels tingling in her thighs and a throbbing in her firm breasts. Her hands leave the typewriter and glide along her body. As the scene she is creating peaks, so does Shari.









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THE-MAGIC BOX

(continued from page 90)

As she climbed back into the box, the sight of her tight, round little bottom made Keller moan again. He closed the lid and hid the box under his bed.

As quietly as he could, he dragged the stranger's body to the workshop behind his house. Examining it carefully, he found no identification of any kind. No tattoos or scars; no labels in the clothing; no money or keys; not even a watch or pocketknife.

It was dawn by the time he finished the gruesome task. Standing behind the house, he fed the last of the man into the Energy Converter. Piece by piece.

Back inside the house, Keller called in sick at work, leaving a message on the Comm-Tape machine. That gave him Friday and the weekend off. Time to get acquainted, perhaps get some answers. He retrieved the box, put it on the table and opened it.

"Are you hungry?" he asked the Girl, trying to divert his eyes from her well-endowed body.

She merely shrugged.

Keller went to the kitchen, punching the codes for breakfast. She knelt next to his plate and sampled little bits of eggs, bacon, coffee and toast. Hungry as he was, he had to concentrate on eating rather than staring at her rippling breasts each time she reached for a morsel of food.

He grew concerned when she impulsively jumped off the table, and then laughed with relief. A long, graceful glide on outstretched wings landed her gently in the middle of the ceramic-tiled floor. She explored the room while he washed the dishes. A soft fluttering sound made him turn from the sink as she rose from the floor, hovering in the center of the room, darting quick glances here and there. She moved through the air as effortlessly as a hummingbird.

Although the Girl never spoke, her voice made many different sounds. *Oohs* and *aahs*. Soft moans and sighs. Laughter not unlike a musical chime. But no words. Keller questioned her all day. She would shake her head or sometimes shrug in response. It was like playing a game of 20 Questions with a child.

Gradually he learned she had been captured on another planet and brought to Earth on board a Starship. Sold to one man, she was stolen by another—the one who had died on the porch. Yes, they would still be looking for her. Yes, they would kill Keller if they found him. But she had no idea who they were.

At night she sat on his shoulder, lean-

ing against his head as they watched television on a larger-than-life-size screen. Now and then she would reach out and gently stroke his ear or rub her body against his cheek, and he could feel her little nipples, hard as pinheads against his skin. He gritted his teeth and clamped his eyes shut in frustration.

Eventually she noticed the bulge at the front of his pants and smiled at him, seeming to be proud of what her presence had accomplished. Sliding from his shoulder down his chest and stomach, she crawled to his belt and reached out to stroke the straining fabric over his erection. Sighing softly, she smiled up at him and licked her lips.

Her gauzy wings lifted her to hover in front of his face, while she pointed to the bedroom. Keller stood up and followed her while she led the way, flitting back and forth like a fragile bird, urging him to hurry.

Naked, Keller stretched out on the bed, one soft light illuminating the room. His thoughts were racing. He wanted her, desperately. His swollen, blood-engorged penis demanded her. But how could he enter someone only ten inches tall?

She climbed up onto his stomach, the soles of her tiny feet warm against his skin. Moving straight to his stiffened cock, which stretched nearly to her shoulders, she stood transfixed for a moment—gazing at its thick, dark length, savoring the anticipation.

Then, moaning and hissing like an animal in heat, the Girl attacked his erection. She kissed it, caressed it, wrapped her arms and legs around it, her warm bottom perched gently on his balls. He watched her through slitted eyes, hearing the breath rasping in her throat as she made love to the hot, pulsating thing more than half her size. Now she was hugging it, sliding her body up and down its fiery length, mashing her breasts and nipples against it.

It seemed like only seconds before he was spurting cum high into the air. The heavy liquid fell back onto the Girl, plastering her hair, covering her arms and shoulders like thin frosting. She scooped up double handfuls to rub into her breasts and belly, and to cram between her legs while she worked at herself furiously. He felt her climax, her little body shuddering, head thrown back, one arm wrapped around his still-erect cock like a drunken whore supporting herself on a lamppost; only a thousand times more beautiful and sensual.

Afterward, she lay on his stomach, next to his now-limp penis, both she and the organ temporarily fulfilled. She cooed with pleasure as Keller reached down, stroking her breasts with his

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Don't let my size fool you. I may be petite, but I'm every bit a woman, and I'm horny as hell. I can't wait to get my arms around you and engulf you in my woman-flesh. Just the thought of you almost makes me wet with desire. I'm waiting for you now.

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fingertips, feeling their soft firmness and the incredibly hard nipples.

It turned out to be an absolutely indescribable three days. Keller and the Girl rarely left the bed, except to eat. She was reluctant to even wash herself, preferring instead to coat her body with a heavy layer of his juices.

For Keller it was the most sensual, painful, frustrating time in his entire life. She kept him hard constantly, causing his balls to ache. Yet he could not bear to tell her to stop. Time after time she made him come, until the air in the room reeked with his pungent odor.

She would rub her body against his lips, allowing him to suck gently at her tiny, magnificent breasts. Then she would stand on his chest, holding on to his hair, and straddle his outstretched tongue. She would ride it, as if it were a horse, groaning, shrieking with pleasure as its rubbery raspiness slid between her legs. While she leaned back against his cupped palms, he would probe with the tip of his thick tongue at the tender lips and warm, wet opening between her outstretched legs, as if attempting to insert it. Her salty, sweet taste inflamed him.

Once, she coated her body with a layer of lubricating jelly she found in the bathroom and made slurping sounds as she slid herself up and down his eager cock. Another time she stood on his stomach, holding his organ upright. Finding the slitted opening, she rubbed her face over it and then gently inserted her arm nearly to the elbow, watching his eruption spew up around it.

Occasionally he would hold his cock upright for her as she hovered above it, her wings fanning its hot length with a cool breeze. Then she would lower herself onto its head, wrapping her legs around it, using her wings to turn and screw herself onto the shaft, bouncing up and down as if to somehow ram the huge, swollen thing inside her.

Keller wanted her so badly he could taste it. Wanted to thrust himself deep into her belly, into that warm, wet, slick opening. He fantasized about it constantly. For hours he figured ways to stretch her or shrink himself. In his mind he knew it was never to be; yet his animal urges would not let him accept the inevitable.

The Girl seemed to be as frustrated as he was. Lying on her back on his stomach, feet toward his head, she would spread her legs wide so he could watch as she masturbated herself—sometimes inserting her whole hand. She also let him do her with his fingertip, while her hands mauled and pinched her breasts. Or she would reach over her head to

stroke him, causing yet another flood of his boiling liquid to spill over her.

During those three days he made one short trip away from home to a toy store. Since she was almost exactly the size of a doll, he bought her a set of miniature clothes. She looked at them, smiled, kissed him warmly, then glanced over her shoulder at the blue wings sticking up proudly. He had forgotten about those. How the hell did you put clothes on over wings? He wondered how she managed to fly without entangling her long, thick hair.

Another item he bought at the store was a box of birthday candles. He shaped one for her, carefully smoothing it. She grasped the idea instantly, smiling with something like relief. She lay on her back so he could watch her insert it between her legs, the pink lips enfolding it, dripping wetness as she thrust faster and harder. Humping her bottom up and down. Screaming in climax.

By the time Keller had to go back to work, he felt confident he could leave her alone in the house. A secret panel in the cabinet under the sink held his Repeating Laser, and was large enough for the Girl and the box.

When he returned home that night, agents were waiting inside the house. He had expected it, sooner or later. There were four of them—young, intelligent, clean-cut, wearing well-tailored suits. Their impressive credentials proclaimed they were from the National Intelligence Service. They knew—but could not prove, or there would have been no need for the conversation—that he had the Creature, as they called it.

Politely but insistently, they described the penalty for not handing it over forthwith. Keller was very careful. He was sure one of them was wearing a Box, a portable lie detector. The discovery of any deliberate lie on his part would legally enable them to search his house more thoroughly than he was sure they had already done.

"Not only is there a criminal penalty involved in harboring this Creature," the leader told him. "There is also a financial one. We have a team of top scientists and doctors standing by. The Creature is scheduled for dissection. Whatever costs are incurred by a delay will be deducted from your estate."

Dissection!? You cold-blooded son of a bitch! They sensed his anger, and he knew he had nearly given himself away.

"If you should happen upon this Creature, you will inform us, won't you, Citizen Keller?"

A trap there. A no would indicate his willingness to violate the law and give them their excuse to search. A yes



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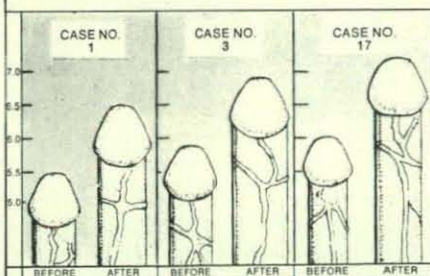
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would be a direct lie. Same result. He nodded vigorously.

"Please answer the question, Citizen Keller."

"Go to hell!"

He didn't let the Girl out of her hiding place that night. The next day, on his lunch hour, he went to friends who owed him a favor and bought an illegal Zone Silencer. Setting it up in the house, it would nullify all the "bugs" and Spy lenses he was certain the agents had left during their search. They watched his house for a few days, but he was careful, and they went away or moved back where they were not visible.

Two weeks passed. Two weeks of intense sensual pleasure and aching frustration. If anything, the Girl became more aggressive, more demanding. She used every opportunity to fondle him, to bring them both to climax.

She would kneel on Keller's stomach, arms wrapped tightly around his shaft, while he worked a candle in and out of her. He shaped another, slightly smaller dildo and used it to simultaneously fill her anal opening. Time after time the feeling of both phallic-shaped objects inside her, separated by only a thin wall of skin and muscle, drove her to a screaming, humping climax.

At night she slept on him, burrowing into the matted hair on his chest, wings

spread out as if to cover them both. In the early hours of the morning, desire would rouse her. She would crawl down his body, caress his cock and bathe herself in his warm, sticky liquid.

One day Keller came home from work and found he again had visitors. Different ones. Thugs completely outside of any law. Granitelike blocks of flesh dressed in cheap suits and ridiculous houndstooth hats. They made no effort to be polite. Just to open the conversation they broke his arm. The two men then stood him against the wall, alternately corkscrewing the mangled arm and clubbing him with ham-hock fists. An Amazonian woman, obviously their leader, looked on with apparent boredom as they began working over the rest of his body.

She signaled them to stop only after they had broken his nose and several ribs. The intensity of the pain made Keller cringe. But he knew they would not kill him until he told them what they wanted to hear. Once he did talk, however, he sensed they would have to silence him.

As Keller lay sprawled on the floor, one of the men standing over him spoke in a voice that seemed to come through a mouth full of marbles. "You got some-thin' dat belongs to our... employer. Da little Fairy. Where is she? We al-

ready kilt three peoples for her. One died on your porch." As if by magic, a long, gleaming blade appeared in the man's hand. "You talk, you gets a quick, easy death. You don't talk, we disassemble you, right here."

When Keller rejected this proposal, they resumed stomping on him. Again the woman signaled for a stop, bending over his battered body.

"Three days," she said. "That's all you got. You can't go to the cops. They want her too. We'll be watching. Give us the Fairy, and we might even let you live." She reached between his legs, found his balls and twisted them savagely. "After three days I'll rip 'em off." He never doubted for an instant that she could and would do just that.

The creeps had torn his house apart in their desperate search for the Girl. After making sure she was all right, Keller spent two days in the hospital.

The doctors were curious about his injuries. When he told them he'd been attacked by a rampaging pigeon, they dropped the subject. Electro-Stasis treatments healed the bones rapidly, leaving only an agonizing itch he couldn't scratch and a burning desire for revenge and freedom.

He explained the situation to the Girl the night he came home. No, she did not know the name of the planet she came from. A nodding yes told him she somehow knew which Starships went nearby.

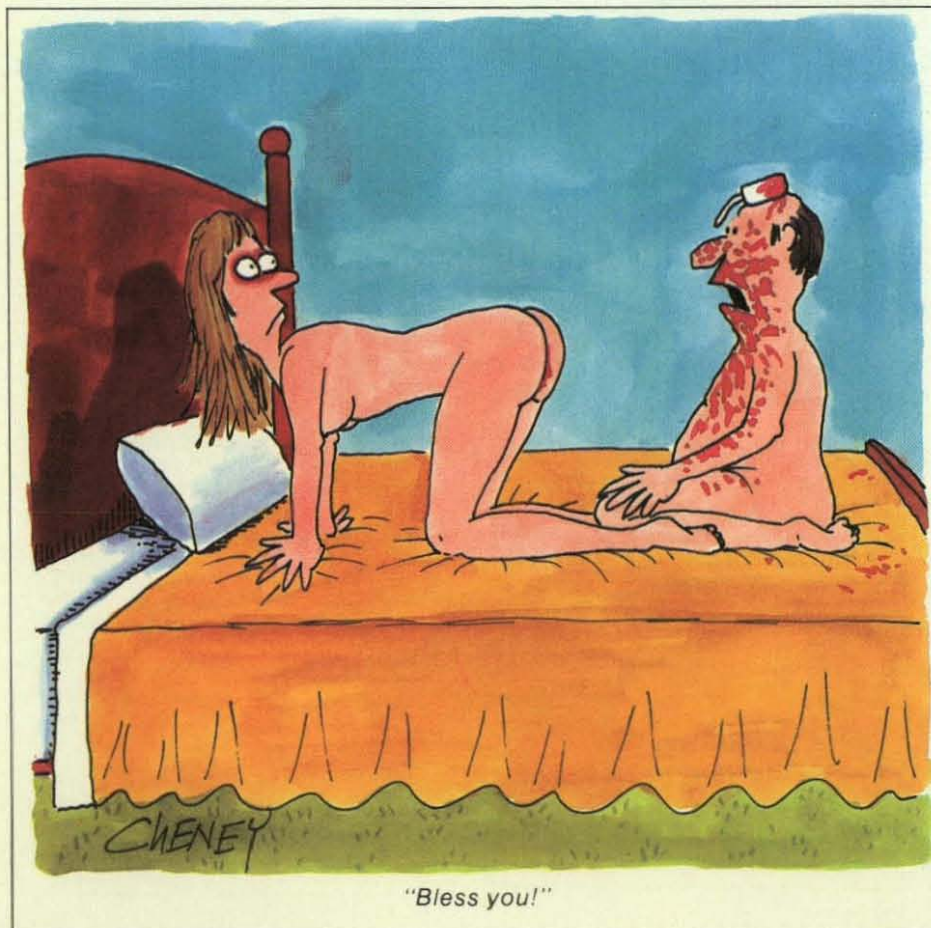
The next day, on his lunch hour, Keller converted everything he had to cash Credits. If the Government bloodhounds were still watching, he knew he would give himself away. But it couldn't be helped. He had to buy a ticket. He couldn't take a chance on stowing away.

Back home he made his preparations, packing a few clothes. In the darkness of early evening he scooped up his Repeating Laser and the box. Less than an hour before the three-day deadline was at hand, he covered the Girl, closed the box and slipped quietly out the back door.

There, Keller encountered a grounded Air Car containing one of the thugs. With no emotion, he walked up to the car and burned a tube-sized hole in the sleeping ape's head.

Hands behind his back, Keller strolled to the front of his house, where a second car was occupied by the other thug and the woman leader. "So you decided to cooperate," said the thug, leaving the car. "That's real smart."

Suddenly, Keller stitched the man with two dozen Laser holes, from crotch to hairline. Before the smoking corpse hit the ground, he leaned in the car and hit the stud on the weapon so that a con-



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stant beam came from its barrel, sawing a gash in the woman's neck that nearly decapitated her.

Moving quickly, carrying one suitcase and the wooden box, Keller took his own Air Car to the Spaceport. On the observation deck of the terminal he looked out over the miles of concrete landing pads where the huge ships rested. When he was sure he was alone, he opened the box, letting the Girl out.

After ten minutes searching through one of the Electrotelescopes, she pointed out a ship. Keller wrote down its number and launch pad, before drifting inside the terminal with the few other passengers. A check of the flight boards told him what ticket to ask for. He did not understand how the Girl knew it was the right ship.

The *Agincourt* was a combination freighter and liner, bound for the Rigel Arm of the galaxy. The ship would stop at six planets and pass close by four others. One of those was Cerlain. In his closet-size cabin, when Keller mentioned the name to the Girl, she nodded happily and kissed him, rubbing her breasts against his lips.

It would be a long trip. The ticket took almost every Credit Keller had, not leaving him enough to put him into suspended animation, as most of the other passengers did. Besides, he couldn't let

the Girl out of his sight and couldn't possibly let anyone else see her.

The idea of simply putting her on the ship, perhaps as cargo to be landed, had never crossed Keller's mind. The very thought of leaving her would have been sickening. No matter what it took, no matter where they went, he would be with her.

They spent most of the three-and-a-half-month trip in bed. The Girl was insatiable and possessive—frustrated that she could not get him inside her; that she could not feel the thick heat of him as he slid into her, nor feel the creamy drops spurt into her belly. And he was no less frustrated than she was.

Halfway through the trip, Keller asked one of the few crew members still awake why they did not stop on Cerlain. The answer worried him.

"It's a Restricted World. Quarantined, you know? Navy keeps a constant patrol about a half light-year out. Any one can land, but no one can leave. Any ship detected lifting off the surface is intercepted and vaporized. No exceptions. So no one goes there."

Keller wanted to tell him that *someone* had been there and gotten away, but instead he asked another question. "Why is it restricted?"

"No one knows. Probably because of something that lives there."

Keller never mentioned the conversation to the Girl. But it worried him.

It was a simple matter to get down to Cerlain. The ship passed within one light-second of the planet's surface, using the gravitational field to sling itself onto the next leg of its flight. With most of the crew and passengers in suspension, Keller virtually had the run of the ship. He merely entered one of the emergency vehicles, used its computer to tell him when they reached the closest point to the planet's surface, and fired himself and the Girl into space.

Once they entered the atmosphere, she directed him by hand signals to a large, forest-covered continent in the middle of a deep-blue ocean. She was obviously excited, alternating between rubbing herself against his face and peering intently out of the canopy.

They landed in a grass-covered clearing, coming down between 200-foot-tall trees. The craft had barely settled before the Girl was hammering impatiently against the glass, whining to be let out. The computer told Keller the atmosphere was safe, and he opened the hatch.

The Girl was out like a shot, flying as fast as she could, a blur in the warm air. Keller hoped she would come back, praying she would not leave him alone in this pleasant but strange and unfamiliar place.

Just before dark the Girl returned, floating down to land beside him while he lay in the grass, enjoying the cool breeze. She leaped on his chest, rubbing herself against him, smiling happily. There were more fluttering sounds, and suddenly he was surrounded by hundreds of Creatures, both male and female, all of them perfectly beautiful.

The males were slightly taller, perhaps 12 inches. Well-muscled, handsome little things, with wings of red and gold. The females were exquisitely well-rounded, bouncing and sensuous, with pastel wings and long hair of every color imaginable.

They chattered in some strange language of their own, giggling and smiling as they pointed at Keller. Soon they were peeling the shirt from his body so they could feel and caress him. They clapped their hands when he removed the rest of his clothing, and stared in awe at his magnificent erection, brought on by the sight of so many naked, desirable, miniature bodies.

Suddenly the females were all over the Earthling, pressing themselves against him. The males watched, approvingly, while the girls covered every inch of his body, rubbing their warm little bodies and wet openings over him.

(continued on page 110)



"Ahhh! This is the life!"

Beaver Hunt

March breezes will soon be replacing the cold winds of winter. Why not warm up early by taking a hot snapshot of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER pays \$50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All photographs

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Photo by George Roberts



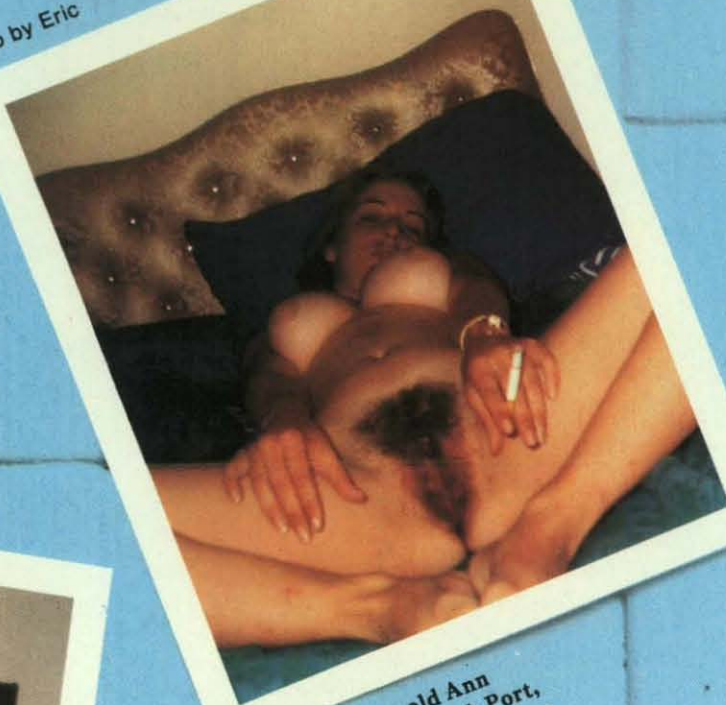
Deloyce Rose, 26, works for a health-care service in Tulare, California. Her hobbies include sunbathing and dieting, and her fantasy is to tie up her lover and "tease him to the point of insanity."

Photo by Penny Pratt



Twenty-year-old Laurie Post, a dancer from Canton, Ohio, enjoys roller skating in her spare time. She says she'd like to make love on a deserted beach.

Photo by Eric



Barbara Ann is a 19-year-old mechanic from San Diego, California, who enjoys playing backgammon. Her fantasy is to appear in HUSTLER.



Photo by Don Myers

Twenty-six-year-old Ann Hampton is from North Port, Florida. Her hobby is turning men on, and she says her fantasy is to provide a man with his wildest, most satisfying sexual experience ever.

Photo by Joe



A housewife from Washington, D.C., 19-year-old Annette likes to sew and swim. She dreams about making love in a Rolls-Royce.

Photo by Randy Harms



Brandy, from Sidney, Nebraska, is a mother of five who's of German descent. Her secret desire is to have a pack of Irish wolfhounds lick her nipples.

Barbara R., 27, is a housewife from Knoxville, Tennessee, who lists her hobbies as camping, hiking and exploring. Her fantasy is to make love to actor Patrick Duffy, star of the TV show *Dallas*.



Photo by Ronald

Photo by Husband



Yorktown, Virginia, is the home of Joanne Eifert, a 22-year-old cosmetologist who likes to dance. Her dream-come-true is appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Friend



Yoshino Lininger, 33, is a housewife from Maple Plain, Minnesota, who plays golf and racquetball in her spare time. Her now-fulfilled dream is appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Tim Lininger

Nineteen-year-old Beverly lives in Newton, Iowa, where she's a dancer. Her favorite pastime is riding motorcycles, and her fantasy is to make love on a Harley-Davidson.

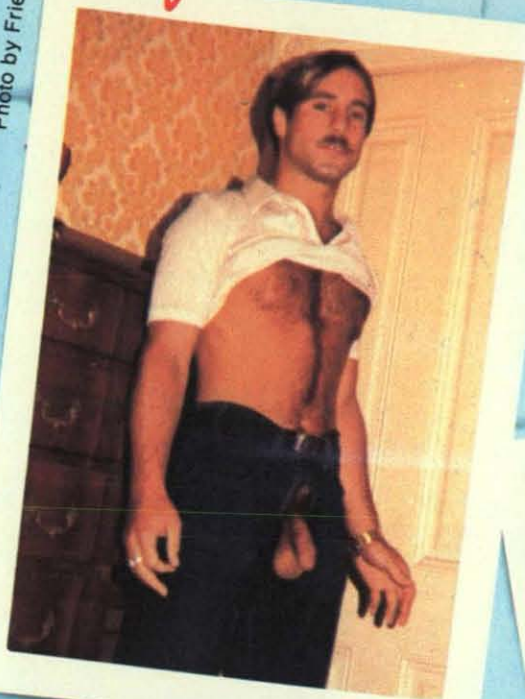
Photo by Lewis Andia



An exotic stage performer from Jacksonville, Florida, 24-year-old Sunshine Devine lists her hobbies as sunbathing and cycling. She says her sexual fantasies include "anything and everything."

One for the Ladies

Photo by Friend



M. C., 21, is an electrician from Charleston, South Carolina. She enjoys photography, cars and sex, and her secret wish is to pose for a HUSTLER photo-feature.



Derek is a 21-year-old West Coast student whose hobbies are boxing and traveling. His sexual fantasy is to spend a week in a hotel room with TV actress Valerie Bertinelli.

Photo by Husband

Photo by David Jackson



A seamstress from El Cajon, California, 24-year-old Jolie C. likes dancing, gymnastics and mountain climbing. She fantasizes about making love in a fresh mountain stream.



HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

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Date _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

THE MAGIC BOX

(continued from page 104)

Some of them sucked his nipples, kissed his eyes and fondled his ears. Others folded themselves around his balls, petting and massaging them. Three of them stroked his throbbing erection, squealing with glee as the milky liquid spilled over them.

On and on it went, into the night, in the clearing lit by Cerlain's double moon. The air was heavy with the scent of aroused bodies. Most of the males joined in, mounting a wet, panting female wherever they found one ready—even on Keller's chest and stomach. The Girl stayed near his face, smiling at him, now and then rubbing her glistening thighs and hairless mound against his lips to coax out his tongue and straddle it.

While all this was happening, Keller felt a sharp sting in his left shoulder, at the base of his neck. He started to bring his hand up, but saw the Girl there, smiling, and he ignored it.

After sleeping for an hour, perhaps two, Keller awoke to a soft chanting. Led by the Girl, a procession of females solemnly weaved its way into the clearing, as if by ritual. He tried to sit up, but was weak and could only lay there.

Thirty of them came to him, followed by hundreds more who watched. They mounted him, covered him, spread their legs until their tiny, wet vaginal lips touched his body. As one, they arched their backs. Suddenly he felt a series of tiny punctures, sharp and painful like bee stings. He yelled and struggled, but could not move. The females were in the throes of something weird, perhaps a mass orgasm.

The painful stinging continued while the Girl mounted his stomach. From somewhere the males had gotten fire, and each carried a tiny torch. In the flickering light he could see that the Girl's body was covered with some kind of oil.

She wrapped herself around his growing penis while her sisters continued to writhe and sting him. He was helpless. She stroked him with her body, urgently. A gasp rose from those watching as he exploded and showered her with cum. As each of the other females finished, they went to her and licked off a mouthful of the liquid, until both she and Keller were clean. Then they all disappeared, as suddenly as they had arrived. And Keller slept again.

When the flickering torches awakened him later, he could barely move a muscle. His body was stiff and useless, but his senses still worked. He could

hear the murmur of those watching. Straining to see them, he looked down at his body and screamed.

Everywhere a female had sat on him, there was a lumpy growth—grotesque, bulging and evil. His skin was stretched, red and taut, and the lumps continued to grow even as he watched. Some of them quivered and swayed, as if alive.

Hearing the padding of tiny feet in the grass, Keller turned his head. The Girl was there, smiling sadly, kneeling beside him.

"Wha... what have you done?!" he stammered. Fear made his mouth dry and tongue thick.

Surprisingly, she spoke for the first time. "We have laid our eggs," she said, in a low, husky voice. "We have continued our race."

Screaming in pain, Keller tried to sit up and move his arm to smash her.

"Do not struggle," she said softly. "You cannot prevent it. The poison I injected from my body into yours has paralyzed you. You will never move your body again, for as long as you live. Which will not be long."

"Noooooooooooo!..." The shriek tore from his throat, splitting the night.

"The eggs will begin to feed shortly and then hatch," the Girl continued. "It will mean a new beginning for us."

"Will... will it hurt?"

She nodded. "You will scream with every breath until you are no longer capable of making a sound."

"Why?" he pleaded. "Why did you do this to me? I loved you. I risked my life for you. I even killed for you."

Before she answered the question, he felt the movement of tiny, newly formed hands and feet twisting and kicking against the pockets of his flesh that held them. Hands tore at muscles. Needle-like teeth chewed from within, grating against bone. The mounting pain began to torment him.

"It was because of those very actions that I wanted you," she said. "You are a kind, brave, intelligent man—qualities your cells will pass on to us. That is why you were selected to bear our young."

The pain continued to build as the Creatures ate away at Keller from the inside. He shook his head violently, biting his lip until he tasted blood and bits of his own flesh. Finally it became unbearable. He moaned loud and loud.

"Whyyyyyyyyy?!!...!!...!!"

"Because I love you," she whispered.

But he never heard her. The spasms of imminent death were consuming him. Every section of his body was erupting. All that could be heard were his wrenching wails of agony, reverberating across the floor of the planet, echoing loud and long into the distant galaxies.

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I'm not your typical liberated woman—not a feminist or anything. But my job as a traveling sales rep has taught me to take care of myself. I've had to, because I meet all kinds of people in my line of work.

I met Don on a trip to Los Angeles. Believe me, I don't usually "kiss and tell," except in my diary. What Don did to me, though, was so different, I thought HUSTLER's readers might get off on it.

It wasn't exactly like stranger meeting stranger when we did get together. Don was a business contact, and we had several long conversations by phone before I ever left Milwaukee. I found out he was tall, and he sounded like he'd be a pretty smooth lover. I told him I was on the petite side, blond and unmarried.

So by the time I was ready to make the trip, it seemed we'd have an exciting time together. What I didn't tell him was that it had been more than three weeks since I'd had a good, stiff cock slammed into me.

My traveling partner, Bill, and I arrived with our new product line Sunday and went to our hotel in Santa Monica. Bill's one hell of a salesman. We've traveled together a few times before, but the closest we ever came to sex was him telling me about the scores he makes.

Anyway, Bill had a thing for big tits, and my cherry blossoms didn't make him drool. If he only knew I was into the sexiest lingerie a girl can buy—lacy bras and garter belts and crotchless panty hose. A man just doesn't understand how sensuous it is to have all that silk and lace against your skin. I do it for me because I like to feel feminine.

The next day we met Don at our West Coast PR office. He got me thinking about my pussy the minute I saw him. He was built like a football player, and he could have picked me up just like I was a little girl and really taken advantage of me. Yet there was something so soft and gentle in his gaze that I wondered if anything would happen be-

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



BOUND FOR LOVE

by Nina Ferris

tween us unless I was the aggressor.

But it's hard to dream about that stuff and do business, and we had work to do. We went to the Cock 'n' Bull for a late lunch. Bill kept leaving the table to make calls, giving me the chance to drop the business chatter and get into Don. Bill said he wanted to cut out and asked if Don could drive me back to the hotel.

I was really getting turned on to Don. He had the most beautiful, powerful hands; yet he was reserved and soft-spoken. But if he had grabbed me right there in the restaurant, I would have just closed my eyes, shuddered and given up.

Don's gentleness intrigued me. It was

an attractive contrast to his macho physical appearance, his beard and those huge shoulders. But as we sat there sipping wine, I was beginning to worry if he would be aggressive enough to tear down my "proper" businesswoman front. I hoped he would, because my cunt was already tingling with excitement. I was almost squirming in my seat by the time he suggested we leave.

I continued checking Don out as he drove. I could see his cock making a delicious bulge in his slacks. My only fear was that it might be too big for my little-girl twat. I'm only 5-3, and my body hasn't changed much since I was 14. But as horny as I was, he could have been hung like a prize stud, and my lonely cunt would have eagerly swallowed up every throbbing inch.

I was encouraging Don along these lines by giving him a leg-show while we were stuck in traffic. It seemed to work. He proposed we stop at his apartment for a drink. When I agreed, he brightened up, and before long we stopped in front of an old, Spanish-style apartment house.

His place was not the ordinary bachelor pad I had expected. He poured drinks and took me through the rooms. There were books and paintings everywhere, and a marvelous four-poster bed made up with a blue-satin bedspread. The stereo

was right next to it. I couldn't resist.

While he was selecting some albums, I stretched out on all that satin, moving my body like a cat just waking up. I wanted to take off all my clothes and let the spread slide against my skin. Satin is so sensuous. I wanted to be fucked good, and I just had to do something to get Don to drop the nice-guy bit. I unbuttoned my silk blouse to give him a look at my new see-through bra. Then I kicked off my heels.

To my surprise, Don told me to stop. I wondered if he was a Hollywood fag. I breathed a sigh of relief when he began undressing me. But he only took off the blouse and skirt, and he made me put

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my heels back on. As he sat by me on the bed, his face took on a serious look. He said just one thing was lacking to make my "costume" complete.

He reached under the bed and came up with a handful of leather straps. Before I knew what was happening, he slapped the leather things around my ankles and tightened them. Then he snapped a six-inch silver chain between the ankle straps. They were like manacles, but were lined with fur. Actually, they felt kind of sexy.

Even so, I figured this guy to be some kind of nut. His voice had changed to a hypnotizing drone. He was telling me not to worry, that everything would be just fine. A strange mixture of fear and horniness was stirring within me. I was as hot as I was helpless when he put more leather straps around my wrists. Next, he chained each wrist to the inside of my ankles. This forced me to keep my knees bent and my legs wide-open, the way it looks when you stoop down to pick up something, except I was on my back. He sat back on the bed and surveyed his handiwork, obviously pleased.

I was hog-tied and helpless. Before, I had been worried that he was meek; now I was afraid he was going to hurt me. But the bulge in his pants had swelled, and my cunt ached more than ever to have his cock thrust deep inside it.

Don had something else in mind. He pulled out a huge dildo, and that really scared me. I begged him to just let me suck his cock, but he said nothing. He dropped the dildo on the bed and stuck a white-rubber ball in my mouth before I could scream. The ball had leather straps that he tightened around my head. He flipped me over face-down. My knees were now up by my tits, and my ass was sticking high in the air. Don commanded me not to move, and he got up and sat in a chair next to the bed. He lit a cigarette and did nothing except stare at me.

Somehow, this was making me hotter than hell. My panties were wet with pussy juice when he at last came over, picked up the dildo and began rubbing it teasingly on the inside of my thighs and my belly. He tore off my panties and started sliding the thing along the outside of my cunt, twirling it to get it wet all around. Then he used the dildo to wipe my juices all over me—under my armpits, on my back, on the garter straps.

I was going crazy. I thought I'd have an orgasm before he ever got around to fucking me. I was longing for his cock—the only way I ever feel complete is when I have one in me. Finally he jammed the dildo into me so deep, I

thought I'd choke on it. Then he began pumping it in and out of my cunt.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I was half in tears with fear, and overcome with passion. I exploded in a violent, shaking orgasm, moaning deliriously as my cunt contracted and expanded inside. Don quickly buried his bearded face in my crotch and worked me over with his expert tongue, frantically lapping up all my juices as if he were a man dying of thirst.

He was on his knees next to the bed all this time, holding onto my hips like they were his life-support system. Finished with my cunt milk, he bounced me over onto my side and climbed up on the bed. He took the ball out of my mouth, but for some reason I no longer felt like screaming.


Don tore open his slacks, and out sprang his hard, dripping dick. I longed to take it in my mouth, but he just rubbed it around on my face, tracing designs on my nose and cheeks and eyelids. I felt like jelly, totally submissive to him. I had no choice but to let him have his way with me.

At last it was too much even for him. He put my ass up in the air again and stood next to the bed, grabbed my hips and plunged his long prick all the way into my wet cunt. He was like a thundering piledriver.

Shackled up, I could neither move nor respond. All I could do was bounce against the satin bedspread as Don drove into me. And I loved it! I came with my most incredible orgasm, and when he came, it was like fire and flood.

As the glistening love juices ran down my thighs, he scooped some up and smeared it all over my face, neck, tits and ass. Then, out of sheer exhaustion, we both collapsed on the bed. Don didn't speak, and I couldn't. The experience had been so overwhelming, it was beyond words. If I had died then, I'd have gone out on the greatest fuck of my life.

Don became gentle again. Whispering an endless stream of caring words, he tenderly unstrapped me. We took a hot bath together, and afterward he rubbed baby lotion and powder over me. We drank wine and listened to music before he drove me back to the hotel.

I'm not sure I'd ever want to do that again, unless it was with Don. Usually I like to be *active* during sex, but his way was an exciting change. I certainly don't talk about the experience—people simply wouldn't understand. In Milwaukee the nights are going to be chilly. When I think about what happened in Don's apartment, my pussy starts to shiver again... but *not* because it's cold here. 

Honey

IT'S A BUSY NIGHT AT HONEY'S AS THE BOARD MEMBERS OF "CRAZY TURKEY" WHISKEY DECIDE TO CONDUCT A "MERGER" WITH THE GIRLS!

AN ORIENTAL HASN'T MADE ME FEEL THIS GOOD SINCE OUR COMMERCIAL GOT A 36 SHARE DURING "SHOGUN"!

YES, J.B.!

YES, J.B.!

YES, J.B.!

HONEY COMES HOME FROM A LATE DATE.

HEY, GIRLS! I FINALLY FOUND MY "GEE" SPOT—JUST LIKE IN HUSTLER!

THAT'S HER! THAT'S THE TURKEY FACE!

CRAZY TURKEY
BLENDED WHISKEY

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE CALLING A TURKEY FACE?

NOT A TURKEY FACE—THE TURKEY FACE! YOU'D BE THE PERFECT MODEL FOR OUR AD CAMPAIGN!

AFTER TELLING HONEY HIS PLANS, THE CHAIRMAN RETURNS TO POON TANG TO RESOLVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

IT'S UP TO YOU, HONEY! THINK OF THE GLAMOUR! THINK OF THE FAME! THINK OF THE... UUH! ... THE ECSTASY!
AAAAAAH!

AAAAAAH, J.B.!

HMMM!



HONEY DECIDES TO GIVE IT A SHOT AND FINDS HERSELF IN A WORLD-FAMOUS MADISON AVENUE AD AGENCY A WEEK LATER!

Rely
TAMPONS
FORGET
we named
them
Rely

Ball Park
HOT DOGS
"A day without
SODIUM NITRITES
is a day without
Sunshine!"

MR. BUNKUM, THE "TURKEY"
GIRL IS HERE!

SEND HER
IN, MISS
GLITSCH!



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NAME, HONEY?

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WHAT'S RIGHT?

THAT'S MY
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WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, HONEY?

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NEVER MIND,
SWEETHEART!
FOLLOW ME!



BUNKUM TAKES THE
GIRLS TO A SET WHERE
A FAMOUS LIGHT-BEER
COMMERCIAL IS BEING
SHOT.

SINCE YOU GIRLS HAVE NEVER SEEN A REAL TV
AD BEING MADE, I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE TO WATCH
WHILE I GET HONEY'S SPOT READY!

FILLER's Light
"More than you want,
and much, much LESS!"



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE COMMERCIAL BECOMES X-RATED!

I'VE NEVER PORNICATED IN THIS POSTULATION BEFORE!

DARN! I ALWAYS SHOOT TOO SOON!

I DON'T GET NO RESPECT!



MEANWHILE, HONEY AND BUNKUM PASS THROUGH A DESIGNER-JEANS COMMERCIAL BEING "PREPARED"!

MS. UNDERBUILT, WE'RE HAVING A PROBLEM FINDING YOUR WAIST!

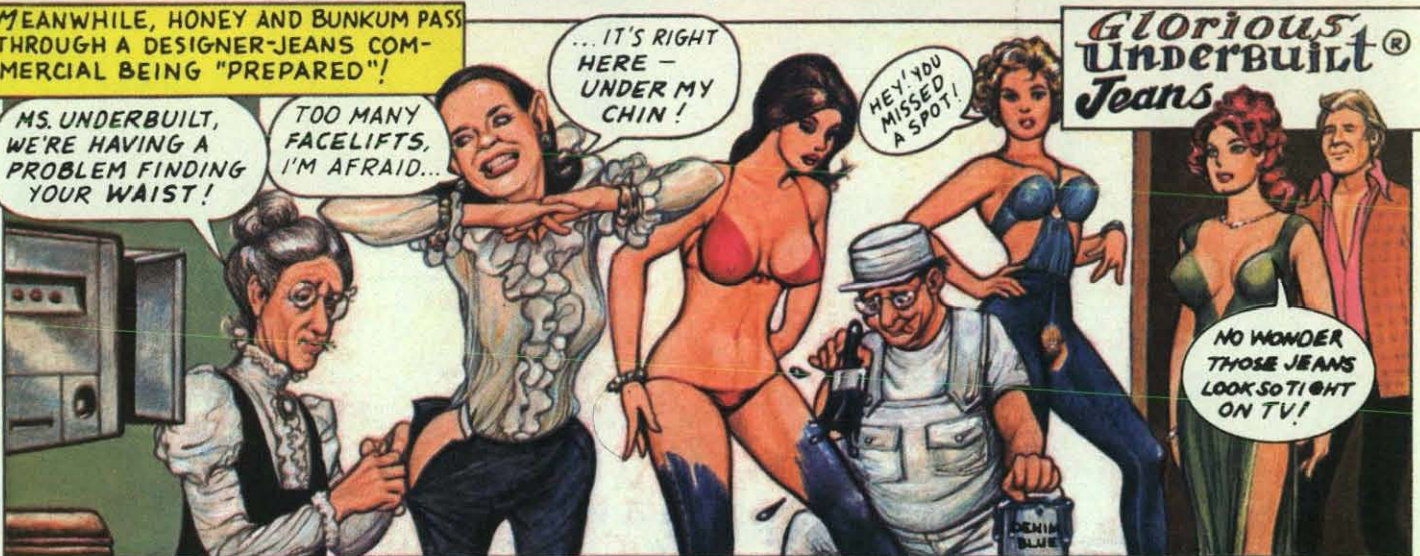
TOO MANY FACELIFTS, I'M AFRAID...

... IT'S RIGHT HERE - UNDER MY CHIN!

HEY! YOU MISSED A SPOT!

Glorious Underbuilt® Jeans

NO WONDER THOSE JEANS LOOK SO TIGHT ON TV!



AND ON THE SET FOR A CIGARETTE AD...

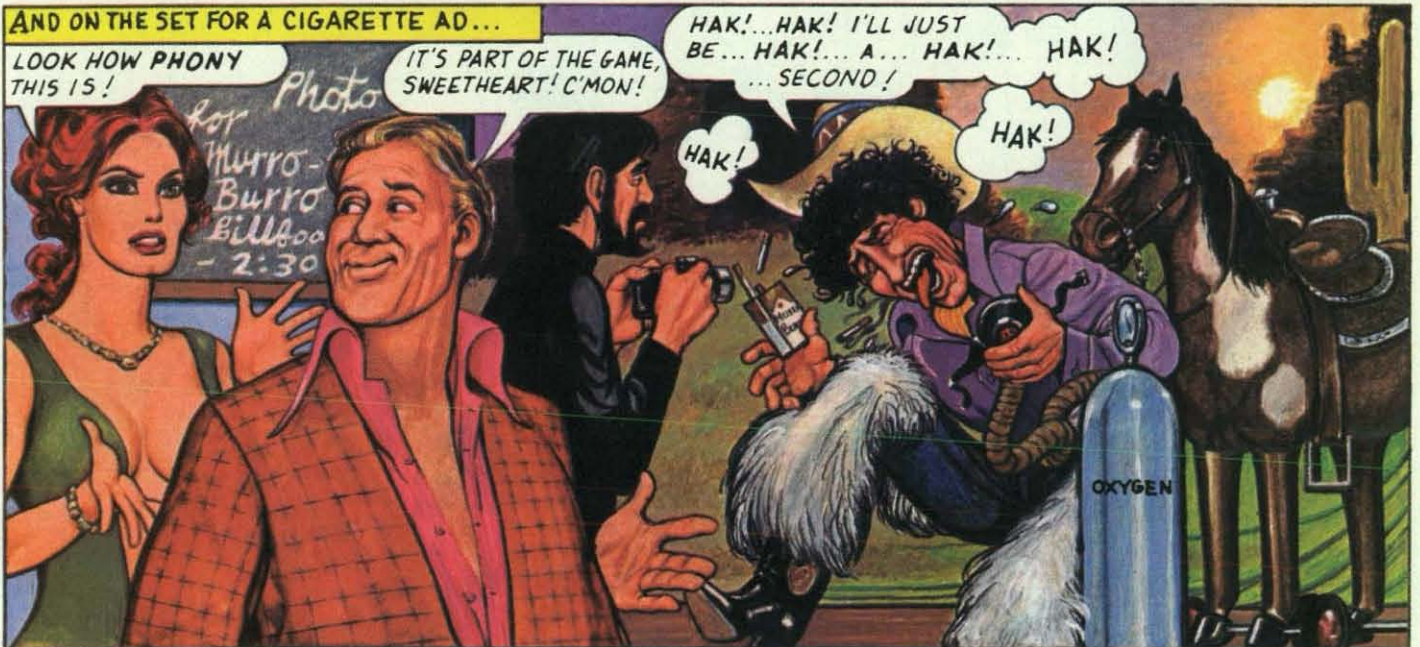
LOOK HOW PHONY THIS IS!

IT'S PART OF THE GAME, SWEETHEART! C'MON!

HAK!... HAK! I'LL JUST BE... HAK!... A... HAK!... HAK! ... SECOND!

HAK!

HAK!



ON HER SET, HONEY IS DRESSED AND MADE UP FOR THE AD.

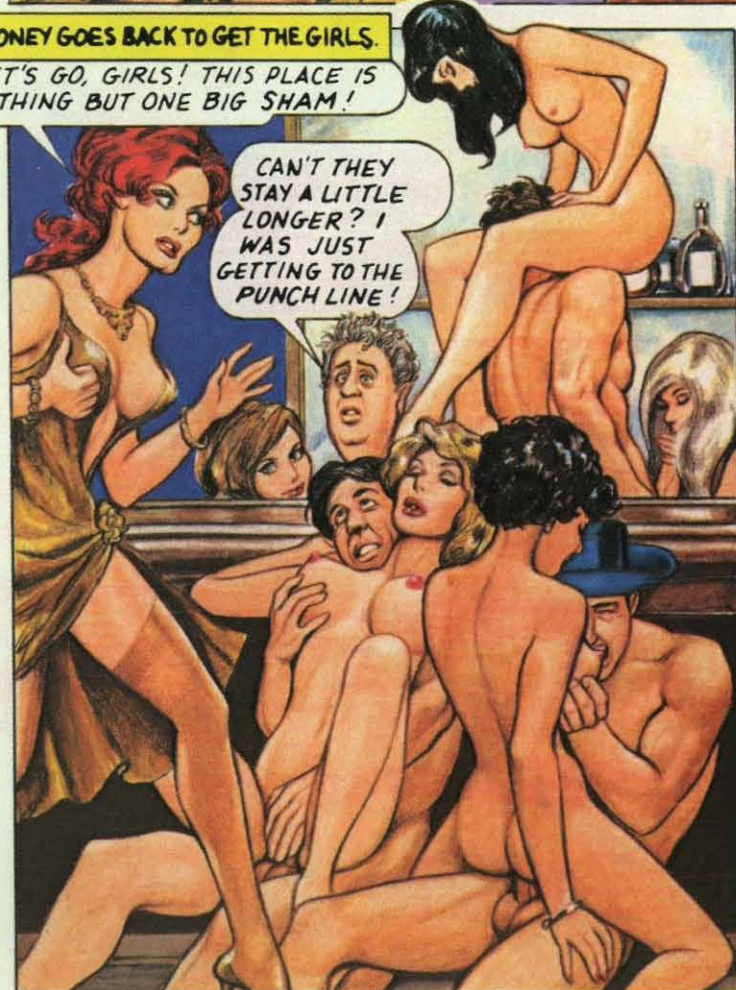


FORGET IT! I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE MEN FEEL THEY HAVE TO DRINK IN ORDER TO GET SEX...



HONEY GOES BACK TO GET THE GIRLS.

LET'S GO, GIRLS! THIS PLACE IS NOTHING BUT ONE BIG SHAM!



BACK AT HONEY'S, THE GIRLS PRACTICE "TRUTH IN ADVERTISING" AS THEY DELIVER WHAT THEY PROMISE!



RAPE!

(continued from page 86)

musician with a lot of friends in the business. Their favorite pastime is to get together and make funny tapes. John usually suggests the theme. One past memorable session was "The Shit A Cappella Chorale," a taped half-hour of seven people singing the word *shit* in different harmonies.

Before long, all of us had assembled at a studio across the East River in Long Island City. The theme that night, we decided, would be rape. My thinking was that joking about what had happened earlier in the day would make it easier for me to deal with.

As the tape reels began rolling, Ken—*the guitarist*—introduced me: "Hey, Suzanne, I hear you were raped today." (*Instruments groaning in background.*)

Me: "Yeah, but you know, Ken, rape isn't as bad as most people think it is. I mean, nobody ever thinks about what's good about rape."

Ken: "That's true. Tell us about it, Suzanne."

Me: "Well, for starters, it's a great icebreaker for meeting people in your neighborhood without going through the hassle of the bar scene. And sexual-

ly, there are many advantages to being raped. You don't have to look your best. You don't have to fake orgasm. You don't have to wake up with some stranger in your bed the next morning. Best of all, you don't have to change the sheets and tidy up."

Ken: "Looking back, would you say it was a positive experience?"

Me: "Yes, but there's one serious disadvantage to being raped. You could wind up maimed or dead."

For a few moments after that, neither one of us said anything. The grim reality of the rape was taking hold, replacing all the fun and games we were manufacturing to forget it. All I could do then was slump down in a chair, bury my face in my hands and weep like a baby.

It would be nice to report that John and I went home afterward and made glorious love all night, but I just wasn't up for it. Instead, I popped a couple of Quaaludes. Getting stoned seemed much more appropriate.

While my anger and hurt were starting to seep out, I still felt pretty good about myself. I had faced a critical situation—one that every woman secretly dreads—and had come out all right. I had saved my life. I had never known

how I would react in such a situation, but I had passed the test.

THE PROSECUTION

The next morning I wound my way around the corridors of the municipal building where the trial would eventually take place. Outside Family Court, I met my attorney, Shelly Brown (a pseudonym), a young assistant DA with a crinkly smile and the harassed look all lawyers seem to have. "This is my first rape case," she admitted, "and I want to win it as much as you do."

For the second time I filled out a deposition, and I was told my attacker's name was Anthony Harris. (Because of the defendant's age, the name is a pseudonym.) I was alarmed to find out the boy's attorney had provided his family with my ID as well. The little prick had my name and address. Harris was being kept in Bellevue for observation until the trial. He had a record. Brown wouldn't tell me for what, but she did say he had been sent to Spofford, a juvenile correction agency in The Bronx.

I later learned that the first-night initiation rite at Spofford is for the regulars to gang-bang a novice up the ass. No wonder Harris knew about turning me around! Too bad they hadn't fucked

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An unbelievable Pleasure Breakthrough by Prelude 3

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Total pleasure... tingling fulfillment... boundless, fantastic ecstasy for **BOTH** of you!

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150 East 58th St., New York, N.Y. 10155

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— Inner Magic(s) @ \$7.50 ea. p.p.d.

— Inner Dynamo(s) @ \$7.50 ea. p.p.d.

— "FOR MEN ONLY" @ \$7.50 ea. p.p.d.

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Charge my ☐ BankAmericard

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Name _____

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- The NEW dual-intensity vibrator... noiseless, hygienic, UL approved. Uses standard outlet.
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I am 21 years of age or older.

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CITY

STATE

ZIP

him till he burst like an overfed guppy.

Now I had to play a waiting game until the trial came up. The first time I went out alone I realized how profoundly I'd been affected by my experience. I walked down the street like an electric current, waiting to be sparked at any moment. You've got to realize that I've lived on the edge of one of New York City's major slums, the Lower East Side, for the past 15 years. Until this happened, I was fearless about walking the streets at any hour, day or night. I always believed that my "good vibes" protected me.

It's not my style to turn into one of those self-pitying women. But now I chose to take the offensive. So for the next couple of weeks I carried a canister of military tear gas (brand name: Paralyzer) in my fist whenever I left the house, with my thumb poised lightly above the triggering device. Trying to feel safe in the Big Apple is like shoveling shit against the tide, but I had to do something to protect myself. I was scared.

One night a drunk lurched behind me as I was walking home. He made a slightly jumbled remark about how good I looked, and I whirled on him, aiming the canister in his face. "If you move one step closer to me, I'm gonna blast you with tear gas," I said in a voice so cold and hard that I barely recognized it as my own. The poor guy turned and fled.

Since then I've devoted lots of time to fantasizing about new and better weapons to protect myself in the street: the Bic lighter flame-thrower; the gold neck-chain that emits 20,000 volts of electricity on contact; and the diaphragm grenade that, when thrown, covers the attacker's eyes with hot melting rubber. I don't carry any weapons with me anymore. But I don't let strangers get within ten feet of me either.

Winter turned to spring as I waited for the trial to take place, and a phone call in the middle of the night on May 16 made me temporarily forget about my rape. My mother had died, suddenly. When Shelly Brown, the assistant district attorney, finally called me a week later, I was keeping my father company in an apartment that had unexpectedly become much too big and full of memories. Brown apologized for the intrusion. The witnesses had all been contacted. We were to appear in court the following Monday morning.

THE TRIAL

I was nervous as I dressed for the pre-trial hearing. Conservative suit, sensible heels—rape-victim garb. In court

I wanted to look, above all, *respectable*.

Walking past the guard in Family Court, I casually glanced into an anteroom off the main hallway, and all my studied poise was shattered. There was Anthony Harris, cooling his heels, staring ahead, as motionless as a hunk of dead meat. I wanted to make goulash of him. I had a vision of his face torn open from ear to ear, his eyes dangling from the back of his head. I would have enjoyed watching him get his dick lopped off by a guillotine on prime-time television.

Brown was waiting, legal brief in hand. "I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said. "You're basically going to have to identify Harris today, and we'll also go over some of the courtroom procedures."

"No problem with identification," I said. "I just saw him sitting in a room on the ground floor."

"I think you should know that we just got the report from Bellevue today," the assistant DA continued. "He's definitely nuts. We're going to try to get him some intense therapy."

Fuck therapy! How about a shiv to the dick? Let him spend the rest of his rotten life singing soprano in a church choir. Too bad he wasn't older and couldn't be tried as an adult. A thousand years in stir would have been nice, spitting up his guts in solitary for the last 900.

Sound cruel? Let me know what you think after your mother, sister, wife or girlfriend gets raped.

The hearing was mercifully short, and squeezed in right before the five-o'clock recess. I was sworn in and asked to identify Anthony Harris, who sat on the far side of the room. We stared into each other's eyes. His were no longer luminous, as they had been when he accosted me. They were two black holes absorbing all the light and reflecting back nothing. I figured he had probably been sedated at Bellevue.

I lowered my eyes first, thrown by his lack of embarrassment. I looked curiously at his mother, sitting beside him. She was slim, attractive and well-dressed. Although brown-skinned, she bore a striking resemblance to me—about my age, height and weight, even the same style of dress. The cast of the woman's face didn't change when I dramatically pointed a finger at her son in answer to the judge's question, "Can you identify the person who raped you?"

I couldn't sleep that night and kept worrying that I'd say something wrong at the trial or, worse, make a fool of

(continued on page 129)

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

TIME LIMIT

Most letters that arrive for *Mail-Order Feedback* are complaints about delays in delivery. A common gripe is: "It's been two months since I placed my order, and the damned stuff isn't here yet!"

To assist mail-order buyers and define their legal rights, the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) adopted the Mail-Order Merchandise Rule several years ago. But, like most government regulations, it's virtually unknown to the average guy. According to Section 435.1 of the FTC's trade regulations, if a dealer does not promise delivery within a certain time period, the merchandise must be sent to you no later than 30 days after receipt of your properly completed order. (Note: This FTC regulation does not apply to magazine subscriptions and mail-order photofinishing.)

The dealer must notify you if the promised delivery date (or the 30-day limit) can't be met. You must be told what the new shipping date will be and given the option to either cancel the order and receive a full refund, or agree to the new shipping date. Also, the dealer must give you a free method (usually a postage-paid postcard) of sending back your answer. *If you don't answer, it means you agree to the shipping delay.*

If you cancel a prepaid order, the dealer must mail you the refund within seven business days. If you ordered by credit card, he must adjust your account within one billing cycle.

Some companies sidestep the Merchandise Rule by putting their own time limit on the authorization card they send to each customer. If you see one of these disclaimers printed on the card, cross it out and jot a note that your signature is to authorize delivery only, not to agree to the firm's time limit.

Then, if you haven't received your merchandise within five weeks (allowing a week for your order to reach the dealer), you may write and demand your money back. If the company fails to respond, complain to the local office of the Federal Trade Commission and send copies of that letter to (1) the offending dealer and (2) *Mail-Order Feedback*.

FIST CUT-OUTS

My wife and I bought a videotape player recently, and one tape we wanted to have in our collection is Candy Strippers, which we saw at a theater about a year ago. But when we ordered a tape through a mail-order company, the version we received had been cut to eliminate a scene in which Amber Hunt gets fist-fucked. Is there any company that's selling Candy Strippers in its uncensored, uncut state? —W. B. Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Back in February 1979 a Van Nuys, California, company handling *Candy Strippers* and two other adult films with fist-fucking scenes was busted for obscenity. The law, it seems, takes a dim view of somebody sticking a fist up someone else's cunt or asshole. *Arrow Films*, which distributes *Candy Strippers*, says the owner of the film then went back and cut the scene out of the masters. Therefore, the only way to buy the movie intact is to find a company selling an old copy made from the earlier, complete master. Unfortunately, to our knowledge there is no company doing that.

"REAL" PLACEBOS

Your magazine advertises several products that enlarge penises, get them hard, keep them hard and do all sorts of other wonders. Can we really believe that? —R.R.E.

Lewisburg, West Virginia

In past columns we've discussed penis-enlargers and explained that there is no real way to make your cock bigger. Companies that promise

"eight inches in six weeks" send you an eight-inch dildo within six weeks. Dealers that claim to offer "enlarging" devices are really selling jack-off machines that will make your cock bigger—until you shoot your load. As for "stay-hard" pills and aphrodisiacs, watch for the words *placebo*, *spurious* and *ersatz*, which mean *fake*.


By law, companies have to use these words in their ads for "sex" potions and pills. To get around this restriction, some firms offer creams and oils that supposedly serve the same purpose as pills but do not have to be labeled with *spurious* or *placebo*. Nevertheless, they're all fake. However, if you really believe such products are going to help you stay hard longer, then they might.

GOOD GUYS, BAD BARGAINS

I want to buy some videotapes for myself and some 8mm films for my brother, but I don't want to get stung. HUSTLER has some good advertisers and some that deliver less-than-quality material. It's difficult to tell the difference. Which advertisers have Mail-Order Feedback's "seal of approval"? —H. G.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Tried-and-true video/film dealers that are advertising in HUSTLER this month are *Adult Video*, *Direct Video*, *Fantasy*, *Erik Imports*, *International Home Video*, *Krow Enterprises* and *Mitchell Brothers*. These companies—along with another frequent advertiser, *Film Collectors Association*—are steady and dependable, and they deliver hard-core material as promised. *FilmLand* and *Spectrum* are two newcomers that sell hard-core; *FilmLand* is a division of another dependable, *Diverse Industries*.

You can usually separate the wheat from the chaff by simply studying the ads. Companies such as *Tru-Vu* and *Discount Distributors* offer free samples and clearinghouse prices of \$5 or \$10—and deliver junk. These outfits cater to what they call "the impulse buyer." He's the guy who says, "What the hell? It'll only cost me \$10"—and mails a check before he thinks about it. If mail-order buying has an adage that should be carved in stone, it's this: *You get what you pay for!* 

A HARDCORE SPECTACULAR

CUM FILLED MAGAZINES and BOOKS



12 SUPER HARD MAGAZINES
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What's your bag? Straight fucking, orgies, lesbian sex, cum dripping blow jobs, interracial sex? Whatever your desire — no matter how kinky — there's two action packed magazines in this group that's right up your alley. Check these titles:

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<input type="checkbox"/> STIFF PRICKS	<input type="checkbox"/> HARD CANDY
<input type="checkbox"/> EAT ME	<input type="checkbox"/> TURNED-ON COUPLES
<input type="checkbox"/> SIZZLING TWATS	<input type="checkbox"/> PUSSY EATERS
<input type="checkbox"/> GOOD HEAD	<input type="checkbox"/> the best of JOHN HOLMES

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OUR PRICES:
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FREE \$10 ALL COLOR mag (\$145 retail value)

illustrated hardcore BOOKS

This is a rough, raunchy round-up of 10 FUCK BOOKS! Each is COMPLETELY and TOTALLY ILLUSTRATED... Some even in COLOR! Produced by the masters of PORNO and designed to tell-it-all! There's more luscious pussy getting spread, cock-filled asses and sperm dripping mouths than you've ever seen before... In these HOT, HORNY, SEX-FILLED ILLUSTRATED HARDCORE BOOKS... and at our unheard of prices!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ANAL & ORAL LOVE | <input type="checkbox"/> GROUP SEX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GANG BANGERS | <input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY FUN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WIFE SWAPPERS | <input type="checkbox"/> FUCK GIRLS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TIGHT PUSSIES | <input type="checkbox"/> YOUNG PUSSIES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LESBIAN DAUGHTERS | <input type="checkbox"/> DEVIATE SEX |

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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the **PULSATING VIBRATOR** with **CONSTANT POWER!**
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|--|---------|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> #603V Battery operated tubular vibrator | \$ 9.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Catalog alone | \$ 1.00 |

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Call our sexy ladies,
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They'll make her want you! Just a little help from PASSION PLUS and she'll be HOT TO TROT to your tune... no matter what you want to play. Put one of these in her food or drink, then just watch the fast results! Stimulates her desire and makes her crave you. Completely safe. Works fast and lasts for hours. **\$6**

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<input type="checkbox"/> Spanish Fly	<input type="checkbox"/> Seducing Powder	Print Name _____
<input type="checkbox"/> STA-HARD Capsules	<input type="checkbox"/> Prolong Capsules	Address _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Knockout Capsules	<input type="checkbox"/> Erection Capsules	City _____ State _____ Zip _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Erotic Passion Ginseng	<input type="checkbox"/> Hard-On Capsules	
<input type="checkbox"/> Virility Capsules	<input type="checkbox"/> European Ticklers	

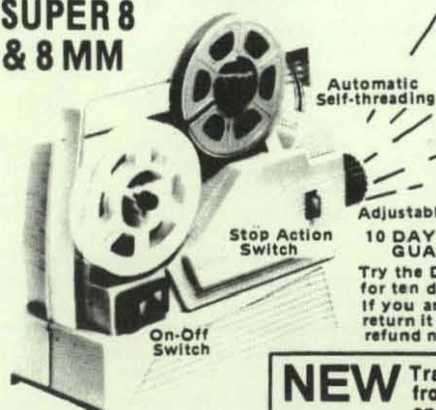
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Honor House Products Corp. Dept 570PX10 Lynbrook, New York 11563

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Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost \$5 and up just to see once! Now, for less than a single theater admission you can own a full-length film with the same superstar performing every imaginable sex act for your private enjoyment. Not one, but eight films so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

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NO. 2 BIG RIP OFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

NO. 5 CLITS AND DICKS

The wedding night and the groom is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

NO. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY

The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

NO. 7 LEZ LESSON

Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

NO. 8 DR. BLACK JACK

The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot, films that are sold for \$25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film and are made available to you for only \$4.99 each. But you must act now!

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We offer you this \$24.95 200 ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only \$15... IF you purchase at least one reel of film. And we'll give you a 90-day unconditional guarantee on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye-piece, 15-second threading and a large bright image. Added bonus: You can also use in on super-8 film.

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• USE ENTIRE AD AS YOUR ORDER FORM •

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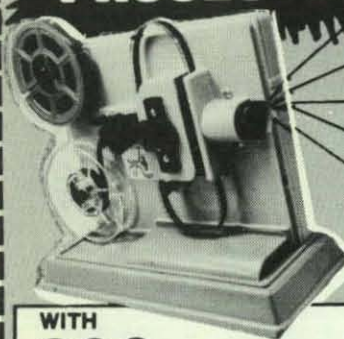
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RAPE!

(continued from page 120)

myself. I've never seen the dehumanizing machine of the law as my ally. If I believe anything at all, it's that crime pays. I began to understand why most rape victims don't go through the trouble of prosecuting their attackers.

The day of the trial the sun came out, bright and warm. I had to fight the urge to say, "Fuck it," and go to the beach. I dressed in a particularly frumpy skirt and blouse and pulled my hair back in a bun, a far cry from the six-inch platform shoes and latex bodysuits I usually wear to porn parties. I write for men's magazines for a living, and I had the sneaking feeling my whole work background was going to be dredged up and exploited to the fullest by the defense. Might as well play down my appearance as much as possible.

Shelly Brown was pacing nervously in her office. "We've got an unsympathetic judge," she began. "But don't worry. We've got an airtight case. The defense attorney's going to play up your work as a porn writer, and I think it would be best to just be up-front about it."

"How up-front?" I asked. "I did a striptease in Chicago and wrote about it. I followed the S&M scene *very closely* for six months."

"Who do you write for?"

"Everybody," I said. "HUSTLER, CHIC, Swank, Partner, Cheri, Gallery."

Brown didn't look too happy. "He's also going to try to get you to contradict your testimony. Just be consistent, and you won't have any trouble. Oh, yeah, most important. Don't let anybody intimidate you. Remember, you're the plaintiff."

My hands were clammy as I entered the courtroom. The fate of another human being's life lay partially in those moist palms. Did I really want that responsibility?

On the other hand, could I possibly avoid it? How would I feel if I read about some 12-year-old getting porked by this little fuckface and spending the rest of her life in and out of loony bins? I had no choice.

The atmosphere in the courtroom was solemn, markedly different from the day before. The judge was cool and detached. The defense attorney stared at me, his eyes dangling like metal Slinkies as he tried to read my face. My heart was beating uncomfortably in my chest. There was pounding in my ears.

"Suzanne, can you tell us where you were at one o'clock on the afternoon of February 18, 1980?" the judge began.

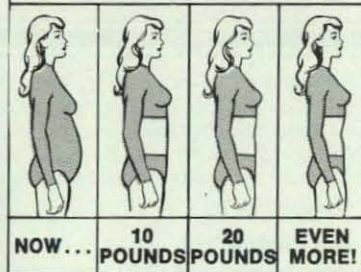
My voice was barely a whisper as once more I recounted the story that



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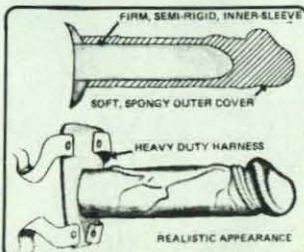
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now seemed like ancient history after so many retellings.

Soon it became clear that the defense attorney had done his homework. "Is it true that you write for pornographic magazines?" he asked during his cross-examination.

"Yes." I copped to it all.

"Do you write mainly about sex?"

"Yes."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Drugs and music." Somehow I knew these were topics hardly likely to win over the flinty heart of the judge.

"Are you very preoccupied with sex?" the lawyer asked.

Brown was up in a flash. "Objection, Your Honor."

"Objection sustained."

Undaunted, the defense attorney continued. "Were you wearing jeans at the time of the alleged incident?"

"Yes."

"Were they tight designer jeans?"

Again, Brown was on her feet. "Objection, Your Honor."

"Objection sustained."

Anthony Harris's defense attorney had the sensitivity of a bingo-caller. I knew he was just doing his job, but I was getting pissed off anyway. Brown had said not to be intimidated, but I also realized that a defendant is presumed innocent until proven guilty. It seemed, instead, that the burden of proving guilt was being placed on me.

"Could you describe the defendant's penis to the court?" said the defense attorney, sharpening his claws.

He had miscalculated on that one, undoubtedly assuming I'd be embarrassed by the question. But old smut mother that I am, I was in my element.

"Sure," I said, a twinge of amusement in my voice. I could hear the court stenographer tittering. "It was about seven inches long, well-formed, dark-brown and circumcised."

The rest of the lawyer's questions were routine, of the "Where-were-you-standing-when-blah-blah-happened" variety. However, he did try to pull one last trick. "Did you agree to have sex with the boy before he dropped the knife?"

"Yes."

"Did you attempt to run away after he dropped the knife?"

"No."

"Did you feel morally obligated to go through with the agreement?"

"No," I testified. But his line of questioning really irritated me. So I shot a question back to the defense attorney.

"Have you ever tried beating a 14-year-old kid with sneakers on in a footrace?" By that I meant I couldn't

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have run away from Anthony Harris without risking his picking up the knife, catching me and stabbing me. I was declared out of order by the judge, but I don't think he missed my point.

THE VERDICT

The next morning I got a call from Shelly Brown. I could tell right away by the tone of her voice that all was not well. "The judge passed down the verdict this morning," she said, and then paused.

"Yes?"

"Attempted rape."

"What?!" I screamed. "Attempted?" I couldn't believe it.

"Yeah. He didn't think you were really penetrated, for several reasons. First, the fact that it was so cold. He didn't believe that Harris could have maintained an erection for that long in 20° weather."

"That fucking judge obviously has forgotten what it is to be 14," I shouted. "You couldn't have gotten that dick down by slamming it into a wall."

"He also mentioned the position you were in. He said he didn't think rear entry was possible with your jeans down around your knees. Suzanne, I kept hoping last night that he'd get sodomized on his way home from court and find out how easy it is. You have no idea how sorry I am about all this."

I was really depressed. "So what happens now?"

"They'll put him away for a few years, and then he'll be back out on the streets again. You know about the revolving-door system of justice. Frankly, I'd like to appeal the case, if you don't mind going through this once more."

"Let's do it," I said.

It has been almost a year since I was raped. Shelly Brown still hasn't called, but sources at the Family Court tell me it usually takes at least that long for the courts to act.

I used to smile and wave when I saw a group of black kids walking around my neighborhood, but now I'm like all the other adults in New York City, black and white. I cross over to the other side of the street. And I think about those youngbloods who live across the street from me, peering into my windows at night through binoculars, jerking off over me. And when I'm really feeling paranoid, I imagine I see the ends of sawed-off shotguns resting on their windowsills, ready to blow my body to smithereens all over the walls.

Mostly I try to forget that Anthony Harris knows where I live and will be able to find me when he gets out.



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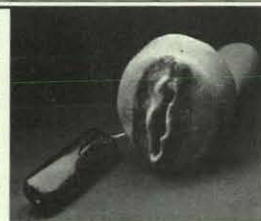


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PROFILE: GEORGE BUSH

(continued from page 54)

from the revamped personal image he was presenting to potential voters. With the aid of a professional coach, Bush had toned up his flat speaking style. And he was wearing one of the symbols of Eastern wealth—the traditional button-down-collar shirt—less and less.

His downfall, however, began on a cold February night in Nashua, New Hampshire, on the eve of the first GOP primary. Reagan had challenged Bush to a one-on-one debate at the local high school. When the Federal Election Commission ruled that the *Nashua Telegraph's* sponsorship of the debate amounted to an illegal campaign contribution, Reagan offered to split the \$3,500 tab with Bush and then picked up the entire fee when Bush refused.

Now in control, the former California governor decided to exercise a bit of gamesmanship—asking four other Presidential contenders to the debate without informing Bush. When Howard Baker, John Anderson, Robert Dole and Philip Crane arrived onstage, the flustered Bush refused to take part in the debate.

"I'm paying for this microphone!" shouted Reagan, insisting that all contenders should participate.

Bush stubbornly maintained that the debate could proceed only by the original one-on-one format, prompting the four newcomers to stalk out of the gymnasium, and party leaders to accuse him of stifling his opponents' right to be heard.

After the dust had settled, the embarrassed Bush was still trying to explain what had happened. "Frankly, I feel he [Reagan] used you to set me up," he told the four other candidates the next day. Later he admitted, "I could have handled things better."

"It was a crisis, and our man failed to respond," admitted a Bush worker.

His performance in Nashua left a lingering doubt among voters as well as Republican leaders: Was he tough enough to hold high political office? In fact, after Reagan was nominated by the GOP convention last summer and the possibility of having former President Gerald Ford as a running mate fell through, he initially balked at putting Bush on the ticket. Reagan openly questioned Bush's ability to handle adverse situations.

That same night, Reagan's advisers convinced him at the 11th hour that a match with a more moderate individual—such as Bush—would make a more attractive political package. And so the man who had called some of Reagan's

campaign promises "phony" and had denounced his opponent's proposal to counter the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by blockading Cuba, was now a key member of the Republican team.

"I will be an enthusiastic running mate," the rebounding Bush promised, after receiving the last-minute offer from Reagan. Always a dedicated team player, he was happy just to be on the ticket—even if he was cast as a backup quarterback to the team leader.

On the afternoon when the Republican landslide was burying the Democrats, Bush's staff workers were blowing off nervous energy with an informal touch-football game in Houston's Memorial Park. A hundred yards away two Secret Servicemen dressed in three-piece suits stepped out of the trees to survey the scene. Right behind them, wearing a purple jogging outfit, George Bush was moving at a brisk pace toward the football action.

Eighty-two million Americans were casting their ballots, and polling-place surveys back east were already indicating a strong Republican showing. But the election results seemed to be the least of the candidate's concerns.

"Where's the beer?" Bush asked, as his staffers joined him on the sidelines. He was assured that the brew he'd ordered was on its way.

"He endears himself to people by doing a thousand little things like that," confided Shirley Green, his press assistant. She recalled the time after Bush dropped out of the primary race, went out and had mementos printed up with campaign sayings that he had stolen from their originators. When things looked bleak, for example, he had said, "The opera ain't over till the fat lady sings"—a remark first recited by Washington Bullets basketball coach Dick Motta when his team was on the verge of elimination in the 1978 National Basketball Association playoffs.

Then there was another stock Bush-campaign phrase—"You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em"—a line from the Kenny Rogers song "The Gambler."

For the time being, he had gambled for the Presidency and lost. But in the grand opera of American politics he was merely biding his time until the disabling of President Ronald Reagan would enable him to ease himself into the White House.

"I just know we can solve all our problems," the Vice President said recently. The biggest problem of all, however, could be the elevation of George Bush to the nation's highest office. 🐼

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NEXT MONTH

April issue on sale February 24, 1981

MARLENE



KU KLUX KLAN—No longer an underground group of red-necks with unsophisticated techniques, Klan members are now stockpiling weapons, expanding their recruitment activities into the armed forces and openly running for public office. But perhaps most frightening of all, the KKK is mounting an all-out campaign to sell racism to our nation's youth. It is enlisting high-school and college students for the Klan Youth Corps, while children of Klansmen are joining Scout-like troops for indoctrination and guer-

rilla-warfare training. Journalist George Hill's article exposes the new Ku Klux Klan operation and includes startling information from a former Klan insider.

PROFILE: MARSHALL HOLMAN—In the traditionally bland sport of professional bowling, Marshall Holman adds some much-needed spice. He's a tough-talking, temperamental 26-year-old from Oregon who has been fined and suspended for such unconventional antics as flipping the bird at audiences and officials. The athlete who fans love to hate, Holman has already won more than ten major tournaments and become the youngest bowler ever to earn \$100,000 in a single year. Len Albin provides this fascinating look at bowling's bad boy.

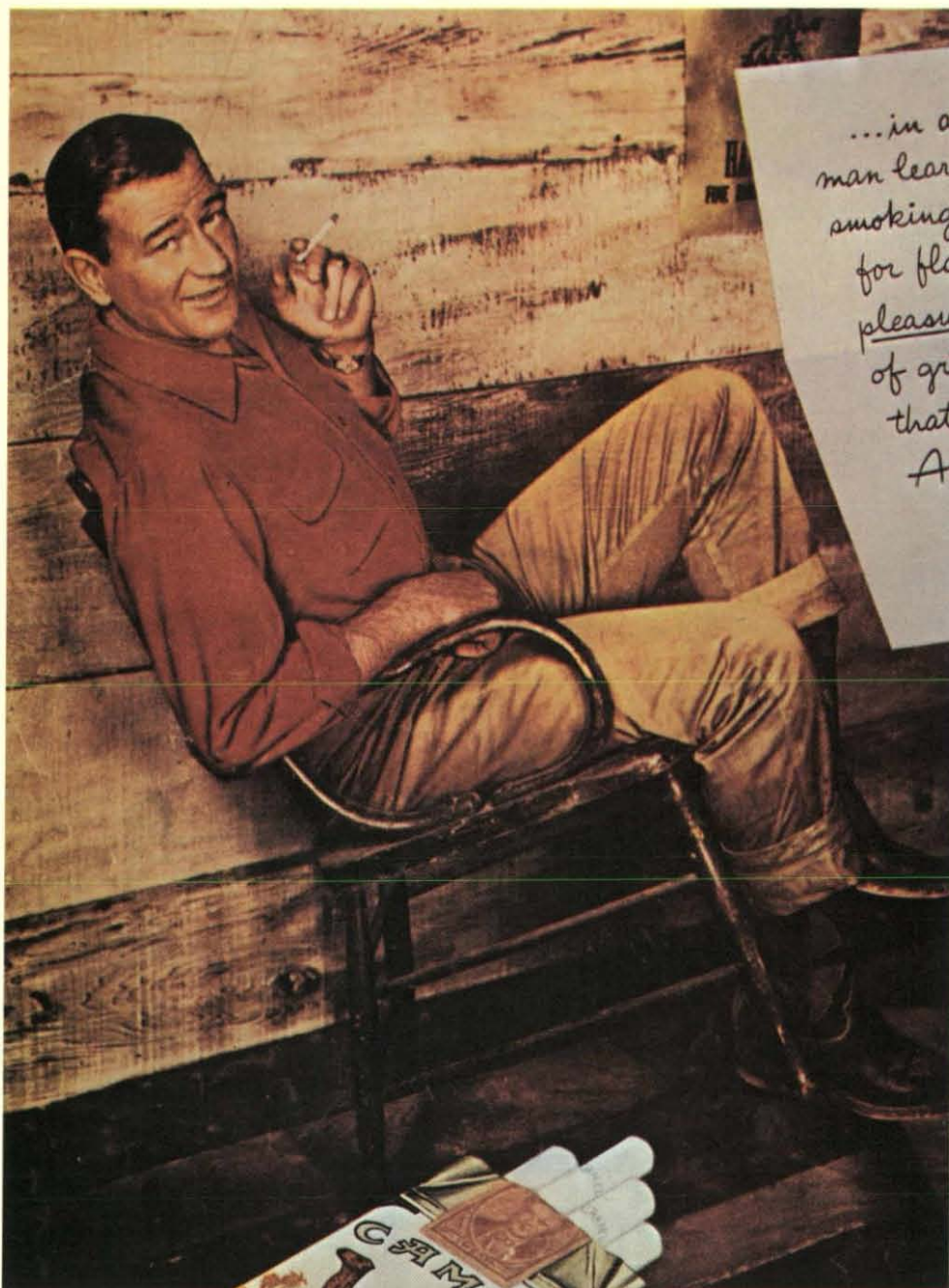
TROUBLE IN THREE WEST—Deep in the earth's black and dusty bowels a coal-mining crew unearths a bizarre metallic idol. Buried for centuries, it has a strange effect on the men—with grave consequences for a beautiful female miner. Can a mere figurine drive otherwise-rational men to unspeakable acts of lust and violence? Find out in next month's fiction by Lee Schultz.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You will join **MARLENE: SOAKING UP PLEASURE**, next month's centerfold, for a truly wet and wild experience. **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** will take you into the world of storybook fantasy, **HUSTLER**-style. Also, **NANCY: BEAVER HUNT WINNER** struts her victorious stuff in the pages of our April issue, while **PEG: PLAYING AROUND** shows how much fun a grownup girl can have with a toy.

PLUS—A shower of sensational regular features in our April lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **HONEY**, **BEAVER HUNT** and **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**.



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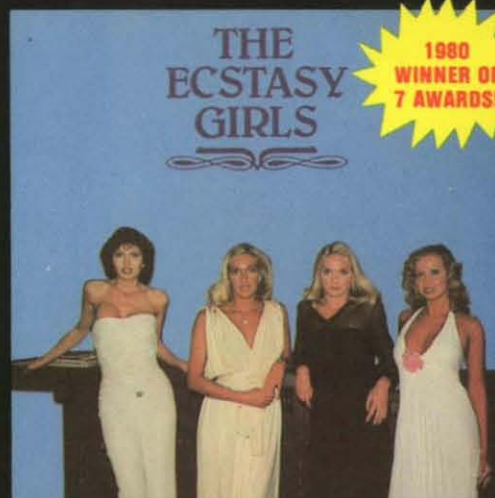
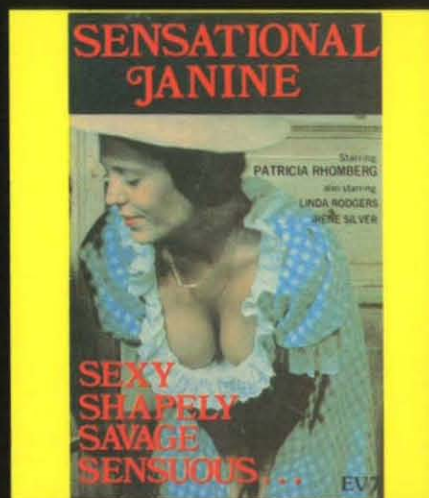
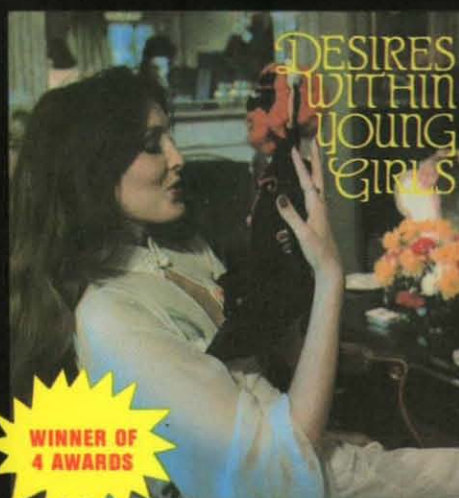
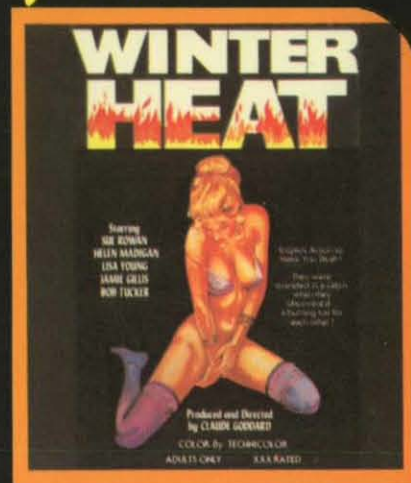
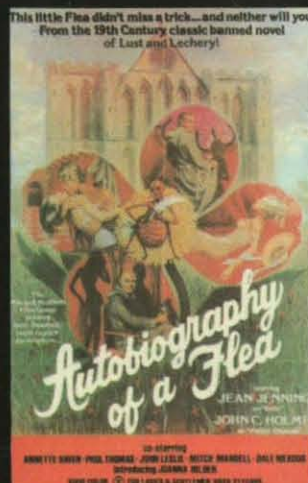
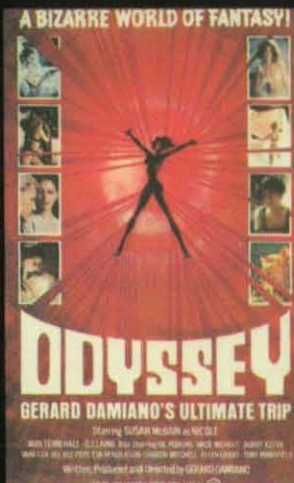
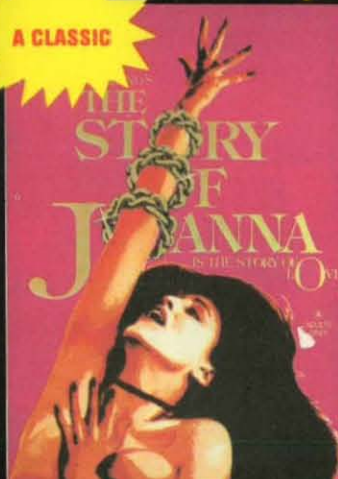
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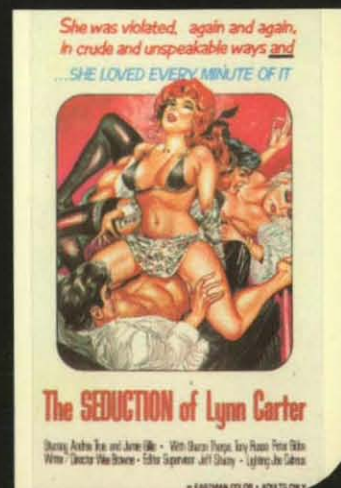
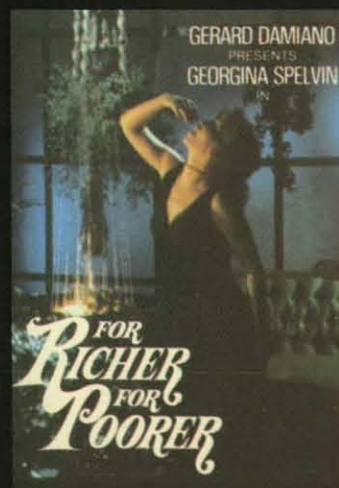
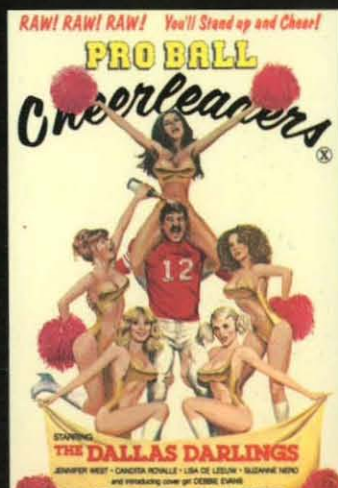
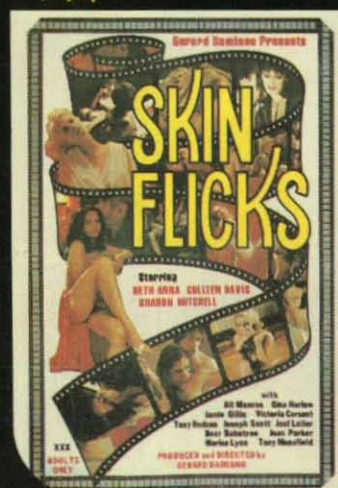
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